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Centenary Edition

SAINT BERNARD AND OTHER PAPERS

Ætat 39.

Thaddeus Stevens

Saint Bernard
And Other Papers

BY

THEODORE PARKER

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EDITED WITH NOTES
BY
CHARLES W. WENDTE

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

In the present volume, as well as in the eighth volume of this Centenary Edition of Parker's Works, bearing the title, "The World of Matter and the Spirit of Man," has been embodied new material here printed for the first time in permanent form. Mr. Parker's part in "The John Brown Campaign" is bearing the title "The World of Matter and the and literary executor, F. B. Sanborn of Concord.

The occurrence of the centenary of Theodore Parker's birth (August 24, 1810), and the fiftieth anniversary of his death (May 10, 1860) has been observed while this edition has been passing through the press, not only in his native America but throughout the civilized world, with more or less elaborate memorial services, and by addresses and review and newspaper articles. Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago were among the American; London, Berlin, Budapest, Florence, and Tokio, Calcutta and Bombay, among the foreign cities which thus celebrated his memory and services. But we may be permitted to express the opinion that no commemoration of this great American preacher and social reformer has been more appropriate, or will better preserve his name and influence to succeeding generations, than the present reissue of his collected writings. It is sincerely hoped by those who have had in charge this congenial, if laborious, task that the timeliness, the handsome ap-

pearance and inexpensiveness of this edition, superadded to the great and enduring merits of Theodore Parker's writings, may lead to their increased circulation, not only among advanced and radical thinkers, but still more among that great multitude of restless, anxious inquirers after religious assurance to whom the great Boston preacher, with his profound religiousness, his unfaltering faith, his virile optimism, his fearless testimony to the true and the right, his all-embracing love of humanity, may become a prophet, teacher and redeemer.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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I

THE LIFE OF ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX *

A CHAPTER OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Saint Bernard of Clairvaux,— his name carries us back to the depths of the middle ages. We connect it, in our associations, with scholastic theology [1] and mystical religion; with activity almost unbounded in the affairs of the Church. Austere monks, admiring women, and long ranks of crusaders, come up in our fancy when his name is mentioned. St. Bernard was a great man in his time, and his day outlasted several centuries; for after his death he made a mark on the ages as they passed over his tomb, and the Church long bore the impress of his gigantic spirit. A man who oftener than once scorned to be archbishop; who dictated to kings, and wrote a manual for the "infallible head of the Church;" who projected a crusade, uttered prophecies, and worked miracles, even after his death, — so his biographers affirm,— such a man was St. Bernard in his day. Such is he now, by force of tradi-

* De Melliflui devotique doctoris sācti Bernardi Abbatis clarevallensis cisterciēsis ordinis opus preclarū suos cōpletes, sermones de tempore; de sanctis; et super cantica canticarum. Aliosque plures ejus sermones, et sentētias nusq. hactenus impressas. Ejusdem insuper epistolas ceteraque universa ejus opuscula. Domini quoque Gilleberti Abbatis Do. Hoilādia in Anglice prelibati ordinis super cantica sermones. Omnia sm. seriem hic a sequēti pagella annotatam collocata vigilanter et accurate super vetustissima clarevallis examplaria apprime correcta. Johan Petit.

Venūdantur Parisiis in vice divi Jacobi sub Lilio aureo a Johanne Parvo. (Paris, 1513, one vol. fol.)

tion, in the minds of many a true Catholic. It has been said that he honored the year when he became immortal, "and went to receive in heaven the reward of his illustrious virtue and glorious fatigues." * He was called in his own age, and after it, the "firm pillar of the Church," the "fellow-citizen of the angels," the "second interpreter of the Holy Ghost," and the "second child of the most holy Mother of God." † "The salutiferous honey of moral instruction fell from his lips and flowed everywhere," says a learned Jesuit, writing many hundred years after his death.‡ "The Bossuet of the twelfth century," his word shook the Church, and made two great empires rock to their foundation.

Yet this man is forgotten in less than eight centuries from his birth. His books, no man reads them; or only those scholars "who have folios in their library," and graze with delight amid the frowzy pastures of old time, where the herbage is thick, and matted together with ages of neglect. The Saint is no longer appealed to in controversies; his works are not reprinted, except in ponderous collections of the Fathers, which the herd of scholars stare at and pass by, in quest of new things, wondering at the barbarism that could write, and the stupidity that can still read, such works. But Bernard is eclipsed only because brighter lights have gone into the sky. We are struck with the wealth of thought there is in the world, when we read, on the pages of the nations, those names which genius and virtue have consecrated and forbid to die. But the world's richness seems still greater, when men,

* Muratori, Annali d' Italia, etc. Tom. VI. p. 403, seq.

† Andres, dell' Origine progressi e Stato attuale di ogni Letteratura, Romo. 1817. Tom. VII. p. 219, seq. ‡ Ibid.

like this mighty Bernard, are not deemed worth remembering. But if he is thus quickly forgot, who of modern great men can stand? What existing reputation shall not be blown away as chaff, before the mystic fan of time?

Saint Bernard belongs to that long list of middle-age scholars, on whom the world has passed the bitter doom of forgetfulness and night. We would gladly rescue much that it consigns to oblivion; but its decree is irreversible, and there is no higher court of appeal, save only "the pure eyes and perfect witness of all-judging Jove." The works of these men stand in old libraries, and fill goodly presses with forgotten folios. Their ribbed backs, their antiquated dress, eaten with worms and covered with dust as many generations have passed by,— dust which no antiquarian finger has disturbed,— these things frighten the loose-girt student, and he turns away to read the novels of Bulwer and Scott, or laugh at the illustrations of La Fontaine's fables. Should he open the venerable tome, the barbarism of the print, the contractions unnumbered which defile its thousand folio pages, the uncouth phrascology, the strange subjects which it treats, the scholastic terms, the distinctions without a difference, — all these repel the modern student. The gaunt shadow of the monk, its author, seems to rise from its coffin, and staring at the literary gentleman, to say, "Why hast thou disturbed my repose, and brought me to the day once more? Break not again my mystic dream." These are the authors before whom Industry folds her hands, and gives up the task; from whom Diligence, with his frame of iron and his eye of fire, turns away, disspirited and worn down. Yet were these men lights in their day. They shed their luster

over many a land. The shadows they cast fall still on us. Mankind looked hopeful as their light arose, and saw it sink, doubting that another would ever arise and equal it.

What a different spirit pervades the men of those ages we call dark,— not dreaming that our age,— the nineteenth century itself,— shall likewise one day be called by the same name. Their spirit is not classic, and it is not modern. You come down from Plato to St. Bernard, for example, and feel that you have made a descent. The high ideal of mortal life does not float before the eyes of the Saint as before that great-hearted pagan. The character of these writings is unique. They have not the majestic tranquillity of the Greek literature, nor the tempestuous movement of modern works. Here worship takes the place of passion, and contemplation is preferred before action. Their ideal life would be wretchedness to an American, and Tartarus itself to a Greek, for fast and vigils are thought better than alms-deeds and daily duty. The senses are looked upon as legitimate inlets of pain, and pain only. What austerity of discipline,— to which the wars of antiquity and the commercial enterprises of our day were pastime; what watching; what fast and prayer; what visions and revelations,— the natural result of their life,— conspired to form these stout spirits.

You turn from the bustling literature of the nineteenth century to the works of Bernard, and the change of atmosphere is remarkable. You feel it in every limb. It is as if you stepped at once from the hot plains of Ethiopia to the very summit of the Mountains of the Moon. Or better, as if you were transferred in a moment from the feverish heat of an August

noon to the cool majesty of an April night, when there was frost in the air, and a rawness in the occasional gusts of wind, come from what quarter they would; when clouds of grotesque shape and threatening darkness mingled capriciously with the uncertain shining of the moon and the mysterious twinkle of the stars; when you were uncertain what weather had preceded or what would follow, but knew that a storm was not far off, it might have been, or might yet come, for all was organic and not settled. The difference between this and the spirit of Greek literature, is the difference between a forest, with its underbrush and winding paths, leading no one knows whither,— a forest full of shadows and wild beasts,— and a trim garden of great and beautiful trees, reared with art, planted by science, and arranged with most exquisite taste,— a garden where flowers bloomed out their fragrant life, fruits ripened on the stem, and little birds sang their summer carol, to complete the harmony of the scene.

In the days of Bernard, a saint was a popular character the great man of a kingdom. Men went in crowds to see him. Women threw garlands on him as he passed, and branches were spread in his way. Rude peasants and crowned kings begged for his blessing, though it were but a mere wave of his hand. But we have changed all that, and more wisely confer them and the like honors on men in epaulets, and dancing girls. It is nature's law to pay men in kind. It may be surprising to our readers, but it is still true, that Saint Bernard, though lean as a skeleton almost, was received with as much éclat wherever he chanced to go, as the most popular modern statesman, or electioneering orator. Nay more, men made long pilgrimages to see him; they laid the sick, that they

might he healed, in the streets where he walked, or beneath the windows of the house in which he chanced to pass the night, and the sick were cured, at least his three monkish and contemporary biographers credited the miracle. Rebellious dukes and a refractory emperor were subservient to his will, and when at high mass he elevated the host, the stoutest of heart fell on his knees, and forgot his rebellion, becoming like a little child. The bold deniers of the Church's authority,— bold even then, when it was dangerous to be bold, — shrunk from the grasp of this nervous athlete of the faith. Peter of Bruis, Henry of Lausanne, Gilbert of Poictiers, even Abelard himself, with his net of subtle dialectics, fine-meshed as woven wind, gave up at last to him. He uttered prophecies which time has not yet seen fit to fulfil, though the good Catholic, no doubt, hopes they will yet come to pass. In what follows, we shall rely chiefly on the lives of this great man, which were written by several of his contemporaries.

Saint Bernard was born at Fontaines, in Burgundy, not far from Dijon, in the year of our Lord 1091. His father, Trecelin, a knight of an ancient family of considerable fortune, spent most of his life in arms, taking little pains about the education of his children. This duty fell to the lot of his pious and intelligent wife, Aleth, the daughter of Count Montbart, who discharged it with most exemplary fidelity. In old times, we are told that supernatural signs preceded the birth of men predestined to eminence, and swarms of bees, or flocks of birds, or sheep with one horn in the middle of the forehead, foretold the character and prowess of the babe unborn, so that when he came into the world he had nothing to do but realize the augury.

The monkish historian, Abbot William, of St. Thierry,* relates similar things of Bernard. To Aleth, as to Hecuba, was foretold the character of her son, with the same clearness in both cases. Aleth, before the birth of her child, dreamed of a dog, "white all over, but somewhat reddish on the back," and in her dream the dog barked, as dogs often do. Terrified at this prodigy, she sought ghostly counsel of a certain religious man. He, remembering that King David wished "that the tongue of the dogs may be dipped in the blood of the enemy," and being "filled with the spirit of prophecy," foretold that the child about to be born should bark loud and long at the enemies of the Church. He should be an excellent preacher of the word, and his tongue should have a medicinal savor, and cure diseases of the soul. The mother was comforted by this interpretation, which coming events very kindly fulfilled, and proved he could not only bark but bite also. Aleth, the mother of Bernard, and of five other sons and one daughter, was a religious woman, as religion was then understood. She declined the splendors which usually belonged to her wealth and station; lived almost a monastic life of prayer, fasting, and self-mortification. She early dedicated her child to a monastic life, and accordingly gave him an education suited to his destiny. He received some instruction in the church at Chatillon. His contemporary and friend, the above-named William, relates that in study he far surpassed his fellow-students, but began his mortification of the flesh, also, at the same time. Even in his youth he gave signs of the excellent virtue that was in him, and

* Vita S. Bernardi Abbati, Leb. I. c. 1—3. Prefixed to Bernard's Works.

by his remarkable greatness of soul foreshowed what he was one day to become. Once he was violently afflicted with a headache, and "a sorry little woman was called in to cure him by the magic of songs. But soon as she came in with the implements of her art, which she used to delude the superstitious, he cried out against her with great indignation, and ordered the witch out of the house. He felt that virtue had come into him, and rising in the strength of the Spirit, found himself free from all pain." This is looked on as one of his earliest miracles. Exceeding grace was given to the youth even in his tender years. "The Lord appeared to him, as to Samuel at Shiloh, and manifested his glory." This took place on Christmas night, as he sat waiting the event, between sleeping and waking. "Jesus appeared to him, like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," and then took the form of the word just incarnated in the new-born babe, "beautiful above the sons of men." After this, as he grew up and "increased in favor with God and man," the great enemy spread in vain the witchery of his most enticing nets, and the serpent lay in wait to sting his heel. On one occasion, he was so sorely pressed by the same temptation that overcame even St. Anthony, and has been thought irresistible, that he could find no relief, except by jumping into a pond of exceedingly cold water up to his ears. Here he remained until similar temptations lost all their power, and he nearly lost his life. But by "virtue of divine grace" he was, ever after, "ice all over" to such allurements. Those who are curious in such matters may see, in the good monk's biography, how variously he was tempted by this protean devil, transforming himself into an angel of light,

and how he yet kept whole, as a salamander in a brazier's fire. While a school-boy in the world, he became a soldier for Christ, and had "visions and revelations of the Lord." Bernard lost his mother at an early age, and then his youthful companions sought to seduce him from his pious vow, and lead him away to their life of violence, and riot, and bloodshed.

In this period of the middle ages, the line of distinction between noble and ignoble blood was drawn with peculiar sharpness, as feudal society is based on birth and birth only. For the ignoble there was open the common lot of the poor and despised. They served to flesh the swords of the nobles; to fight in their wars, with the certainty of loss to themselves, whether conquering or conquered. Slaves they were, to till the soil for their masters, to build castles and churches, at this day the proud monuments of gothic and feudal grandeur. Men's heads were made to think, but theirs to bear burdens. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water for their superiors, who should have borne their sorrows and upheld them when they fell. God gives to a few more excellent gifts of mind, or body, or social position, or wealth, not that they may thereby oppress their brethren, but that they may comfort and bless them. There are but two scales in the balance of society, the rulers and the ruled. As the one rises, the other falls. In that age the world was far less rich in the comforts and conveniences of life than it is now. Therefore when we admire at the ruler's scale so well loaded, we are to remember also the empty scale of the poor, who could not tell their tale to other times, except by implication. When we admire the possessions of the powerful, the castles and cathedrals of those days, it

may be profitable to remember how wretched were the cabins in which the builders slept, and with what reluctant and compulsory toil, with what privation, hunger, and wretchedness, this magnificence must have been bought. The desires of the rich were fed with the bread of the poor. Men were left naked and comfortless, that grandeur might pile up its marble and mortar. The needy asked bread, and literally a stone was given them. The name of a tyrant who harried a province, and whose character was well imaged by the ferocious beasts he bore on his scutcheon, comes down to our times coupled with the epithet of Pious, or Gentle, because, forsooth, he built a church, or endowed a convent, with the fragments of rapacity that fell from his table; while the men who paid for it all with pain and toil and bloody sweat, lie forgotten in the ditches and fens where they had labored and died. At that time the Christian maxim, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,"—a maxim which meant something to Paul and Jesus, as their lives attest,—was regarded far less than even now. Such was the simple lot of the low-born and poor; their "puddle-blood" flowed at the mercy of each noble or haughty head and rapacious hand. But their prayers and the cry of their blood went up to the God of justice, who answered in the peasant wars, and similar convulsions, from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. Such was their lot, a life of subjection, hardships, and bondage.

But for the other and less numerous class, two arenas were open, the world and the Church. There seems to have been no middle ground between the life of a nobleman and that of an ecclesiastic. Fortune met well-born men at their entrance into being, and

said, "Choose which you will, the Church or the world. I have no other alternative." The life of an ecclesiastic, and the life of a noble; the cloister and the camp; what a world lies between them! On the one side celibacy, fasting, and poverty, and prayer;* on the other, riot, debauchery, wealth, and sin in general. Ambition pointed, and perhaps equally, to both, for the cardinal was often greater than the king, and the pope was second only to the Almighty. Every lawyer in England, it is said, hopes one day to be lord chancellor, or at least judge; and so, perhaps, every priest in the twelfth century hoped to be pope, cardinal, or bishop at the very least. So young men of the noblest families rushed into convents, just as others rushed into camps. To the lasting praise of the Catholic Church, be it said that she knew nothing of difference between rich and poor; at least, nothing in theory, though rich men daily bought and sold benefices, and

* It may be said, *celibacy* was not universal at this time among the clergy, and it is certain the laws of that period are conflicting on this point. In some countries, as Hungary and Ireland, great freedom prevailed in this respect. Priests and deacons, even bishops, had their wives. At the council of Gran, 1114, a singular decree was passed. "Presbyteris uxores — runs the original — quas legitimis ordinibus accesserint, moderatius habendas, prævisa fragilitate, indulsimus." Synod Strigonicus, C, XXXI. p. 57, cited in Schroeckh's Kirchengeschichte, Vol. XXVII. p. 203. (Leipzig, 1798. But Bernard complains bitterly that men with wives,— *viri uxorati*,— had got into the Church. Even the Hungarian clergy gradually lost their freedom. Yet in 1273, Bishop Henry of Lüttich had fourteen children born in a little less than two years. See in Schroeckh, l. c., the gradual progress of celibacy in the Church. But out of this partial evil there grew a general benefit. When there was no legitimate heir, there could be no spiritual aristocracy growing up to usurp dominion over the Church, as the nobles had done over the State. "The wrath of man shall praise thee," says the Psalmist, "and the remnant of wrath thou wilt restrain."

that without concealment, in the pope's court. The Church was the last bulwark of humanity in the dark ages. She kept in awe the rude barons and barbarous kings, and nestled the poor and forsaken comfortably in her bosom. In her eyes every one born at all was well born. Hence we find a cobbler in the chair of St. Peter, and that cobbler Gregory the Seventh, of whom all Europe stood in awe. The Church, thus opening for the poor the road to wisdom and power, unconsciously bettered their condition at large. For bishops, cardinals, and popes, elevated from the servile class,— having no legitimate issue to provide for, or enrich with power and place transmitted to them,— felt strongly the natural, instinctive love of their native class, and watched over it with a jealous care. The history of Thomas à Becket and his sovereign, is a striking instance of this kind, where each represents a class.

The Church and the camp were the two fields open before the wealthy and well-born. But in Bernard's time, a new and distinct arena was also opened; that of letters. A great enthusiasm for literature and philosophy sprang up in the eleventh century, as the world began to awake from its long sleep, and rub its drowsy eyes. Its starting-point was the ancient philosophy, and the Organum of Boethius. In the twelfth century the brilliant success of Abelard was both a cause and an effect of the new movement.* With him the scholastic philosophy began, as M. Cousin thinks.

After Bernard's companions found the camp had

* On the number of Abelard's pupils, and his influence, see Ouvrages inedites d'Abelard, etc.; par M. Victor Cousin. Paris, 1836. Introduction, p. ii. seq.

no charms "to shake the settled purpose of his soul," they tried him with the life of letters, in which his bright spirit found activity and joy. But this attempt also was fruitless. The image of his mother soared above him, and forbade the unholy life. His lively fancy brought her from the grave, in visions, and in his waking hours; she reminded him of her past example, and seemed to chide him for his faltering faith. Once, as he was traveling alone, to see his brothers in the Burgundian camp at Grancy, this thought came over him, and the image of his mother filled his soul. He turned aside into a church to pray for strength to keep his resolve and to be a monk. His prayer was granted. A voice said to him, "Qui audit dicat 'Veni.'" After this the difficulty was all over. He persuaded others to follow his example. Among these were his uncle Galdric, a rich and celebrated man, and some of his own brothers. But Guido, his oldest brother, mocked at Bernard's resolution, and called it frivolous. Guido, a distinguished man, bound by wedlock, and more strongly rooted in the world than the others, stoutly refused the monastic life, when urged by the young enthusiast to accept it. Well he might shudder at the thought, for his married life seems to have been happy, and the change proposed involved a separation from his wife and children, and imprisonment — such it really was — amid monks as cheerless and stupid as they were superstitious. "Yet," says Abbot William, "at first hesitating, but weighing the matter continually, and thinking it over and over, he consented to the change, on condition that his wife were willing. But this contingency seemed scarcely possible to a young woman of noble birth, the mother of several daughters, at that

time of tender age." But Bernard, nothing daunted at the difficulty, tenderly promised Guido, that "his wife would soon consent, or die." To bring about one of these pleasant alternatives, "the Lord gave the husband this manly counsel, that he should abjure all he seemed to have in the world, lead a rustic life, earning with his own hands the subsistence of himself and wife, whom it was not lawful for him to divorce against her will." This ingenious counsel, so pleasantly attributed to the Holy Ghost, succeeded like a charm. The wife very naturally fell sick, and remembering the prediction, and finding "how hard it was to kick against the pricks," begged Bernard's forgiveness, and promised all that he required of her. Accordingly she was separated from her husband, and took the usual conventual vow, which she kept "until this day," says the abbot; for he wrote while she and Bernard were both still living.

The other brother, Gerhard, still held out, "and loved the world." "Nothing but suffering will ever convince you," said Bernard. "But the day is coming," continued he, putting his finger on his brother's side, "and it comes quickly, when the lance plunged in your breast shall open to your heart a way for my counsels, which now you despise." "No sooner said than done," proceeds the biographer, "for after a few days he was wounded in just the spot marked by the priestly finger, and taken prisoner besides." Then, fearing death, he exclaimed, "I am a monk, a Cistercian monk." Bernard was sent for to comfort him in prison. But he refused to go, saying he "knew all this before, and the wound was not unto death, but unto life." And "it was even so;" for, contrary to expectation, the wound healed of a sudden.

However, he was still a captive, and kept closely in ward. But one day, as he grew continually more and more desirous of the monastic life, he heard a voice more than mortal, as he lay wakeful in his dungeon, saying to him, "This day shalt thou be set free," and about nightfall, by accident as it were, he felt of his chains, and they fell off his hands with a heavy clank; still the door was shut, and a crowd of beggars stood before it, not to mention the guards. But the bar fell back, and the door opened at his approach. The beggars, astonished at the prodigy, fled without speaking. It was the hour of evening prayers when he drew nigh the church, walking slowly, for some of the chains still clung to him. Bernard espied his brother, and said, "Brother Gerhard, have you come? There is still something left that you may hear." But "his eyes were holden, so that he did not know what was going on," until Bernard led him into the church. "Thus was he freed from captivity and love of the world."

After this, Bernard "went to and fro upon the earth, and walked up and down in it," seeking to bring souls into the monastic fold. He compelled many to come in. His word was so taking, his eloquence so persuasive,— for he knew the way equally to the heart of the clown and the courtier,— that when he was to preach in public or private, wise "mothers shut up their sons at home; wives kept back their husbands from hearing, for the Holy Ghost gave such voice and power to his words, that scarce any tie could restrain those who listened." All whom he converted were like the first Christians, "of one heart and one mind." *

* The monastic life was then held in very high esteem.

His biographer gives a glowing account of his novitiate, and holds him up as an ideal of austerity, to be looked up to and imitated by all tyros in the convents. He not only resisted the desire of the senses, but turned the senses themselves out of doors. "When, with the interior sense, he began to feel the sweetness of divine love breathe gently over him, he feared lest the secret sense within should be darkened by the senses from without, so he scarce gave them enough to keep them in being. The 'breathings of divine love' were at first but a momentary impression, but soon became a constant habit, and the habit, at length, nature itself." Absorbed entirely in the spirit, all his hopes directed inward to God, his mind entirely occupied with spiritual meditation, seeing he saw not, hearing he heard not; eating he tasted not; and scarce felt anything with the corporeal sense. After passing a year in the novitiate's cell, he hardly knew when he went out whether it had a roof or not." This was deemed the perfection of a monk's life. He ate only to sustain the body, and knew not whether he fed on bread or stones, or whether his drink was water or wine. "He went to his dinner as to the rack." Nemesis never sleeps even in a monk's cell, so nature took sweet revenge, and racked him all his life long in every limb of his attenuated frame. However, he did two good things, and that daily. He worked hard with his hands, and walked in the woods, where he used afterwards to confess he found his best

Bernard calls it "a second baptism;" "it renders its professors like the angels, and unlike men." It could wash out the deepest sins. See Neander's Heilige Bernhard und sein Zeitalter, etc. Berlin, 1813. p. 1, 42, note 2. But he mentions Norbert advising Count Theobald of Champagne not to become a monk, because he was already so useful to the poor and down-trodden.

thoughts, and had no teachers but the birch-trees and the oaks. "Trust my experience," he subsequently wrote to Henry of Murdoch, a celebrated teacher of speculative theology, "thou wilt find in the woods somewhat more than in books; wood and stone shall teach thee what thou canst not learn from masters." * The cheerful though serious countenance of nature, we should fancy, might shame even a monk into a rational life; but man outgrows nothing so reluctantly as the religious prejudice of his times, and it is given to but few to take a single step in advance of their age. But one day, while exhausted with very slight labor in reaping, Bernard felt a natural shame at the artificial weakness of his body; he turned aside, and "besought the Lord for strength," which was given, miraculously, as the abbot thinks, and he reaped before them all.

On entering the monastic state, he had not chosen, as many did, a cloister, where the buxom ascetics reveled in everything but self-mortification. He chose the cloister at Citeaux, a wild quarter of the bishopric of Chalons sur la Saone. The number of monks increased so rapidly, through his efforts and austere reputation, that the buildings of the establishment required to be enlarged, and new ones erected. A new cloister, also, was established in another place. This was the celebrated cloister of Clairvaux, a wild, desolate glen, formerly named the Valley of Wormwood,†

* Boulau, Hist. Universitatis Parisiensis, Tom. II. p. 162, cited in Neander, l. c., p. 45.

† Nicolaus Hacqueville thus poetically celebrates its charms:

"Abdita vallis erat, mediis in montibus, alto
Et nemore, et viridi tunc adoperta rubo,
Hanc *claram vallem* merito dixere priores,
Mutarunt nomen *vallis amara* tuum," etc.

De Laudibus Bernardi, prefixed to his works, fol. 24, 1, of this edition.

on account of a den of robbers in it, as some say; but after the cloister was built, it was called Clairvaux, — the fair valley. In three years from its foundation, Bernard was appointed Abbot of Clairvaux, and ordained to that office by the famous William de Champeaux, whose skill in dialectics took nothing from the jolly roundness of his face. The spectators laughed, or admired, at the contrast between the bishop and the monk. Established in his new office, his example animated the whole cloister. "You might see there a weak and languid man, solicitous for all, but careless of himself; obedient to all in all things, but scarce doing anything for himself. Not deeming his own concerns of prior importance to others, he strove chiefly to avoid sparing his own body. So he made his spiritual studies the more rigorous. His body, attenuated by various infirmities, was still more worn down by fast and watching without intermission. He prayed standing day and night, till his knees, weakened by fasting, and his feet, swollen with extreme toil, refused to sustain his body. For a long time, in secrecy he wore sackcloth next his skin, but when the fact was accidentally discovered he cast it off, and returned to his common dress. His food was bread and milk; water, in which pulse had been boiled, or such thin water-gruel as men make for little children." * Physicians who saw him, or listened to his eloquence, wondered at the strength in his emaciated frame, as much as if they had seen a lamb drawing the plough.

The monkish admirer relates that Gerhard was a sort of butler in the establishment, and as winter be-

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. viii.

gan to set in, he naturally, in the way of his vocation, complained of the slender provision, both in money and victuals, laid in for the season. To this complaint Bernard returned no reply. But being told that no less a sum than eleven pounds was absolutely needed, and that for the present emergency, he sent away his brother and betook himself to prayer. While at his devotion a messenger arrived, and said that a woman stood at the gate, asking to see him. She fell down at his feet, and gave him twelve pounds to pray for her husband, then dangerously ill. "Go in peace," said Bernard to the woman, "thou shalt find thy husband safe and sound." She went home and found as he had foretold. A similar case often occurred, says William, and unexpected help came from the Lord, whenever common means failed. It is difficult to estimate the power of prejudice and superstition to blind men's eyes, but each of the then contemporary biographers of Bernard ascribes to him a similar miraculous power, and relates the wonderful cures he effected on men, women, and children.*

Weak as Bernard was in body, and secluded from the world, in that remote valley, he yet took an active part in all the great concerns of Church and State, not only in France but out of it. He was present at councils, and men journeyed from far to ask his

* Neander tells a singular story, illustrating this peculiarity of the age. One Norbert, a rough, tempestuous, destructive personage, was once riding in a hunting expedition, and a violent storm came on. His horse was struck down by lightning, and he lay senseless nearly an hour. When he recovered, and saw how providentially he had escaped death, a shudder came over him, at the thought of his past life, from which he was so near being summoned to the bar of God. He resolved to found a religious institution, kept his vow, and was one of the most distinguished reformers of his age. L. c., p. 44, seq.

advice. He lifted his voice indignantly to rebuke the wantonness and pride of the clergy; wantonness and pride not surpassed by the nobles of the court of Sardanapalus. He declaimed with the sternest vehemence against the great, who trod the humble down into the dust. He labored to extend his own order, and still more to defend the Church from the assaults of the temporal powers,— no light work, nor lightly undertaken.

At this time the moral state of the clergy was bad, very bad. Men of loose habits and no religion pressed into the lucrative offices of the Church, through the influence of some prince or count.

> "Of other care they little reckoning took,
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
> And shove away the worthy bidden guest."

Their office was gain. The pope might make laws, often as he listed, against simony, extravagance, licentiousness, and all other clerical sins of the age; cunning men found means to break them all, and live unconcerned, or at least unmolested. The popes themselves were partakers of their crimes. "The stench of the Roman court," says William of Paris, "rising from this dunghill of usury, robbery, and simony, went up a hateful steam, to the very clouds." The vice of the clergy reached its height about the middle of the twelfth century. In England alone, about that time, in the short space of ten or twelve years, more than a hundred murders were committed by priests. Bernard saw these monstrous evils, and labored with great diligence to reform the clergy. He censured the monks with the greatest severity.

But while engaged in this good work, if we may

trust his biographer, he did not neglect the minor gifts of healing the sick, and casting out devils. We will set down some of the miraculous works ascribed to the Saint by his contemporaries. In a certain monastery, called Carus-Locus (Charlieu), he cured a boy, who wept and wailed incessantly, with a kiss. For when he had been weeping for several days, and found no help from his physicians, our holy man advised him to confess his sins. He did so, and with a serene face asked Bernard to kiss him. This also was done, and "the kiss of peace being received from the Saint's face, he rested in perfect peace; the fountain of his tears was dried up, and he went back rejoicing to his friends, safe and sound."

A new oratory was to be dedicated at Fusniacum (Foigny), and a great swarm of flies took possession of it, so that their noise and buzzing was very offensive to all who entered. There was no help to be had. The holy Bernard said, "I excommunicate them," and the next morning they were all found dead. This affair was so well known, that the curse upon the flies of Foigny became a proverb.*

Once, however, Bernard himself fell sick of the influenza, we should judge, and "his body failing on all hands, he was brought well nigh to death's door." "His sons and his friends came as it were to the funeral of so great a father, and I also was present among them," says William, "for his esteem for me gave me a place among his friends. When he seemed about to draw his last breath, as his soul was on the point of leaving the body, he seemed to himself to stand before the tribunal of the Lord. And Satan also was present, attacking him with bitter accusations. When

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. xi.

he had brought forward all his charges, and it was time for this man of God to speak for himself, nothing daunted, or disturbed in the slightest degree, he said, 'I confess that I am not worthy, nor can I, of my own merits, obtain the kingdom of heaven. But my Lord has obtained it for me, in two legitimate ways; namely, by inheritance from his Father, and by the merit of his own suffering. He is satisfied with one, and grants me the other claim. I claim it on the ground of his gift, and shall not be confounded.' At these words the enemy was put to shame; the meeting (before the tribunal of the Lord) broke up, and the man of God came to himself." * His recovery was no less remarkable. "The blessed Virgin appeared to him, with two companions, St. Laurentius and St. Benedict; they laid their hands on him, and by their pious manifestation assuaged the pain in the most afflicted parts of his body; they drove off the sickness, and all pain ceased."

Still further, to show to what length human credulity will go, William relates gravely a miracle Bernard wrought on the historian himself. "Once upon a time, when I had long been sick in our own house, and my illness, long continued, had weakened and worn me down to a great degree, Bernard heard of it, and sent his brother, Gerhard,— a man of happy memory,— directing me to come to Clairvaux, and promising that I should be cured, or should die very soon. I set out forthwith, though with great pain and trouble, for I looked on this as an opportunity, divinely given, or at least offered, of dying with him, or of living with him some time, and I don't know which I should have then preferred. That was per-

* Vita S. Bernardi, l. c., Lib. I. c. XI. XII.

formed which had been promised, and, I confess it, as I wished. My health was restored from this great and dangerous infirmity, and my strength gradually returned. But, good God! what advantage did this infirmity bring me! All the time of my illness with him, his sickness wrought with my necessity, for he also was sick at that time. We were both ill together, and he talked all day about the spiritual physic of the soul, and the remedial force of the virtues against the weakening influence of the vices. Accordingly he discoursed to me of the Song of Songs, as far as my weakness allowed it." One day during his convalescence, he abstained from his customary food, and suffered accordingly. His pains returned with such violence that he despaired of life. Bernard came in, in the morning, and learned the cause and the result. "What would you advise me to do?" said William. "Keep quiet," said he, "you shall not die this time," and went out. "And what shall I say? Immediately all my pain vanished; the next day I was well again, and recovered strength, and after a few days went home, with the benediction of my kind host." *

We will now mention but one more miracle attributed to Bernard. On a certain time, "when that blessed man was coming from Laviniacum, a noble city in the bishopric of Meldis, a deaf and dumb girl, nearly grown up, was brought to him. She was placed on the neck of his horse, and he, looking up to heaven, uttered a short prayer. Then he anointed her ears

* Beside the stories of his miracles related in the lives of Bernard,— and his life was a favorite theme,— there is a distinct treatise of his miracles. Narratio Herberti Abbatis Cœnobii Morensis de libro Miraculorum S. Bernardi; per insigne miraculum servato. It may be found in Mabillon's Edition of Bernard, Vol. II.

and lips with saliva; blessed her, and commanded her to call on the Holy Virgin.[2] Immediately the damsel, who had never before spoken a word, opened her mouth and cried out, "Sancta Maria!" There was present one Roger, afterwards an ecclesiastic and monk of Clairvaux, but then in the world; and seeing this miracle wrought before his eyes, he was sharply pricked in the heart, and as he has told me, this was the chief cause that induced him to enter the cloister at Clairvaux." *

In the year of our Lord 1130, died Pope Honorius the Second, in the sixth year of his pontificate. "In a city like Rome," says Neander, "where party spirit, ambition, and intrigues had long prevailed, where avarice, poverty, and wantonness stood side by side, where a restless people and ambitious families struggled together, it was but natural the choice of a pope should create the greatest discord and dissensions." The deceased pope was not legally chosen, and trouble and bloodshed were avoided only by the rare self-denial of his rival, Cardinal Buccapecu. Honorius the Second had been placed in the chair by the great families of Rome, and especially by the Frangipani. At his death there were two candidates for the papacy, one the descendant of a rich Jewish usurer, who had been converted to Christianity, and had taken the name of Leo. Cardinal Gregory was supported by the opposite faction, who appointed him the very night Honorius died, pretending that such was his wish. The new pope assumed the title of Innocent Second. Leo was proclaimed pope by the other party, with the title of Anaclete Second. Thus there were two

* Fragmenta ex Herberti libris de miraculis Cisterciensium monachorum. C. 13, p. 1247, ed. Mabillon.

popes at the same time. Innocent repeatedly declined the power that was offered him, and with many tears threw off the pontifical robes, but was at last prevailed on to accept the office, when convinced that he alone could insure the peace and prosperity of the Church in these times of trouble. Roger of Sicily declared in favor of Anaclete. But Louis Sixth of France, to whom Innocent had fled, declined at first deciding between the two competitors, until he had called a council of the bishops. Bernard was also called to this council, and cheered by revelations and visions on his way thither. His character and reputation gave great weight to his opinion.* The affair before the council turned chiefly on the merit of the two popes, for the question of a legal choice was little regarded by either party. Bernard declared in favor of Innocent, and by his eloquent and forcible harangue, made such an impression on the council that a unanimous vote was passed confirming the claims of Innocent to the papal chair and its consequent infallibility. But as all the neighboring kingdoms did not readily follow the example of France, Bernard was despatched to England to persuade King Henry First to declare for Innocent. But that acute investigator doubted if the election were legal and regular in all respects, and after Bernard had cleared up that point, and found his representations were of no avail, he resorted to a device, as he often did when better weapons failed him. "You fear that if you obey Innocent as pope you shall bring a sin upon yourself. Let this

* Dupin is mistaken when he says the *sole decision of the matter was left to him* (Ecclesiastical History of the 12th Century, ch. iv. p. 43, ed. Lond. 1698), and in making the pope *post hither* (to France) *with all diligence,* after the king's declaration. He went there before.

rather be your only concern, to answer before God for all your *other* sins; *leave this sin to me, I will take it upon myself.*" And the word of the venerable man was sufficient to quiet his scruples.* Bernard then accompanied the new pope in a journey through the greater part of France, "strengthening the churches."

At this time Lothaire of Saxony, and Conrad of the Swabian family,— so hateful to the popes,— were contending for the crown of Germany. The former pope had acknowledged Lothaire, and both of the rival popes, recognizing their predecessor's infallibility, declared in favor of Lothaire. He was indeed addressed by the Roman friends of Anaclete, but took no notice of their letter, for his chief bishops had already given in their adhesion to Innocent. To quiet these difficulties, or rather to strengthen the papal hands, Innocent went to Germany. Bernard accompanied him, serving the cause by his eloquence and activity. When he preached, the audience was melted into tears, even though they did not understand the language in which he spoke. This event often happened. At Lüttich the pope and emperor first met, the latter surrounded by his great men, "the lords spiritual and temporal." He dismounted, walked through the assembly, took the pope's horse by the bridle with one hand, and holding in the other the staff of defense for the Church, conducted the pontiff to the church. Here, after mentioning the many evils the empire had borne for the Church, he touched upon the right of investiture, so long a subject of controversy between them, and of course maintained his own claims. But Bernard set forth in such glowing colors the injustice of his de-

* Vita S. Bernardi Auctore Ernaldo, etc., Lib. II., c. i.; and Neander, p. 72, seq.

mand, that he receded, leaving this important right in the hands of the pope.* This signal service of the holy abbot was never forgot. Innocent and Lothaire separated in perfect harmony.† The next year, after Bernard and the pope had passed through several districts of France, had quieted the discontented, and reconciled the hostile, and held a council at Rheims, Lothaire conducted Innocent to Rome, and entering by violence into the city, was crowned by that pope. But Anaclete's party was still strong in the metropolis, and Innocent fled to Pisa, which was near both to France and Germany, and where his friends were powerful enough to protect him.

The letter of Bernard to the Pisans is a curious monument of the spirit of the age. "May the Lord bless you and remember the faithful service and pious compassion and consolation which you have shown, and still continue to show, toward the spouse of His Son, in an evil time, and in the days of her affliction. This is already in part fulfilled, and some fruit of my prayer is already in our hands. A worthy recompense shall soon remunerate you. God rewards thee for thy works, O nation, whom He hath chosen as an heritage to himself, an acceptable nation, zealous of good works. Pisa is taken in the place of Rome, and is chosen out of all cities of the earth, as the place of the apostolic

* See on this point an extract from Echart's Quaternis vet. Monument, p. 46, in Gieseler's Eccles. History, Am. ed. Vol. II. p. 182, note 1.

† Lothaire, it seems, was little better than a puppet for the pontiff. He received his crown *on his knees, as a feudal investiture* from the pope, and so became the vassal of the Church. The pope caused a painting to be made of this imperial genuflection, with the following inscription beneath it: Rex homo fit Papae. See Wolfgang, Menzel's Geschichte der Deutschen, etc. 3rd ed. 1837, chap. 199, p. 284, seq.

seat. This has not happened by any human chance, or counsel, but by the celestial providence and divine favor of God, who loves those who love Him, and has said to Christ, His friend Innocent (Christo suo Innocentio): Dwell thou in Pisa, and blessing, I will bless it. Inhabit there since I have chosen it. By my counsel, the constancy of the Pisans yields not to the wickedness of the Sicilian tyrant, nor is shaken by his threats, nor corrupted by his gifts, nor circumvented by his frauds. O men of Pisa! men of Pisa! God hath done greatly for you; we are made joyful. What city does not envy you! Keep what is committed to thee, faithful city; acknowledge the favor; seek to be found not ungrateful for the privilege. Honor the father of thyself and all; honor the chiefs of the world who are in thee, and the judges of the earth whose presence renders thee illustrious, glorious, famous." *

Bernard thus wrought diligently for the head of the Church, both in person and by his many letters. The inhabitants of Milan had been fast friends to Anaclete. The city was one of his strongholds. It had espoused the party of Conrad. And Anselm, the metropolitan bishop, strenuously opposed Innocent, though some of the clergy had taken his part. This disagreement among the clergy led to many evils, and a certain time was appointed by the magistrates to settle the matter between the parties. On the day appointed, a large body of men, dressed in coarse and undyed woolen garments, their heads shaven in an unusual fashion, appeared in the place of meeting. They were men more or less connected with the Cistercian order of monks, and of course were friends to Bernard and Innocent. "These men," said Anselm to the hostile bishops,

* Epist. 130. Ed. Mabillon.

"these men are heretics." But it would not do; the people regarded them as angels of light, and he was no longer looked on as the head and bishop of the diocese. Messengers were sent to Bernard himself, "the last of the fathers," the great pacificator. He came; the result was wonderful, and is thus described by a contemporary. "When the inhabitants of Milan heard that the well-beloved abbot was drawing nigh to their borders, all the people went out to meet him seven miles from the city. Noble and vulgar, horse and foot, rich and poor, as if migrating from the city, left their homes, and, arranged in regular order, received the man of God, with incredible reverence. All were delighted to see him; they judged themselves happy who could hear him speak, and they kissed his feet. They pulled threads out of his garments, and took whatever thread they could from the hem of his garments (de pannorum laciniis), as remedies for sickness, counting as sacred whatever he had touched, and thinking that they also should be made holy by using or touching any of those things." *

Here he allayed all the strife and settled the difficulties as usual. Nor was this all. Landulf the younger, an eye-witness, thus speaks of his work: "At a nod from him all sorts of church apparel, that was of gold or silver,— because disagreeable to the abbot, — were shut up in presses. Men and women put on garments of hair, or the coarsest wool; water was changed into wine. Devils were cast out, and the sick healed. The abbott loosed the bonds of the captives taken by the Milanese, and restored them to freedom. And by an oath he made them take, he bound this great

* Vita S. Bernard, l. c., Lib. II. cap. ii.

people in love to the emperor Lothaire, and obedience to the pope." *

"One day," continues Ernaldus, "the people knowing that he obtained whatever he chanced to ask of the Lord, brought to him, nothing doubting, a woman; a woman known to all of them, and whom an unclean spirit had vexed seven years, suppliantly asking him, in the name of the Lord, to put the devil to flight, and restore the woman to health." He blushed a little as they persisted, but thought he might offend God if he declined doing so good a work. Thinking within himself, he concluded it would be a sign to the unbelieving, "so he committed his enterprise to the Holy Ghost," and kneeling in prayer, put the devil to rout, in the spirit of fortitude, and gave back the woman safe and sound. "The noise of this affair soon went abroad, and suddenly it filled all the city; and through the churches, the camps (prætoria), and all the public streets, they came thronging together. Everybody was talking about the man of God. It was stated in public, that nothing was impossible which he asked of God. They say and believe, they preach and confirm it, that the ears of God are open to his prayers. They could not be satisfied with seeing and hearing him. Some rushed into his presence; others took their stations before the doors until he should go out. Men left business and trade; all the city was in suspense on this spectacle. They rush together; they beg to be blest, and some seem to have been healed by touching him." † He healed a woman deaf, dumb, and blind, and possessed of a devil, in the presence of a great multitude, by going up to the house with the Host in his

* Landulf, cited in Neander, p. 83, seq.
† L. c., c. ii.

hand, and adjuring the devil, in the name of God, to leave the woman.

We will not weary the patience of our readers with more details. The few we have given mark an age of credulity, when a sharp distinction was not made between the miraculous and the natural; when the effects of imagination, of a strong will, or sensitive nerves, were less understood than now, and when "wonders" were expected of each very holy man. Where they are expected, or looked for, they always come. The history of trials for witchcraft might lead a philosopher to ponder deeply the natural law of testimony. There is no doubt that these monks believed Bernard wrought surprising miracles.* No doubt he himself believed that he wrought them, for he often mentions the fact, but without any vain-glory. His biographer relates with surprise that he never grew vain of his powers, "never walked above himself in wonderful things, but judging humbly of himself, thought he was not the author of these venerable works, but only their minister; and when in the opinion of all he was the greatest, in his own opinion he was the least." This latter statement is not strictly true, for the vice of pride had entered into his soul, and his ambition and love of power knew no bounds. His hatred of those who stood in his way was cruel and remorseless, as we shall soon see.

After he had finished his work in Italy, Bernard returned to Clairvaux. But the fame of his greatness went before him. As he passed the Alps, "the herdsmen and boors came down from their rocks to see him,

* Even Fenelon believed these miracles, and cites them as proofs of the power of God. See his "Sermon pour la fête de Saint Bernard," in his Œuvres. Paris. 1822. Tom. III. pp. 196—219.

and after receiving his blessing, turned back joyful to their rude dwellings." His monks received him with no less joy. They fell down before him and embraced his knees; they rose up and kissed him, and in this manner conducted him to the cloister. Here, during his long absence from Clairvaux, "the Devil could effect nothing. No mildew had gathered on the pure minds therein, and the house of God, founded on a rock, was in no part shaken." "No quarrels had been kept for his coming, and no long-nursed hatred broke out in his presence. The young did not accuse the old of austerity, nor did the old accuse the young of remissness, "but they were all found of one accord, in the house of God; in holiness and peace ascending the ladder of Jacob, and hastening up to look on God, whose delectable countenance shone in the upper realm. The abbot, not unmindful of him who said, 'I saw Satan falling as lightning from heaven,' was the more humble and submissive to God as he saw that God was propitious to his desires. Nor did he rejoice because the devils were subject to him, but rather he rejoiced in the Lord, because he saw the names of his brethren were written in heaven."

But the difficulties of the times would not suffer the strong and active spirit of Bernard to remain idle or contemplative at Clairvaux, "bewailing his own sins." New troubles called him forth again. William the Ninth of Aquitaine and Poictou, espousing the part of Anaclete, deposed all the bishops of the province who were hostile to him. Bishop Godfrey of Chartres went with Bernard to visit the rebellious prince. He was a rough layman, who knew no reason for following one pope more than the other, but had taken a solemn oath never to be reconciled with the degraded bishops.

Bernard attempted for a long time to bring the baron to reason; but his efforts were fruitless. So he went into the church to celebrate high mass. The prince, who had been excommunicated, did not venture in, but stood without at the door. Bernard consecrated and transubstantiated the bread and wine; gave his blessing to the people, and then, with fiery countenance and flaming eyes, and threatening look, "bearing on a platter the bread just changed to the body of Christ," went out to the prince, and said to him, "in terrible words": "We have entreated, and you have despised us. The multitude of God's servants united has besought you in two meetings, and you have mocked at them. So now comes to you the Son of the Virgin, the Head and Lord of the Church, which you persecute. Here is thy Judge, at whose name every knee shall bow, of things celestial, and terrestrial, and things under the earth. Here is thy Judge, into whose hands thy soul will come. Will you despise Him also? Will you despise Him, as you have despised his servants?" The prince was overcome; he fell like one lifeless on the ground. His servants raised him up. Bernard ordered him to rise upon his feet; to be reconciled with the bishops of Poictiers; to give him the kiss of peace, and yield to Pope Innocent. The humbled prince did as he was commanded, and thus peace was restored to a whole province. This event is characteristic of the middle ages,— the presumption of the priest, and the folly of the prince.

Bernard was the most powerful man in Europe; though but an ecclesiastic, without money, or lands, or soldiers, or powerful connections, by the might of his spirit alone this emaciated monk kept the wide world in awe. He tamed rough barons; said to kings, thus far

and no farther. It was mainly through his influence that Innocent kept possession of the papal chair. He reconciled Conrad with Lothaire. A third time he was called to Rome, by the pope, whom German arms once more established in the capital, though here he held only divided empire. He attempted to reconcile the two papal parties without loss of blood, and had a convenient formula, wherewith to remove any oaths that interfered with his plans: "Alliances hostile to the law can never be confirmed by an oath, for God's law renders them of no avail." He went to Roger, King of Sicily, on the eve of a battle, hoping to divert that prince from assisting Anaclete. This effort was vain; but after Roger had lost the battle he consented to decide between the two popes, on condition that their respective claims were laid before him. So on a set day Roger arrayed himself in his robes of state, and sat down to hear the conflicting parties. The cardinals of the two popes appeared as counsel. On the side of Anaclete, the chief speaker was Cardinal Peter, or Pisa, a man well skilled in dialects and the canon law. Bernard, of course, was the foremost in favor of Innocent. Bernard's chief argument was this: There is no salvation out of the true Church; the legal pope is head of the true Church. Now almost all the western Churches have declared Innocent to be that head, and it is more likely they should be in the right, since they all agree, than it is that Roger, a single layman, is alone right; for God would not suffer so many to go astray, and be damned eternally, while one only, and he a layman, was saved. Cardinal Peter was convinced by the logical skill and eloquence of his opponent, and was soon reconciled to Innocent; for it would be quite unfair to suppose the offers of power and wealth,

thrown privately into the scales, had the slightest weight in the dialectic balance of this cardinal, so well versed in the canon law. Roger still held out, but luckily Anaclete died soon after (1138), and when his friends appointed Victor the Third his successor, Bernard had the hardihood to beard the lion in his den, and ask the new pope to renounce his budding honors; and still more, he had the address to succeed in the attempt. Victor went and fell down at Innocent's feet, and did homage. Peace was thus restored to the Church. Years of war and thousands of lives were saved, by force of this poor monk. The public gratitude did not loiter behind such signal merit. The people received him everywhere with shouts. Men and women escorted him in processions from place to place. But, his work done, he returned again to the quiet repose and mystical devotion of Clairvaux, to retire into himself, and to write letters to the ends of the world.

But the repose of this "Dog of the Church" was never very deep, or of long continuance. The Church was always in trouble. Bishops quarreled with one another, or a priest took a wife, a lord sold a benefice, or a monk went back to the cottage or the camp, and the burden of the Church fell on Bernard. We must pass over the troubles occasioned by nobles pressing, uncalled for, into ecclesiastical offices, and by the wickedness of the clergy, to come to the remarkable quarrel between Bernard and Abelard.

So long as ignorance lowered dark and heavy on the middle ages, there was no doubt of the Church's doctrine. Then nothing opposed the ecclesiastical sway, but the flesh and the devil,— ambitious and wicked men. The Church was in advance of the world, and the little light by which men walked came mainly from the

Church itself. But there is no monopoly of the truth, and least of all can the whole of wisdom be appropriated by a body of men, however pious and thoughtful, who resolve to accept nothing which was not admitted by their fathers centuries before. So when light began to dawn on the world once more, and the clouds to withdraw their heavy folds, and the noble army of Greek and Roman sages or poets to come out of their recesses, men began to doubt, for the first time, whether all moral, philosophical, and religious truth were contained in the dogmas of the Church. These doubts came from the wisest and best men of the age. Thus the Church was assaulted not only by its old enemies, the flesh and the devil, with whom it knew how to contend, but also by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, against whom some new device was to be tried. Men, wiser and holier than the Church itself, rose up,— often coming from its own bosom,— and opened their dark sayings. Hence arose two parties; one stood on authority, and adhered strictly to the old theological formulas, and if they could not find expressed therein the sum of wisdom which they sought, they found it by implication. A few of the latter sort of this class, calling a certain capricious mysticism to their aid, succeeded marvelously with their work. They were the conservatists of that time, and dealt out, with a lavish hand, the thunders of the Church, and its fire and fagots too, against all who dared to look forward. The other party, few in numbers, but often mighty in talents, relied on no authority, however great and good. They referred all to the human soul, or rather to the spirit of God in the soul of man. Hence they deduced their doctrines, and hereby they formed the dogmas they accepted. To them, philosophy was more than history.

They might not disagree with the creed of the Church, in whose bosom they sometimes continued all their life long, but their starting point, their new method, their spirit, differed entirely from that of the Church. This party was inclined to rationalism, as the other was to a vicious sort of mysticism. Yet there were genuine mystics and religious men in either sect. It would be instructive, as well as curious, to trace the gradual growth of Protestantism in the middle ages,— coincident as it was with the spread of light,— but we forbear.*

Abelard [3] would be prominent in any period of the world's history; but in the twelfth century he towers above his contemporaries like a colossus. He went back to the human soul, and from that he attempted to prove the truth of his doctrines, knowing well that while men rested on truths that were elementary and universal, even if they should doubt the Scriptures and deny the Church, they would still be religious, useful to their fellows, and acceptable to God. Besides, he saw credulity confounded with faith, and superstition mistaken for vital piety. His aim was to unite reason and religion. He denied that we can form an adequate conception of God, or express His nature, in words.† He attempted to explain the Trinity in a manner sufficiently orthodox, if that mystery is to be explained at all, and the profound truth it covers, but too often conceals, also is to be pointed out and ex-

* Among those who contributed most powerfully, directly or remotely, to this, may be named Scotus Erigena, Gerbert, (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.), Berenger, or Berengarius, of Tours. (See Lessing's Sämtliche Werke, Vol. XX.), Lanfranc, Roscelin, Anselm, and Abelard.

† To judge from his remarks on this point, there seems to be a striking similarity between him and Hegel.

plained. He denied free-will to God, in the sense we apply that term to man, who, from his weakness and wickedness, must decide between conflicting desires. He found virtue, like Christian excellence, among the heathen also, who, as well as the Jews, received revelations, and sometimes had power to work miracles. But the doctrines of the Church forbid the free action of his mind in this direction and so he concluded that baptism was necessary to salvation and the forgiveness of sins, though the man lived a life never so divine. But he dwelt with great delight on the virtue of some of the heathens, and with the obvious design of shaming the hideous sin of the clergy in his own day. He judged virtue by its motives, not by its actions; defined sin as voluntary action opposed to God's law. He spoke with the greatest indignation against those men who were frightened by fear of hell, and after a life of sin, repenting on their death-bed, left money got by crime, that priests, wicked as themselves, and hypocrites besides, might say masses for their souls. He denied the false or alleged miracles of his time, though he admitted the Christian miracles in full.

Such a man could not want for opponents. His philosophical opinions; his Christian zeal, which sometimes out-traveled his discretion; still more, his tendency to call sin, *sin*, and his violent invectives against vice and hollowness,— raised up for him a host of enemies. The timid feared; the wicked hated him. But we are now concerned with Abelard only so far as he comes into the history of Bernard. The first persecution * of Abelard — and in which Bernard took an active part — arose, like many others, from per-

* The opposition of Walter de Mauritania does not deserve so harsh a name.

sonal, and not ecclesiastical jealousy. Albric and Lotulf, rival professors at Rheims, brought two charges against him; the one, that he, a monk, engaged in secular studies; the other, that he taught theology, which he had never learned "from the great doctors of the age," and without a regular theological education. Their complaints were brought before the Council of Soissons (1121), where his obnoxious book (*De Theologia*) was to be explained. The matter was referred to a greater council, at Paris. Here, to quell the alarm, Abelard threw his offensive book into the fire, knowing well that this act would recoil upon his enemies. He withdrew to a cloister. But the public condemned his opponents, and he soon returned in triumph to Paris, and renewed his teachings and attacks on the wicked lives of the monks. But, getting weary of this work,— as hopeless as to pick up all the sands of Sahara,— and desiring leisure to think far down into the deep of things, he retired to solitude once more. Here he lived in poverty and want. But pupils came to be taught. The neighborhood was filled with young men. A great enthusiasm, wide and deep, broke out in his favor. His doctrines spread far and wide. The watch-dog of the Church awoke from his brief slumbers at Clairvaux, and began his threatening growl. Bernard — the Napoleon of the twelfth century — was more formidable than all other opponents, bishops, and councils. To escape the imminent danger, Abelard accepted the post of abbot in Brittany. But he could not be silent, and here likewise his hateful doctrines were taught, and rumors of Abelard's fame went up like a cloud, and extended to Clairvaux. Bernard "eyed him" as "Saul eyed David." He warned him, in letters, to change his "manner of the-

ologizing," and on all occasions cautioned Abelard's pupils against the poison of their master's doctrines. He was not a man to sit quietly down and thus suffer dictation, though from "the first man in the century." He expressed a willingness to look Bernard in the face, and argue the matter in the synod of Sens (1140), before an assembly of the first men of the nation. He called on his thousands of scholars to come and witness his triumph. But Bernard declined entering the lists with the first dialectitian of the age. He knew what he was about,— the artful monk. So he cunningly wrote,— that precursor of the Jesuits,— he would "not make the articles of faith matters of dispute." No. They rested on authority, which was abandoned soon as he came down into a fair field. He wished his opponent's doctrines to be compared with the "standard" of the only infallible Church. Thus the accused was condemned by implication, and without a hearing. But it is easy to gainsay such a swift verdict of condemnation, and Abelard's reputation rose higher even than before. His scholars boasted that even Bernard dared not venture into the arena with their master. So it became necessary for the Abbot of Clairvaux to make a regular attack, and risk a defeat, or else leave this rival master of the field. So he came to the council. The king was present, and the most eminent bishops, abbots, and clergymen in general; men over whom Bernard's authority was almost despotic. Abelard knew a fair hearing would not be allowed him. Bernard was resolved to give him no chance for it, and laid before the council a list of passages carefully culled from Abelard's works, and flanked by the conflicting doctrines of the Church. He then called on the accused to recant, or defend the

passages. Abelard was silent, and the council pronounced the obnoxious sentences heretical. But before they could take the next step, and condemn the man as a heretic, he appealed to the pope. No sooner was this done, than Bernard wrote letters to the pope and the nobles of Rome, to prejudice their minds against the alleged heretic. In these letters, as in the statement made to the council, Bernard either intentionally misrepresented or atrociously misunderstood Abelard;* charged upon him doctrines he never taught, and twisted sentences into a form different from the original. Bernard had great influence at the Roman court. The Church was afraid of philosophy. The result was, that the passages obnoxious to Bernard were judged heretical; the author was pronounced a heretic, and forbidden to teach the obnoxious doctrines. All who adhered to them were excommunicated. Thus was he condemned, through the jealousy of one man, without any proof that the obnoxious passages were contained in his writings, or that they would not bear a different interpretation, and without asking if the author could not reconcile them with the orthodox faith. *All* his heretical doctrines were condemned, but no care was taken to specify *which* were heretical. Bernard's conduct in this affair justifies fully the sharp and bitter censure of Bayle and others, whom he fol-

* See Epist. 187—194. He condemns the works of Abelard, viz. Theologia, Liber Sententiarum, and Nosce Teipsum. He calls his opponent many hard names, an Arian, a Pelagian, a Nestorian, " a Herod at home, and a Saint John abroad." " In all things that are in heaven above, etc., he sees only himself." " A fabricator of lies." Epist. 327—338. Abbot William fears the treatise, Sic et Non, is " monstrous in doctrine as it is in name." See also Bernardi Opuscula, especially the " Tract concerning the errors of Peter Abelard," sometimes put among his letters, as Epist. 190.

lows. "It is certain that he had very great talents, and a great deal of zeal; but some pretend that his zeal made him too jealous of those who acquired a great name through the study of human learning, and they held that his mild and easy temper rendered him too credulous when he heard any evil reported of these learned persons. It is difficult to imagine he was free from human passions, when he made it his business to cause all that seemed heterodox to him, to be overwhelmed with anathemas. But it is very easy to conceive that his good reputation and the ardor wherewith he prosecuted the condemnation of his adversaries, surprised the judges, and made the accused persons sink under the weight of these irregular proceedings." "They do not do him justice who call him only a hound, or a mastiff-dog; he ought in some sense to be compared to Nimrod, and styled *a mighty hunter before the Lord.*"

Abelard's scholars — especially the young and enthusiastic part of them — defended their master, with the keen wit and exquisite sarcasm for which the French were remarkable even then. But the philosopher himself, weary of conflict, worn down by repeated calamities, yielded to the tide of trouble, and became reconciled with the Argus of the Church. He offered to strike out of his works whatever offended orthodox ears, and to renounce both his school and his study.

This reconciliation — as men call it — was effected by Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, who received Abelard into his establishment, where, and at the more healthy cloister of Chalons sur la Saone, he spent the brief and bitter remnant of his days, and ended a life, at once the brightest and most sad that appears in the middle ages. Few men have been so often misjudged

and abused as he. Fate seemed to pursue him with a fiery sword, and the furies — Ambition, Hatred, Fear — to scourge him with their bloody scorpion whip, through life. Bernard rejoiced that he had reduced that eloquent voice to silence, and restored tranquillity to the Churches! So the old Romans, after they had desolated a province, "proclaimed peace, where they had made only solitude." But though he went where the wicked cease from troubling, his spirit passed into the ages, and lives even now. It is an easy thing to kill a man, or to shut him up in a cloister, especially if he is old, or constitutionally timid. To burn a heretic is no difficult matter, for the weakest princes have, perhaps, burned the most. But to suppress heresy, to stay thought, or to stop truth thereby, the world has not found so easy. Bernard could cut off the hydra's head; but others sprouted anew. What was personal in Abelard died, or faded out of the public mind. But the scorn of whatever is false; the love of truth; the desire of a divine life,— burnt in many a young heart, like a fire in a forest, and would not be put down.

Arnold of Brescia was among these. The corruption of the clergy; the strife between the emperors and the popes; the increasing study of the Roman law; the general advance of knowledge,— all favored his design of founding a true Church on the earth, which could offer no bribes, and claim no secular power. He fell back on primitive Christianity, and preached it with a soul of fire. He held up to shame the conduct and life of the clergy. At Bernard's suggestion he was excommunicated and condemned to a cloister. He refused to make his peace, as his master had done, and finding few disposed to enforce the papal sentence,

went to Zurich, where even the bishop tolerated him. Guido a Castellis, though the pope's legate, received him kindly, and took little heed to Bernard's admonitory letters. After the death of Innocent the Third, Arnold repaired to Rome, and made "no small stir" among the people. But we pass over all this, and the troubles about the popes, and come down to the crusade, and the administration of Eugene the Third,—the friend and pupil of Bernard.

Celestine the Second, the successor of Innocent, filled the papal chair but four months. Lucian the Second, the next pope, lived but a short time after his election; and when Eugene the Third was elected, the confusion at Rome forced him to take refuge in Viterbo, where he speedily excommunicated Arnold, no doubt to the great satisfaction of his old persecutor. Bernard wrote letters to the Romans, exhorting them to receive Eugene as their father. But these falling fruitless to the ground, he tried Conrad, his old enemy, exhorting him to revenge the pope. "Gird on the sword. Give to yourself, as Cæsar, what is Cæsar's, and to God, what is God's." "God forbid," says he, "that the power of the nation, the insolence of the rabble, should hold out a moment before the eyes of the monarch." Bernard exerted himself with all his might to sustain his friend in the chair of the Church. Meantime, a great event was gathering in the future, and coming near at hand. The mountain once produced a mouse, as the story goes; but here, several mice produced a mountain. The occasion of a new crusade was as follows. Louis the Seventh of France felt some natural compunctions of conscience for the cruelties he had been guilty of in the war against Theobold of Champagne. He hoped to efface the old crime, by engag-

ing in a new war, at the command of the Church, and thus wash the old blood from his hands, in the fresh stream of so many lives. A crusade in the twelfth century,— it stirred men's hearts, as a line of gas packets to the moon would do in our day. We know not who first proposed the new enterprise, but Bernard caught readily at the idea, and called on the pope to summon all Christendom to the work. Eugene the Third knew as well as Lord Chatham, that when a brilliant war burns in the distance, men will not look at grievances they suffer at home. So he readily favored a plan which would strengthen his own hands.

At that day it was easy to raise armies. Especially was it easy to raise armies for a crusade. There have always been sinners enough in the world; sinners, too, who wished their guilt might be wiped off all at once, and they be cleansed of their old leprosy without trouble, by a single plunge into the Jordan. The pope promised that all sins, however great, however numerous and deeply ingrained, should be all wiped out for those who engaged in the crusade, on condition that they repented,— which was easily done, and cost nothing,— and joined the expedition with good motives.

A council was held on Easter-day. But the castle at Bezelay, where it had met, would not hold the retainers of the Church militant. The assembly adjourned to a field. Here the king appeared on a stage, with the sign of the cross on his back. Bernard was beside him, and addressing the multitude, he poured out such a molten tide of words, eloquent and persuasive, that the assembly yielded to his counsels, and shouted, till all rung again,— To the Cross! To the Cross! Meanwhile,— says the monkish chronicler,— the holy abbot wrought miracles more plenteous than ever.

Miracles became the order of the day, almost of the hour; for not only was "no day without its miracle;" but "one day he wrought twenty." Men, blind from their birth, received sight; the lame walked; men, withered up, became fresh again at his word; the dumb spake; the deaf heard,— divine grace supplying what nature lacked. Bernard's zeal burned like a rocket, kindling as it rose. He declaimed with fiery eloquence, and wrote letters, and preached, and watched, and fasted, and prayed, to a degree almost exceeding belief. But the most attenuated body sometimes becomes powerful under the pressure of a giant will. He labored with good effect; for he soon writes in triumph to the pope: "The cities and castles are getting empty, and seven women can scarcely find one man; wives are widowed while their husbands are yet alive!" A great assembly once demanded Bernard himself as the leader of the host; but the wily monk knew how to make excuses: "It is too foreign to my holy office." Precious scruple of a man who preached and got up the whole affair! He journeyed through France, fanning the flame. In the neighborhood of the Rhine he found one Ralph, an ignorant monk, who had excited many to murder the Jews, thinking, no doubt, he did great honor to Jesus by slaying the poor remnant of that nation which produced the Bible, both Old Testament and New Testament, and gave birth to the Saviour, and the "Mother of God." Bernard, to his praise be it spoken, thought it better to convert the Jews than to kill them; and really, monk as he was, took sides with the oppressed race.

Conrad — the German emperor — was averse to the crusade, and for the best reason. Bernard must attempt to bring him over; and here the greatness of his

influence and the triumph of his genius are seen in all their luster. He had an interview with Conrad, and the result was unfavorable. He gave up the attempt for the moment, and waited his time. But on Christmas day, after settling some difficulties, and healing some dissensions among the great men of Germany, he exhorted the nobles and emperor to the work. Three days later, in private, he advised the emperor to accept so easy a penance, and wash out his many sins. Soon after, he celebrated the mass before the court, and unexpectedly delivered a sermon relating to the crusade. At the end of the ceremony he went to the emperor, in the church. He addressed him as though he was a private man; described the last judgment, and the consternation of a man unable to give God an answer, if he had not done his best. He spoke of Conrad's blessings, his wealth, power, strength of body and mind. Conrad burst into tears, and sobbed forth, "I am ready to serve him. He himself exhorts me." A scream of joy followed, from all who filled the church. Bernard took a consecrated banner from the altar, and placed it in Conrad's hands, and the work was done.*

After the crusade was fairly on its feet, and the last straggler of the army was out of sight, Bernard returned to his cloister, and his old work, hunting heretics; and no English squire ever loved to unearth an otter, better than the good abbot to scent a heretic, and drive him out of the Church. He found no lack

* The following sentence, from his appeal to the German nation, is curious, and a fair specimen of his style of address: "The earth trembles and quakes because the God of Heaven is afraid He shall lose his land; his land, I say, where the Word of the Heavenly Father was affianced for more than twenty years, teaching and conversing with men,—his land, glorified by his miracles, sanctified by his blood," etc.

of employment in this agreeable occupation. The spirit of Abelard was not yet laid. It stood in the background of the Church, and made mouths at the crusade; nay, at orthodoxy itself. Protean in its nature, it assumed all manner of forms, most frightful to Catholic believers. The metaphysics of the Trinity opened a wide field for philosophical inquiry and speculation. The Cerberus of heresy bayed loud at the Church. Nominalism, realism, and scholasticism,[4] all were at feud, and each engendered its band of heretics. Among these was Gilbert of Poictiers,— often called Porretanus,— a man allied to Abelard by a kindred love of philosophy, but differing widely from his conclusions. Though a bishop, he was soon accused before the pope, and Bernard was easily put upon the scent. He accused Gilbert in a council at Paris, but he found more than his equal, for Gilbert could "parry, pass, and ward," and was well skilled in the dazzling fence of dialectics. He would not be silent, like Abelard; he had all the weapons of logic at command; could quote councils and fathers readily as the paternoster or decalogue, and, what was still more important in that crisis, *his friends and pupils were great men;* some of them cardinals, who, however, were fearful of offending Bernard. The whole affair was referred to the great council at Rheims. When the dispute had outlasted the patience of the pope and the cardinals, the latter said, "We will now decide." Whereupon Bernard, fearing the result, hastily collected his friends, telling them, that "Gilbert must be put down." So they drew up a paper, condemning him, and sent it to the pope, for whom it was a cake of the right leaven. But the cardinals were very justly offended because the pope had violated justice, and pre-

ferred the opinion of one man to the united council. The head of the Church knew not which way to turn. Bernard was called in to end the troubles. He reconciled Gilbert, who shook hands with his foes, and went home in greater honor than ever before.

He who begins to pursue heretics, finds his work increase before him. In the twelfth century there were men in no small number whom the Church could not feed. They turned away from cold abstractions and lifeless forms, to warm and living love for man and God; they shrunk away from the contaminating breath of emaciated monks and ambitious cardinals, to fresh and glowing nature, which still reflected the unfading goodness of the Infinite. These were men who took what was good where they could find it, and so found manna even in the wilderness. They were content to sit on the brink of the well of Truth, and watch the large, silent faces of the stars reflected from its tranquil deeps, which they did not ruffle, while they drew life from its waters; men whose inward eye, once opened by the Holy Ghost, could never again be closed, but ever looked upwards and right on, for light and life. These men might be branded as heretics, scourged in the market-place for infidelity, or burned at high noon for atheism. The natural man does not understand the things of the spirit. They had too much religion to be understood by their contemporaries; they were too far above them for their sympathy, too far before them for their comprehension. No doubt these men were often mistaken, fanatical; their minds overclouded, and their hearts filled with bigotry. Still, it is in them that we find the religion of the age. The veriest tyro in ecclesiastical history knows that the true life of God in the soul, from the

third century downwards, has displayed itself out of the established Church, and not in it. It would be both curious and instructive to trace the growth of Protestantism from Paul down to Luther, and notice the various phases it assumed, of mysticism or rationalism, as the heart or the head uttered the protest, and consider the treatment it met with from men of a few good rules, of much ambition, and little elevation of character. The mass of men is too often eager to punish both such as loiter in the rear, and such as hurry in the front,— especially the latter. Perhaps this contagion of heresy, this epidemic of non-conformity, like Christianity itself, came from the East, where every religion that has taken a strong hold of the heart has had its home. The Gnostics and Manicheans, and men of more mystical piety, for whom the blind orthodoxy of the Church offered little attraction,— these men fattened the Christian soil with their blood, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Their bones fell still more abundantly in the two ages that followed. But in countries where Christianity was newly introduced, the obnoxious sects took root and flourished. The tumults of the tenth century brought them to Italy, France, and Germany. Heresy spread like the plague; no one knows how, or by whom it is propagated. Rather let us say, Truth passes, like morning, from land to land, and men, who all night long have read with bleared eyes by the candle of tradition, wonder at the light which streams through the crevice of window and wall. In the eleventh century, these "heretical doctrines" were still more common. The headsman's ax gleamed over many a Christian neck. But the neck of Heresy was not cut off; for in the twelfth century there were still some to be done to

death. It is sad to reflect that every advance in science, art, freedom, and religion, has been bought with the best hearts that ever beat, who have poured out the stream of their lives, and thus formed a deep, wide channel of blood, which has upborne and carried forward the ark of humanity, liberty, and truth, from the dawn of things till this day. On every lofty path, where man treads securely now, naked feet have bled, as they trampled the flint into dust. How many forerunners leave their heroic heads in a charger; and even the Saviour must hang upon the cross, before men can be redeemed. In Bernard's time, these reformers came to a world lying in wickedness; they came to priests, still more wicked, who attempted to heal the world by church ceremonies, theological dogmas, councils, and convents, and "communion in one kind." There were a few who wished to fall back on morality and religion. They counted the Bible as the finite stream that comes from the infinite source, and waters the gardens of the earth. They took their stand on primitive Christianity; when they spoke, it was from heart to heart, and so the common people heard them gladly.

We lament to say that Bernard, great man as he was, good and pious as we know him to have been, set his face seriously against all these men, and thought he did God service by hunting them to death. His garments were rolled in the blood of these innocents. One of his friends, Everwin of Steinfield, tells him he has "written enough against the pharisaism of Christians; now lift up your voice against the heretics, who are come into all the churches, like a breath from hell." Among the most eminent of these reformers and heretics were Peter of Bruis, founder of the Petrobrusians, and Henry of Lausanne. Bernard signalized himself

in attacking these men, though with various success. On a certain occasion some heretics were burned in a remote district, and Everwin, writing an account of the affair, and, as usual, throwing all the blame on the *people*, wonders that these limbs of the devil, in their heresy, could exhibit such steadfastness in suffering the most cruel tortures, as was scarce ever found even among pious orthodox Christians.* The monk's wonder is quite instructive. In one of his letters Bernard thus complains of the desolations wrought by the heretics. "The churches are shunned as if they were synagogues; the sanctuary of God is no longer reckoned holy; the sacraments are not honored; the festivals not celebrated. Men die in their sins; their souls are brought into the dreadful judgments of God, not reconciled by penance, not confirmed by taking the Last Supper." Yet, even among these heretics, Bernard was nearly all-powerful. He came to the city Albigeois, the headquarters of these men, and did wonders. The following anecdote exhibits the character of the Saint, and the age. He once preached against the heretics at Toulouse, and, finishing his sermon, mounted his horse to ride off. In presence of the crowd, one of the dissenters said, "Your horse, good abbot, is fatter and better fed than the beast of our master, much as you say against him." "I do not deny it," said Bernard, with a friendly look; "it is the nature of the beast to be fat; not by our horses, but by ourselves, are we to be judged before God." He then laid bare his neck, and showed, naked, his meager and attenuated breast. This was, for the public, the most perfect confutation of the heretic!

But we must, however unwillingly, hasten from these

* Neander, p. 244.

scenes. In 1148, Pope Eugene visited Bernard in the cloister at Clairvaux, and remained with him some time. It was a beautiful homage from the conventional head of the Church to a poor monk, whom piety, zeal, and greatness of soul had raised above all the heroes of convention. Bishop Malachias, who had done a great work in Ireland, came to lay his bones at Clairvaux. But bitter disappointment came at last upon Bernard. The crusade for which he had preached, and prophesied, and worked miracles, and traveled over half Europe, was a failure. Its ruin was total. Half-smothered invectives and fierce denunciations arose against him. All his predictions fell to the ground: the miracles he wrought, the vaunting boast and fiery words he had uttered came back on the head of the poor monk, mingled with the scorn of the nations. He had sophistry enough to refer the calamity to the sins of the crusaders. But this availed little, for he had promised their sins should be forgiven, and expressly called notorious sinners to the task. So he laid the blame upon the Almighty, who had assigned him his mission, gave him the promise, and " confirmed it by miracles."

Weary and disappointed, the poor abbot betook himself to finish his greatest literary work, the celebrated treatise *De Consideratione*, a sort of manual for the popes, giving a picture of an ideal pope, a book of no small merit. This was the latest work of his life, and its concluding lines flowed forth from lips longing to give up the ghost. His usefulness continued to the last. His letters went on as usual; he exhorted his friends and pupils. But the shadow of defeat was on the man. It grew thicker and blacker each day. His letter to Andreas, written shortly before his death, shows how a monk can feel, and a man, whose word

then shook the world, can be overcome. All his life long he had looked to the west and found no comfort, as the rising luminary shed new day over the world. But even on his death-bed, cast down as he was, he gave proofs of that mysterious power the soul exerts over those decaying elements which it gathers about itself, a power remarkably shown in his whole life. While sick almost to death, scarce any strength left in him, Hillin, Archbishop of Friers, came to ask him to mediate between the people of Metz and the nobility of the neighborhood. Bernard arose from his bed; forgot his weakness; forgot his pain; forgot his disappointment. His body seemed sinewy and strong beneath his mighty will. He met the delegates of the two parties on the banks of the Moselle. The haughty knights, flushed with victory, refused to listen to his terms, and withdrew, "not wishing the sick monk farewell." "Peace will soon come," said he. "It was foretold me last night, in a dream; for I thought I was celebrating mass, and was ashamed because I had forgotten the chant, Gloria in Excelsis; and so I sung it with you to the end." Before the time arrived for singing the chant a messenger came to say the knights were penitent! His words had done the work in silence. The two parties were reconciled, and the kiss of peace exchanged. He returned to Clairvaux, and his strong spirit soon left the worn-out frame, where it had long dwelt almost in defiance of the body's law. He had lived sixty-three years, and his spirit was mighty in the churches long after his death.

His biographer Alanus thus describes the last scene: "About the third hour of the day (August 20, 1153), this shining light of his age, this holy and truly blessed abbot, passed away from the body of death to the land

of the living; from the heavy sobbings and abundant tears of his friends, standing around him, to the chorus of angels chanting continually, with Christ at their head. Happy that soul which rises by the excellent grace of its own merits; which is followed by the pious vows of friends, and drawn upwards by holy desire for things above. Happy that transition from labor to rest; from expectation to enjoyment of the reward; from the battle to the triumph; from death to life; from faith to knowledge; from a pilgrimage to his own home; from the world to the Father."

In stature Saint Bernard was a little below the common standard; his hair of a flaxen color: his beard somewhat reddish, but both became gray as he grew old. The might of the man was shown in his countenance. Yet his face had a peculiar cheerfulness, more of heaven than of earth, and his eye at once expressed the serpent's wisdom with the simplicity of the dove. It was indifferent to him whether he drank oil, or wine, or water. He was dead to the pleasures of the table, and to all sensual delights. He could walk all day by the lake of Lucerne, and never see it. In summing up his character, we must allow him great acuteness of insight; a force of will, great and enduring almost beyond belief,— a will like that of Hannibal, or Simeon the Stylite, which shrunk at no difficulty, and held out Promethean to the end. He was zealous and self-denying; but narrow in his self-denial, and a bigot in his zeal. He was pious,— beautifully pious,— but superstitious withal. In a formal age, no man loved forms better than he, or clung closer to the letter when it served his end. His writings display a masculine good sense; * great acquaintance with the Scriptures,

* His works are, 744 Letters; numerous Sermons on all the

which he quotes in every paragraph, and with Augustine and Ambrose, "with whom he would agree right or wrong." * He hated all tyranny but the tyranny of the Church. Yet his heart was by nature gentle; he could take pains to rescue a hen from the hawk; but would yet burn men at the stake for explaining the mystery of the Trinity. He was as ambitious as Cæsar; not that he cared for the circumstance and trappings of authority, but he loved power for itself, as an end. All the wax of Hymettus could not close his ears against this syren, not a whole Anticyra heal his madness.[5] He lived in an age when new light

Sundays and Festivals in the year; 86 Sermons on the Canticles; a Treatise, in five books, De Consideratione; another, De Officio Episcoporum, de Præcepto et Dispensatione; Apologia ad Gulielmum Abbatum; this contains some of his sharpest rebukes of the monks and clergy. De laude Novæ Militæ, i.e. the new order of knights templars. De gradibus humilitatis et superbiæ, de gratia et libero arbitrio, de baptismo, de erroribus Petri Abelardi. De Vita S. Malachiæ, de Cantu. Besides these, there are many works attributed to him, which belong to others, known or unknown. Such are the famous "Meditations of St. Bernard," which are sometimes printed in English in the same volume with Saint Augustine's Meditations. No writer of the middle ages has been so popular as Bernard. His works were read extensively before the art of printing was invented, and have often been published since then. The best edition is that of Mabillon, Paris, 1719, 2 vols. folio. A new edition has recently been published (Paris 1838, 4 vols. 8vo), which we have not examined. Besides, he wrote a Summa Theologiæ not noticed by Mabillon, but commented on by Gerson, whose book thereon is called Floretus, published at Paris, 1494, 1 vol. 4to. This, by the way, is not in Dupin's edition of Gerson, 1706, 5 vols. fol. It is noticed in Fleury, Hist. Eccl. Vol. XIV. p. 444, ed. Nismes, 1779.

* His reverence for the authority of the Church was most uncompromising. He thought it had power to change the words of Scripture, and make the Bible better by the change: "Cum in Scripturis divinis verba vel *alterat, vel alternat, fortior est illa compositio quam positio prima verborum.*"— Sermon on the Nativity.

came streaming upon the world. But he called on men to close their shutters and stir their fires. Greek and Roman letters, then beginning their glorious career in modern times, he hated as profane, and never dreamed of the wonders they were to effect for art, science, religion, yea, for Christianity itself. He was a man of the eleventh century, not of the twelfth. Its spirit culminated most beautifully in him. But he had no sympathy for those who, grateful for their fathers' progress, would yet carry the line of improvement still farther on. He did nothing directly to promote a pure theology, or foster philosophical views, and thus to emancipate mankind from their long thraldom. Yet he did much remotely. Frozen hands are best warmed in snow. Bernard was a mystic,* and the age was growing rational. But in his mystic flights he does not soar so sublime as the Pseudo-Dionysius, or Scotus Erigena, from whom his mysticism seems derived. Still less has he the depth of Saint Victor, Tauler, Eckart, and Nicolas of Basle, or the profound sweetness of Fénelon, the best, perhaps of modern mystical Christians.

His practical tendency was lead to the wings of mystical contemplation, and the very strength of his will prevented him from seeing truth as other mystics, all absorbed in contemplation. Yet he was a great man, and without him the world would not have been what it is. Well does he deserve the praise of Luther: "If there ever was a pious monk, it was Saint Bernard."

* On his mysticism, see Ammon, Fortbildung des Christenthums, Vol. II. 2nd edition, p. 355, seq.; Heinroth, Geschichte und Kritik des Mysticismus, p. 324, seq.; and Schmid, Der Mysticismus der Mittelalter, etc., p. 187, seq.

II

CUDWORTH'S INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM [1]

Ralph Cudworth, the son of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, was born at Aller in Somersetshire, in 1617. The father died while the son was a small boy. The mother married Dr. Stoughton, who educated young Ralph with great care. In youth, he was remarkable for the same qualities which distinguished his riper years. Is it not always true "The child is father of the man"? The oak and the fern are oaks and ferns as soon as they leave the parent seed. At thirteen he was admitted a pensioner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; six years after, was created Master of Arts, "with great applause." Soon after he became an eminent tutor at Cambridge, and at one time had twenty-eight scholars under his charge, a great number even for the largest colleges. After a short time he was presented with a rectory that was worth about £300 a year. In 1644, he became master of Clare Hall, and the next year, professor of Hebrew. In 1651, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him; three years later one of his friends writes: "After many tossings Dr. Cudworth is returned to Cambridge, and settled in Christ's College, and by his marriage more settled than fixed." He became master of that college the same year, and continued in that office during the rest of his life. A few years later, he was consulted by a committee, appointed by Parliament, "to consider of the translations and impressions of the Bible, and to offer their opinions

thereon." In 1662 he was presented to the vicarage of Ashwell; sixteen years after he was installed prebendary of Gloucester. These later appointments brought him, we trust, rather money than care. He died at Cambridge, June 26, 1688, leaving one daughter behind him, the wife of Sir Francis Masham.

His first recorded publication was a discourse concerning the true notion of the Lord's Supper, issued in 1642. The next, fifteen years later, a sermon preached before the House of Commons. In 1658 he designed to publish some Latin discourses in defense of Christianity against the Jews; but we know not what prevented him. In 1678, he published the True Intellectual System in folio.* As might be expected the book met with great opposition from the courtiers of Charles the Second. But the first publication against it proceeded from a Catholic, the year after its appearance. Many of the less liberal clergy abused him. Mr. Turner called him a tritheist; others denounced him as an atheist! a name easily uttered by the impure mouth, and which has sometimes been bestowed on the devoutest of men, as all histories bear witness. We cannot forbear quoting the words of Bishop Warburton, since they contain hints applicable to all times, we fear; certainly to these days.

"The philosopher of Malmesbury was the terror of the last age. . . . The press sweats with controversy, and every young clergyman militant would needs try his arms in thundering upon Hobbes's steel cap. The mischief his writings had done to religion set Cudworth upon projecting its defense. Of this he published one immortal volume; of a boldness very

* The True Intellectual System of the Universe; wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated.

uncommon indeed, but well becoming a man conscious of his own integrity and strength. For instead of amusing himself with Hobbes's peculiar whimsies, which in a little time were to vanish of themselves, and their answers with them, which are all now forgotten, from the curates to the archbishops, he launched out into the immensity of the INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM; and at his first essay, penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity to strip ATHEISM of its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster into day, where, though few readers could follow him, yet the very slowest were able to overtake his purpose. And there wanted not COUNTRY CLERGYMEN to lead the cry, and tell the world THAT UNDER PRETENSE OF DEFENDING REVELATION, HE WROTE IN THE VERY MANNER THAT AN ARTFUL INFIDEL MIGHT NATURALLY BE SUPPOSED TO USE IN WRITING AGAINST IT; that he had given us ALL THE FILTHY STUFF THAT HE COULD SCRAPE TOGETHER OUT OF THE SINK OF ATHEISM, AS A NATURAL INTRODUCTION TO A DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRUTH OF REVELATION; that with incredible INDUSTRY AND READING he had rummaged all antiquity for atheistical arguments, which he neither knew nor intended to answer. In a word, that he was an atheist in his heart, and an Arian in his book. But the worst is behind. These silly calumnies were believed. The much injured author grew disgusted. His ardor slackened; and the rest, and far greatest part of the defense never appeared,—a defense that would have left nothing to do for such as our author, but to read it; and for such as our author's adversaries, but to rail at it." —DIVINE LEGATION, etc. Preface to the First Edition of Books IV., V. and VI. Vol. I. p. 650. London, 1837.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, M. Le Clerc published copious extracts from the Intellectual System in his *Bibliotheque Choisie*, at that time the most popular periodical in Europe. He commented upon it with singular felicity, in general, though not without mistakes; and the extracts he made found favor with his readers, it seems, to judge from the prefaces to several volumes of the *Bibliotheque*. But he was involved in a controversy with Mr. Bayle, touching the doctrine of a plastic nature, taught by

Dr. C., and which Bayle thought savored of atheism. We have no desire to speak of this controversy. Cudworth's views of the Trinity drew on him the invectives of some of the rigid orthodox party.

It is to be regretted that so little is known of the personal history of this great man. How gladly would we lift the curtain from his mind, and see how the grief and gladness of this many-colored life acted upon him, and how he reacted upon them. Would that some friend had done for him even the feeble service which Mr. Ward has rendered his contemporary, Dr. Henry More.[2] We wish to see how much of his lofty ideal was made actual in his life. But we are merely told when this star rose, and when it set; of its hourly luster, as it sailed on through clearness and cloud, we can only learn from its dim reflection in his printed works. These afford but an inadequate idea of the man, under the most favorable circumstances; for the best thoughts are rarely uttered in books; and the book itself is never fully understood without the life of its author. The artist's words are only the cinders of the fire with which he wrought.

Dr. Cudworth was one of that circle of illustrious men who contributed so much, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to redeem the character of the clergy in England and sustain true religion there. The celebrated act of conformity, requiring clergymen of the Church to subscribe to the book of common prayer, with all its doctrines, deprived the Church of about two thousand of its worthiest servants; "who" as Bishop Burnet says, "were cast out ignominiously, reduced to great poverty, and provoked by much spiteful usage." This circumstance with the

fines and forfeitures which fell into the lap of the Church, brought great wealth into the hands of the conforming portion of the clergy,— the successors of those who had been deprived of their livings. "With this great accession of wealth," says the same author, "there broke in upon the Church a great deal of luxury and high living, and with this overset of wealth and pomp, that came on men in the decline of their parts and age, they, who were now growing into old age, became lazy and negligent in all the true concerns of the Church. They left preaching and writing to others, while they gave themselves up to ease and sloth. In which sad representations, some few exceptions are to be made; but so few, that, if a new set of men had not arisen, of another stamp, the Church had quite lost her esteem over the nation." * The chief of these men were Drs. Whitchot, Cudworth, Wilkins, More, and Worthington; all men of great natural powers, surprising learning, and deep, living piety. They studied to awaken a deeper spirit in young students than was usually found in those times. So they abandoned the set forms of the schools, and directed their pupils to such old writers as Plato, Tully and Plotinus. "Cudworth carried this on with a great strength of genius and a vast compass of learning. He was a man of great conduct and prudence; upon which his enemies did very falsely accuse him of craft and dissimulation." These men felt that religion was something more than a conformity with custom, or a sonorous reading of liturgy. They drew it from the fountain of living water in the soul; not from the broken cisterns of tradition or conven-

* Burnet's History of his own Time. Vol. I. p. 105, fol. edition, Dublin 1724.

tion. They saw that conscience was superior to the law of the land; knew that morality is not one thing at Corinth and another at Rome; but is universal, the same everywhere, is based on eternal principles of justice and reproduced in each pure soul.

At that time England was filled with learned men; but with all the Pocockes, and Waltons, and Clarkes, and Castells, it had none more learned than Dr. Cudworth. It was "rich in spiritual men; but though Milton, and Taylor, and Hooker, and Hall shone in their luster, there were few more spiritual and pure than Dr. Cudworth, and these "Latitude Men about Cambridge," as they were called.[3] They were meek and lowly in religion, but the fervent faith of apostles glowed in their breasts. These men were foes to fanaticism, to irreligion, and to superstition. They had a hard battle to fight, for they fell on evil times, though glorious; and evil tongues assailed them.

King Charles the Second was a model of irreligion and profligacy. The manners of the court are well known, and its licentiousness could not be concealed. It is with manners as with streams of water, they run downward; so the people aped the court. The philosophy of Hobbes[4] was a necessary emanation for the great and aristocratic party of those times. His system is well known. "Interest and fear," he says, "are the bonds of society: selfishness, the only principle and foundation of morals; the king's decree, the sole basis of religion." The world was his God. A system of philosophy is, perhaps, never the production of a single mind; its apparent author is unconsciously the organ of many men. In this way, Hobbes represents a large party. "He writ his book,

first, to favor absolute monarchy, but turned it afterwards to gratify the Republican party." *

The Latitude Men attacked the Hobbists, both the speculative and practical, with spiritual weapons. They were in the ranks of the conformists, for they loved the liturgy and the Church, though they deemed it "not unlawful to live without either." They studied the old philosophers. Episcopius [5] was one of their favorite authors. They overthrew the false work of Hobbes, and attempted to erect immutable morality and spotless religion on the ground, degraded by sensuality and reverance for might. But as Warburton says touchingly of himself: —

"All this went for nothing with bigots. He had departed from the *old posture of defense. His demonstration, say they, could never make us amends for changing our posture of defense and deserting our strongholds.* . . . I know not how,— they betray the most woful apprehensions of Christianity, and are frighted to death at every foolish book newwritten against religion. And what do our directing engineers advise you to do in this exigence? . . . Keep within your *strongholds,* watch where they direct their battery, and there to your old mud-walls clap a buttress; and, so it be done with speed, no matter of what material. If, in the meantime, one more bold than the rest offer to dig away the rubbish that hides its beauty, or kick down an awkward prop that discredits its strength, he is sure to be called by these men,— *a secret*

* Such feats were not uncommon at that time. Walton dedicated his Polyglot to Cromwell, with some adulation; but Charles coming into power, he industriously plucked out the old dedication, and inserted a new one, calling the king "most temperate" and "very religious" while he pronounces Cromwell the "Great Red Dragon." He had his reward,— a bishopric; so delighted was the king to have the name of virtuous, temperate and religious bestowed upon him without dreaming of restraint or any denial. Some tell-tale copies still preserve the original dedication, to show there lived more than one Hobbes at that day. But see, who will, a poor defense of Walton in Todd's life of him.

enemy or an indiscreet friend. He is sure to be assaulted with all the rude clamor and opprobrious names that bigotry is ever ready to bestow on those it fears and hates."— Warburton, etc. p. 649 et seq.

But they met the common reward of such men in this our day. Men of narrow minds,— whose eyes are opened, but wide enough to see a heresy in every new thing,— called them Latitudinarians, though their lives were spotless. Because they would "render a reason for the hope that was in them," the papists denounced them as Socinians,— even as atheists. They published books to show there were no certain proofs of Christianity, unless we took it "upon the authority of the infallible Church."

It is said the character of the parent is oftener seen in the child, than the child in the parent; and certainly the teacher is often clearly discovered in pupils. The Latitude Men raised up such scholars as John Smith, Bishop Patrick, Lloyd, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet. Poisons and spices both flourish side by side in nature; and so, out of this century, so strangely conspicuous for harmony and discord in Church and State; for the din of war and the sound of revelry; for meanness in proud men, baseness in honorable men, and littleness in great men; for perjury in kings, and heroic fidelity in cottages; out of the time of Bacon and Hampden have risen the brightest stars, yea constellations, that England reveres, in whose light her greatest intellectual achievements have been wrought.

The design of the True Intellectual System is briefly this: To expose in all their strength, all possible forms of atheism; to show the falsity and hollowness of all of them, and to bring forward proofs of the

existence of God, so strong and convincing, that no one hereafter could have a reasonable doubt of it, more than of the axioms of geometry, or the sentiment of esteem and love. To effect this, he sifts the writings of all nations, and every age, to discover all the forms of atheism. He states the atheistic arguments with perfect freedom, and perfect fairness. If there is any force in them, Dr. Cudworth exhibits the whole of it, to the best advantage. Conscious of his own strength, and the truth of his cause, he had no fear as to the issue of the contest. The atheist must often be surprised to see his cause appear stronger in his opponent's hands, than in his own. After stating all the reasons of atheism, he gathers his proofs around him, girds himself for the battle; completely, we think, and triumphantly replies to every charge; confronts every hostile argument, be it never so remote, and fairly meets his antagonist, and drives him out of the field of philosophy. All this is done with lawful weapons, and in the spirit of kindness. A careless reader thinks the work disorderly:

> "He can no joints and no contexture find,
> Nor its loose parts to any method bring."

He sees no plan in it. But looking fixedly, the reader finds the exactest method pervades the work; the truest logic unites the several parts of the argument; and that little is wanting, though much is redundant. At first, he is bewildered with the array of learning, the long and brilliant passages from the old philosophers; the numerous allies drawn from Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Rome; from the schools of the middle ages, the cells of monks, and the halls of the Rabbins. He starts at names "that would have made

Quintilian stare and gasp." But soon he sees they all serve under one banner, are marshaled in their proper places and strike each a blow, though sometimes, we fancy, on a dead enemy. But this is done from no ostentation, as Falstaff (and many heroes of the quill also, who have "an unbounded stomach" for controversy, but think discretion the better part of valor), hacked the lifeless Hotspur, while there were *living* foes to encounter. But he does this *ex abundanti,* because he has more strength than he can hold. The careless reader turns over these pages, and, seeing the host of citations, pronounces outright the book was written by some one who had read more than any man could think, and so was fit only to make indices to books, or at best, extracts from them. It is a melancholy truth that some great readers have been small thinkers. Men who have not reached giant-hood heap Pelion upon Ossa, in their reading, hoping to scale heaven thereby, and take wisdom by storm. Even if they could enter by those means, *they* would find no Divinity in the temple. But their pile of learning, built without the foundation of a strong, masculine mind, topples over, and buries beneath it the ambition of the student, and his small wit. Dr. Faustus, says the legend, sold himself to the Devil; and gaining certain privileges for a season, at last lost his own soul forever. But Vengeance never sleeps; he is the father of modern books, to which so many men have sold their souls. Of what avail is it to gain whole libraries, and lose one's own mind?

It is true many bright spirits are shut up in huge tomes, like dried ferns in a botanist's herbal; but it does not follow, because Cudworth was a great reader, that he should not be a great thinker also. The world

has known many such. Such were Aristotle, Pliny the Elder, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, among the ancients; Leibnitz, Bayle, Taylor, and Richter in later times, who read everything, and were yet the brightest and most original of men. We could never see why a seaman, who had been round the world again and again, cannot pilot a boat across his native lake, as well as one who had seen no other waters. Perhaps M. Von Humbolt can find his way through the streets of Goettingen as well after his travels as before.

But to return to Dr. Cudworth. The reader will find in him an unusual discernment, an extraordinary penetration combined with rare skill in the use of materials his boundless erudition has furnished. What is still better, the spirit of Christianity dwells in him. You see that he has drunk from the fountain of life. He can reason with an opponent, and yet not be angry; can reprove without harshness, and censure without sarcasm. He is one of the few men who can lawfully engage in controversy, for he hates no man, not even an Hobbist.

In this article, only a brief summary can be afforded of his arguments against atheism. At first, he says, he had only designed to write a discourse against the doctrine of fatalism, or necessity, which undermines Christianity and all religions, by taking away the distinction between good and evil, and to set forth the true intellectual system which involves freedom in man, and a discernment between right and wrong. Afterwards, he thought it necessary to go behind this doctrine of fatalism, and demonstrate the existence of a self-conscious and intelligent God. Atheism is the false intellectual system of the universe; but the true one consists of three principles. 1. There is a self-

conscious God, ruling over all things. 2. God is good, and there is an eternal distinction between good and evil. 3. Men are free agents, and therefore accountable beings. The whole intellectual system was designed to comprise I. A Treatise against Atheism. II. One on Moral Good and Evil. III. A Treatise on Liberty and Necessity. The present work comprises only the first treatise, but it is perfect in itself.*

This work is divided into five chapters; the first treats of the three forms of atheism, namely, that of some "Neoteric Christians," that "contingent liberty is impossible;" that of Zeno (the Stoic) Chrysipus, and others that "all things are predestined by the will of God"; and the system of Democritus and some modern atheists, that "there is no immaterial or spiritual substance in existence," and, consequently, all the actions of men are resolved into the mechanism of senseless matter. He calls this last the Democritical faith, from the founder of a famous atheist sect in ancient times. But in opposing the system of fatalism, the author admits the protective providence of a God essentially good.

* The other works still exist in manuscript, at Cambridge, except a small treatise on free-will, recently published, edited by John Allen, London, 1839. The treatise on Good and Evil consists of about one hundred pages in folio; and that on Liberty and Necessity is of about the same size. We wish the enterprising publishers of these volumes would procure a copy of these manuscripts, and publish them here. Can there be a doubt the public would reward their enterprise? There is no hope they will find an English editor for centuries to come. The English are too deeply engaged in railroads and steamboats; in resolving mind into matter; commenting on Jeremy Bentham; translating the Fathers; establishing the infallibility of the Church, and making mouths at the invisible event of German Philosophy, to think of publishing Dr. Cudworth.

The Democritical fatalism, which denied the existence of God, was built on a peculiar physiological theory, called the Atomical System, because it made matter consist of indivisible atoms. It regarded matter as extended bulk, which has only these attributes, accidents or qualities, namely: figure, divisibility, size, position or impenetrability, and motion or rest. These qualities explain all the phenomena of matter; growth and decay being only addition or diminution of atoms; and the sensible notions of cold and hot, sweet and bitter, and the like, belong only to the observer, and not to matter.* Now it is commonly thought the atomical system favors atheism, and was the invention of Leucippus, Democritus, or Protagorus, who were all atheists. However, it was the invention of no atheist, but of Moschus, a Phœnician, who lived before the Trojan War; and it does not favor atheism, for the old atomists affirmed the existence of immaterial spirit and of God. Such was the belief of Thales, Pherecydes the Syrian, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and most of the atomists before Democritus. They believed in the existence of a God, in immaterial spirit, and in the immortality of

* This is the modern theory, which refers the primary qualities to matter itself, and the secondary to the mind of the observer. The one is supposed to be essential to matter, and to exist in it; the other to belong entirely to the mind. But there appears no reason for referring one to matter more than the other. True, we cannot conceive matter without figure; but is not the figure, strictly speaking, as much a subjective idea as that of red-color? Are not both, primary and secondary qualities, to be equally referred to the laws of the mind, and not imposed on matter? The mind can shake off the law, so far as the secondary qualities are concerned, but cannot rid itself of the primary. Young Scriblerus could not conceive a Lord Mayor without his gold chain. Are the primary qualities any thing more than the robes in which the mind clothes matter?

the soul. Now theism and immaterialism * are not inconsistent with the atomical system; for that arose from discovering two things in nature, matter and life, and from seeing the impossibility that matter, which is necessarily senseless, could be the cause of all movement, sensation and thought. So immaterial substance is as much the result of observation as material substance. Indeed, the distinction which the atomists make between the primary or objective, and secondary, or subjective quality of matter, supposes there is an immaterial substance; for since the primary belong to matter, the secondary qualities must proceed from an immaterial spirit, otherwise something must come from nothing. Sensation cannot result from the primary qualities of matter, figure, divisibility, and the like; still less can reason and will be referred to that source, unless something can come from nothing. Sensation cannot result from the primary qualities of matter, figure, divisibility, and the like; still less can reason and will be referred to that source, unless something can come from nothing. So there must be an immaterial spirit. There is no mind or life in the mechanism of matter, and to make it the cause of mind and life is to make something come from nothing. Therefore the old atomists believed the immateriality and the immortality of the soul, as the only hypothesis capable of solving the phenomena of the world. But they believed also the preëxistence and transmigration of souls, declaring the soul to be as old as the particles of the body, or of any other matter.

* Theism, the worship of God, in opposition to atheism, the denial of a God. Immaterialism or spiritualism, belief in the existence of something distinct from matter; in opposition to materialism and corporealism.

But the atomical system does not demand the pre-existence of souls, for they must have been created in time; and it is neither proved nor probable they were all created at the same time.* Matter has only one action, namely, local motion; and this can never produce life or thought or will, unless something can proceed from nothing.

Now succeeding philosophers, Democritus, Leucippus, and others, took only the atomical part of this old system, and denied the existence of immaterial spirit, and even of a corporeal God. But they were false to their principles; for they made all sense, life and reason proceed from local motion, or from nothing.

"If these atheists were the first inventors of this philosophy they certainly were very unhappy and unsuccessful in it. Whilst endeavoring by it to secure themselves from the possibility and danger of a corporeal God, they unawares laid the foundation for an incorporeal one, and were indeed so far from making up any such coherent frame as is pretended, that they were forced everywhere to contradict their own principles."— Vol. I, p. 112, et seq.

The corporealist is not necessarily an atheist; but if

* It may be said this would prove the immateriality and immortality of animals' souls. But what then? Dr. Cudworth quiets the scruples of men who wish to be the *only* immortal spirits, by saying "*Perhaps* God will destroy that part of animals which would otherwise have been immortal." He does not say this is his *own* opinion. But it was the opinion of most of the Fathers that animals are immortal; and Bishop Butler says: "Nor can we find anything throughout the whole analogy of nature, to afford us even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers. Much less, if it were possible, that they lose them by death." Anal. Pt. I. ch. I. pp. 63, 68.

he believes the Atomical System also, he must be one, or believe thought and will and life come from nothing.

In the second chapter, he proceeds to state the various objections made against Theism. The following are the principal grounds, relied on by the atheist. No man can have an idea of God; (it is only a name); there can be no creation out of nothing; and no incorporeal substance. The world is not governed by a living, spiritual power, for sense and reason naturally belong to our material organization; there can be no immortal being, (as God is alleged to be)— for all are but concretions of atoms, and therefore, mortal; and no self-originated or uncreated cause, for the mover must himself have been moved by an outward force. So there is a chain of finite causes, without beginning; all knowledge arises from perception of the object of knowledge; now, a God, if there were one, could not conceive of the world before it was made, and therefore could not be its author. Besides, all things are so poorly made, and so mixed with evils, that they cannot be the work of an infinitely wise and good being; human affairs are all tohu and bohu, without form and void. Again, it is impossible for a God to govern and overrule all things at the same time; and if he could, it would render him perplexed and unhappy. If there is a God, why did he not make the world sooner? or later? How could he make it at all? Finally, it is for the interest of all men in general, that there should be no God,— for there then will be no retribution,— and of kings in particular, for all society is held together by fear alone; and if there is one greater than the king, men will fear him. As the rod of Moses swal-

lowed up those of the Egyptians, so will fear of God swallow up fear of the king, and destroy all society, which is the artificial creature of policy, and has no foundation in nature. This latter was the argument of Hobbes, who adds, farther, that theism, by the way of religion, introduces conscience, "which is contradictious to civil sovereignty; the allowance of a private conscience being a dissolution of the body politic." From all these arguments, the atheist concludes that mind and all things spring from senseless nature and chance.

"Wherefore infinite atoms of different sizes and figures, devoid of all life and sense, moving fortuitously from eternity in infinite space, and making successively several encounters, and consequently various inflexions and intanglements with one another, produced first a confused chaos of these omnifarious particles, fumbling together with infinite variety of motions, which afterwards, by the tugging of their different and contrary forces, whereby they all hindered and abated each other, came, as it were, to be conglomerated into a vortex of vortexes; when, after many convolutions and evolutions, molitions and essays, (in which all manner of tricks were tried, and all forms imaginable were experimented) they chanced in length of time, here to settle into this form and system of things, which now is. . . . So that senseless matter fortuitously moved, and material chaos were the first original of things."— Vol. I, p. 152.

The third chapter contains an account of the other forms which Atheism has assumed, and is introduced by an account of what he calls Hylozoic Atheism. This makes matter consist of an infinite number of

atoms, each severally endowed with life, and power of self-determination; so they can form themselves into sensible animals, or reasonable men. This being the case, no God is needed to create the world, or to govern it. "It is so beautiful, it subsists by its own harmony, and needs no outward cause." Hylozoism makes life and capability of thought *essential* to matter; while atomism calls it *accidental*, and is unable to account for thought. The one requires corporealism, and the other spiritualism, to make the system perfect. Now the hylozoist is not always an atheist, for he might believe there was a God who created these wise atoms; but usually, the hylozoist believes in the self-existence of his atoms; and so all taken together constitute God,— who is therefore unconscious, and devoid of reason, or there is no God to him.

This system is a monstrous paradox, for it supposes each separate atom in a man's body, before it took its present form, had a perfect knowledge of its ability; a perfect idea of the man's body and mind; and since the man himself has no such knowledge, each particle in his system knows more than all the particles, more than the whole man; yet it is not self-conscious, "which is a piece of very mysterious nonsense." Besides, this conglomeration of infinitely wise atoms has no head, and no common mind; but each atom acts on its own account; there can be no unity of consciousness therefore. Strato of Lampsacus is thought to be the inventor of this system.*

A third kind of atheism was the system of Anaximander. He referred all things to senseless matter,

* Some think he was not an atheist; but the charge can be proved against him.— See Ritter, Gesch. der Philosophie, Vol. III. p. 410, et seq.

maintaining that they arose from the fortuitous concourse of hot and cold, wet and dry particles.

The fourth kind is the stoical atheism, which declares the whole world to be one great plant, or animal (it is doubtful which) with one common but unconscious life, or soul. All these four kinds of atheism, the Atomical, the Hylozoic, the Anaximandrian and the Stoical, agree in two things. That there is no substance in existence but body, and that all life, sense, thought, consciousness, and individuality, are produced out of nothing, (for it is this in the last analysis) and return to nothing again.*

These four are all the form atheism has ever assumed, and the author thinks no other is possible; for all atheists are materialists. It is indeed a striking fact, that none of the ancient idealists, none even who affirmed the existence of Immaterial Spirit, doubted the existence of God. Yet we see not why there has been no system of atheism which admitted the existence of Immaterial Spirit; for it might as well be based on subjective idealism as on objective realism.

In the fourth chapter, he proceeds to the great work of answering the objections and arguments of the atheist. To the first, that there is no idea of God, or no conception in man's mind answering to the name, so that it is a mere word, he says, it is impossible all nations should use a word and not connect the idea with it, but the sound of the letters. If one denies the improbability of this, it is not easy to confute him; for the most evident things are the least capable of proof. But the atheist himself has an idea in his mind when he denies the existence of God. Now, in

* In this chapter he makes a long digression. XXXVII. p. 208, et seq. to which we shall return.

fact, the idea of God is that of a self-existent being, self-conscious, infinitely wise, powerful, just, and good; in a word, a being infinitely perfect. This definition which, without limiting, distinguishes the idea of God from all other ideas,— implies unity; there can be but one Infinite Being. Now there is one forcible objection to this idea, including unity as it does, arising from the alleged fact that most philosophers and nations have believed in many gods. The objector takes the fact for granted; but the question must be examined.

The author examines it at length, and proves that the pagan deities were never considered as so many uncreated, self-existent gods; but were descended from One who alone was self-existent. Such was the system of Hesiod, and of the Gnostic Valentinian. The Manicheans came the nearest to polytheism; for they maintained there were two principles, one good, and the other evil. But it is doubtful if that was their belief; for Zoroaster, the inventor of the system, and the Persian theologians, who followed him, believed only in one eternal, self-existent being. Even the early Christians did not charge the heathen with the belief of many uncreated and independent gods. Excepting the one Supreme God, all the pagan deities may be reduced to the following classes; souls of dead men; the powers and objects of nature personified, e. g. faith, hope, wisdom, etc.; and the several names given to the one God, as He was conceived of in various relations. Thus, they believed in many gods, but only in one Supreme God, who was the head of all things.* Sometimes they called their deities eternal;

* Christians generally believe in various orders of angels, and it would be quite as reasonable to charge them with poly-

but they likewise called matter eternal, though not uncreated; for they, with the other Platonists, supposed God was eternally creative, and therefore matter was eternally creative. They did not ascribe the same honors to the created as to the self-existent God.

Again, the opponents of Christianity, Celsus, Porphyry, Hierocles, Julian, and others, were all monotheists. Their belief in one God was not a notion conjured up for the occasion; for Zoroaster and Orpheus, two of the most strenuous defenders of polytheism, assert the existence of one Supreme Infinite God. The following is from Orpheus, and is undoubtedly genuine; for it is quoted in a work written before Christ.

"The high-thundering Jove is both the first and last; Jove is both the head and middle of all things; all things were made out of Jupiter; Jove is both a man and an immortal maid; Jove is the profundity of the earth and starry heaven; Jove is the breath of all things; Jove is the force of the untamable fire; Jove is the bottom of the sea; Jove is sun, moon, and stars; Jove is both the original and the king of all things; There is one power and one God, and one great ruler over all." Vol. I. p. 404.

But Orpheus was no pantheist; for in the celebrated riddle, in the Orphic poems, the World-Maker asks Night, "How can all things be one, and yet each have a distinct being?" He said God passes through and intimately pervades all things. He expressed himself strongly on this point, as the Bible does, which says God "is all in all," "quickens all things," and "in

theism as to charge many of the Greeks and Romans with it. The common doctrine (?) of the agency of the devil is equally polytheistic (or dualistic) with the speculations of Plutarch and the Manicheans. The follies of the Zoroastrian doctrine are not yet extinct. Are Schelling and Hegel less polytheistic than Hesiod and Seneca?

Him we live, and move, and have our being." But the author declares this is a "ticklish point," so we will hasten from it to his conclusion that the "Greekish pagans acknowledge one universal, and all comprehending Deity,— one that was all."

The Egyptians were the most polytheistic of all nations. Juvenal says, "Every clove of garlic was a god" with them. But they taught the unity of God,— this he shows from the writings of Trismegistus, Plutarch and Jamblichus. But the Egyptians said God was all, and worshiped the manifestations of Him in all things, and called Him by the name of every thing. "Call Him therefore by every name, because He is one and all things; so that of necessity, either all things must be called by His name or He by the name of all things."

"He is both the things that are, and the things that are not; for the things that are He hath manifested, but the things that are not He contains within Himself. He is all things that are, and therefore He hath all names, because all things are from one Father; and therefore He hath no name, because He is the Father of all things. . . . What is God but the Being of all things that yet are not, and the subsistence of things that are? . . . Is God invisible? Speak worthily of Him, for who is more manifest than He? For this very reason did He make all things, that thou mightest see Him through all things. . . . I will begin with a prayer to Him, who is the Lord and Maker and Father and bound of all things, and who being all things is one,— for the fulness of all things is one, and in one." Vol. I. p. 462, et seq.

Such is the doctrine of the Trismegistic books. The old Egyptian legend, that Osiris was torn to pieces by Typhon and scattered abroad, shows how men separated the Deity in fancy,— while He was one in their reason; for Isis, or true Knowledge, gathers up the scattered members and unites them into a whole once more. Even the poets, who had so large

a share in forming the common phraseology respecting the gods, taught the existence of one Supreme, and supposed all the others to be created beings. We have not space for his extracts from Homer, Pindar and Sophocles.

All the philosophers, he says, who were not atheists, taught the existence of one God. Epicurus is no exception to this assertion—for he was an atheist, and pretended to conform to the polytheistic language of the times. All the Eleatics (who were pantheists), with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their followers, were monotheists.

But we must fly with a swift wing over the author's arguments and extracts. The following hymn is from Cleanthes, a disciple of Zeno, who flourished about three hundred years before Christ. Our version aspires to no merit but that of fidelity.

Noblest of the immortals, many-named, ever-omnipotent,
Jove, Ruler of Nature, who guidest all things with order,
All hail! Thou art ready to listen to all mortals,
For we are thine offspring, all of us mortals who live
And creep upon the Earth, and are but an image of thy voice;
Thee will I hymn in this, and thy power will ever praise;
Thee all this World, revolving round the Earth
Obeys. . . . And willingly is ruled by thee.
Within unwearied hands thou holdest
The obedient, twofold, fiery, ever-living Thunder,
All nature quivers underneath its stroke.
Alone thou art o'er all the King Supreme,
God, without thee, there is no deed upon the Earth,
Nor in the divine ethereal realm, nor on the Sea,
Save that alone, the wicked in their folly work.
Thou dost harmonize the unharmonious, the unlovely lovely is to thee.
All that's good thou dost with evil fittingly join in one,
So that there ever is one universal law of all.
This all wicked, mortal men attempt to shun,
Ill-fated men, forever longing to possess the Good,
They neither see, nor hear God's universal law,

Obedient to which, in reason they a noble life would lead,
Bereft of this, blind, they rush on, this way the one, the other, that,
Oh Jove inscrutable, giver of all, Lord of the thunderbolt,
From this sad folly, Jove, deliver men;
Forth from the Soul drive it afar. That wisdom
May they find, wherewith thou rulest all,
That we, honored thereby, to thee may honors pay,
Forever singing of thy works, as it becometh mortal men;
For greater glory cometh not, to men or gods,
Than to sing forth their universal law in never-ceasing songs,—
Vol. I. p. 573, et seq.

Saint Cyril says emphatically,—

"It is manifest to all, that among those who philosophize in the Greek way, it is universally acknowledged that *there is one God,* the maker of the universe, *who is by nature above all things;* but that there have been made by him . . . certain other gods (as they call them) both sensible and intelligible."—Vol. I. p. 592.

This was not the opinion of the learned merely, but of the people. This fact is admitted by Philo, Josephus, and St. Paul. The latter says they "knew God, but would not glorify him as God." "The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen and understood by the things that are made." He even tells the Athenians they worship God devoutly, and he has only come to declare more perfectly unto them the God they already worship.

The author next goes into a long enumeration and account of the gods of the ancients, and concludes, the heathen thought God was diffused throughout all; permeated all; acted upon all things. Some added he *was* All. Even when they worshiped an inferior, it was the one God they worshiped in that object. Some regarded the world as the body of God; others, as His temple. In both cases, all parts of the world were to be honored. Some called it a second or third

God, and honored a portion of Nature as the Son of God. Since it was hard to understand God, they worshiped Him piece-meal, according to the various manifestations of himself.

He next goes into a long digression upon the Trinity, which he finds taught in Plato, and most of the other philosophers, as distinctly as in the Bible, and fancies the trinity of Plato was the same with that of the early fathers. He thus concludes this portion of his argument: —

"Hitherto, in way of answer to an atheistic objection against the naturality of the idea of God, as including loneliness in it, from the pagan polytheism, have we largely proved that, at least, the civilized and intelligent pagans generally acknowledged only one sovereign Numen; and that their polytheism was partly but fantastical, nothing but the polyonymy of one Supreme God, worshiping of him under different names and notions, according to his several virtues and manifestations; and that though, besides this, they had another polytheism also; yet this was only of many inferior or created gods, subordinate to one supreme or uncreated.

"Which, notwithstanding, is not so to be understood, as if we did confidently affirm, that the opinion of many independent deities never to have entered into the mind of any mortal. For since human nature is so mutable and depravable as that, notwithstanding the connate idea and prolepsis of God in the minds of men, some unquestionably do degenerate and lapse into atheism, there can be no reason why it should be thought absolutely impossible for any ever to entertain that false conceit of more independent deities."— Vol. II. p. 30.

In the last chapter he attempts to confute all the atheistic arguments. We can give an analysis of only a small portion of this chapter, which is a masterpiece of reasoning and illustration. Some atheists pretend that God is inconceivable, because He is incomprehensible. But we can conceive of subjects we cannot fully comprehend; few things are fully comprehensible, for we know only of properties, and not

essences. Therefore, truth is always greater than our minds. As we can touch a mountain which we cannot clasp, so we can apprehend God, though we cannot comprehend Him. But again; if He is not comprehensible to us, we know more of Him than of most beings; but there is infinity to be known of Him, therefore much is still not comprehended. Thus, the sun has more visibility than any other sensible object, but it dazzles our eyes.

Again, it is said infinity is not conceivable, and God cannot be finite; so God is not conceivable. But the old atheists said matter was infinite; and it is certain something *must* be infinite, or the finite could not exist; unless something could come of nothing. The atheists contend against infinite power, which they assert is inconceivable; for Descartes said God could make twice two not four. But infinite power is only *perfect* power; ability to do whatever is possible, everything which implies no contradiction. The term infinite is negative, but the idea is positive; while the idea of the finite is truly but a negation of the infinite; for, in the logical order, an idea of the perfect precedes that of the imperfect. Infinity in one attribute includes infinity in all the others; and thus, the idea of God is not an arbitrary compilation of conflicting attributes.

It is with reluctance we find ourselves constrained to pass over his reply to the atheists, who derive the idea of God from fear, ignorance of causes, and the policy of rulers and legislators. To us it is perfectly satisfactory, though his appeal to a "plastic nature" seems not philosophy, but a despair of philosophy. The argument drawn from wonderful events, predictions, oracles and apparitions, is equally worthless;

but in his day men thought otherwise. However, he lays little stress on this argument. He says well,—

"Although the existence of a God . . . cannot be demonstrated *a priori,* yet may we, notwithstanding, from our very selves,—and from what is contained in our own minds, or otherwise consequent from him, by undeniable principles of reason, necessarily infer his existence. And whensoever anything is thus necessarily inferred from what is undeniable and indubitable, this is demonstration that the thing *is,* though not *why* it is. And many of the geometrical demonstrations are no other." Vol. II. pp. 134, 135, et seq.

The ground on which the existence of God is to be proved, is the fidelity of the human faculties. "Whatsoever is clearly and distinctly perceived in things abstract and universal, by any one rational being in the whole world is not a private thing, and true to him only that perceived it, but it is . . . a public, catholic and universal truth, that obtains everywhere, and is extended through the vast ether, and through boundless space." "Knowledge," says Origen, "is the only thing in the world which creatures have, that is, in its own nature, firm. Because sense is seeming and fantastical, we have no cause to suspect the same of all mental perception. It is no way congruous to think that God Almighty should make rational creatures, so as to be an utter impossibility of ever attaining to any certainty of His existence; or of having no more than an hypothetical assurance of it,—if our faculties be true, then there is a God." Vol. II, pp. 138–140.

He then gives the various metaphysical arguments for the existence of God. Some of them will have little value to all minds; for one man likes one argument, another a different one.

1. The idea of God, or a perfect being, includes

necessary existence, therefore there is a God. This is the argument of Descartes. Dr. Cudworth lays no stress on it, but gives what may be said for and against it.

2. Whatever involves no contradiction in it, is actual or possible. The idea of God involves no contradiction, so is possible. But if God is possible, He is actual; therefore He is. He lays little stress on this argument.

3. Something existed from eternity, without beginning; this could be none but a perfect being, or God. In the controversy between theists and atheists, it is taken for granted that something existed from eternity, without beginning; and something is also made, or had a beginning. Is that which existed from all eternity, and is the cause of all other things, a perfect being? (i. e. God) or is it senseless and inanimate matter; the most imperfect of all things? Now it is certain the less perfect might proceed from the more perfect; but the reverse is quite impossible, unless something can come from nothing. Another question at issue between them is this: Is mind (i. e. God) unmade and eternal, or is it generated and made out of senseless matter? If there had once been nothing at all, there could never have been anything. If once there had been no life in the universe, there could never be any life; and if once there had been no mind, understanding, or knowledge, there could never become any, unless something could come from nothing. Mind can cause matter, but matter cannot cause mind.

4. There are eternal truths, (e. g. the axioms of geometry, the conclusions of science, the principles of morality, etc.—" for these are not things of to-day or yesterday; but they ever live, and no man knows

whence they come,") and this fact supposes the existence of an eternal mind, from whence they come, and in which they reside. This can be no other than the infinitely perfect being, comprehending its own power; all the possibilities of things, mind and knowledge in us, suppose the existence of an infinite mind. We think Dr. Cudworth would have been more convincing if he had dwelt more on this argument,— and that from consciousness. We *feel* there is a God; and when we attempt to legitimate the feeling in the court of reason, or the understanding, we often use very imperfect arguments, and rarely state the true ground of our belief in a God. It is mainly, that we *feel* this truth.* But the author was contending with men who denied they felt this truth. Therefore, he made use of arguments which do little to *produce* belief in God, though they are really incontrovertible, and support and defend that belief when it is produced. Was any man ever *argued* into belief in God? Perhaps so. But pious David says "*Taste and see* how good the Lord is"— find Him out by sentiment, as it were by sensation, and not merely by speculation.

* See some acute and valuable remarks on this point by President Hopkins, in the "Specimens of Foreign Literature," Vol. I. p. 204, note. Dr. Cudworth himself laid little stress on any or all these arguments for a Deity. "It will not follow from hence," says he, "that whosoever shall read these demonstrations and understand all the words of them, must therefore be presently convinced and put out of all manner of doubt concerning the existence of God. Minds cleansed and purged from vice may, without syllogistic reasonings, and mathematical demonstrations, have an undoubted assurance of the existence of God. Purity possesses men with an assurance of the best things, whether this assurance be called divine sagacity or faith, which is a certain higher and divine power in the soul, that peculiarly correspondeth with the Deity."

Dr. Cudworth then comes to "the very Achilles of the atheists"— the famous maxim that "nothing comes from nothing." This means nothing can bring itself out of non-existence into being; or, nothing can be made without an efficient cause. This maxim is true, and it follows therefrom, that something is unmade, the cause of all other things, and is perfect; for the less perfect cannot produce the more perfect. But the atheist says nothing can be created or made which was not previously existing, though perhaps in another form. Now if the axiom were true in this sense, it would be no more hostile to theism than to atheism, for the phenomena of the world would remain inexplicable by either. But there is no difficulty in supposing matter created from nothing. Is it not as easy for the infinitely perfect being to create a world, as for us to create a thought, or move an arm? If such a being cannot create out of nothing,* then all things must have existed from eternity, and be self-existent and independent; but the atheist denies the previous existence of the human soul, so it must have been created.

Without a God, all things must come from nothing, for there is no other efficient cause conceivable for anything. Now the atheists believe this, for they are willing to believe all things rather than believe a God. Now if it were true that matter was the only unmade thing, thought could not come from it; for this would be to bring something out of nothing. So then, all things, including thought, reason, etc., must have come from matter,— which is the same as coming from

* This language is sometimes used as if it were supposed God made the world out of nothing,—as a cloak is made of velvet or satin. The meaning is, it was created. He said "Be, and it was–" He unfolded it out of himself.

nothing, without an efficient cause,— or have proceeded from God. If there is no God, the idea of Him as a perfect being, in our minds, must have proceeded from nothing.

"In the first place, therefore, we shall fetch our beginning from what hath been already often declared, that it is mathematically certain, that something or other did exist of itself from all eternity, or without beginning, and unmade by anything else. The certainty of which proposition dependeth upon this very principle, as its foundation, that nothing can come from nothing, or be made out of nothing, or that nothing, which once was not, can of itself come into being without a cause; it following unavoidably from thence, that, if there had been once nothing, there could never have been anything. And having thus laid the foundation we shall in the next place make this further superstructure, that because something did certainly exist of itself from eternity unmade, therefore is there also actually a necessarily-existent being. For to suppose that anything did exist of itself from eternity, by its own free will and choice, and therefore not necessarily but contingently, since it might have willed otherwise, this is to suppose it to have existed before it was, and so positively to have been the cause of itself, which is impossible, as hath been already declared. When a thing therefore is said to be of itself, or the cause of itself, this is to be understood no otherwise, than either in a negative sense, as having nothing else for its cause; or because its necessary eternal existence is essential to the perfection of its own nature. That, therefore, which existed of itself from eternity, independently upon anything else, did not so exist contingently, but necessarily; so that there is undoubtedly something actually in being, whose existence is and always was necessary. In the next place, it is certain also that nothing could exist necessarily of itself but what included necessity of existence in its own nature. For to suppose anything to exist of itself necessarily, which hath no necessity of existence in its own nature, is plainly to suppose that necessary existence of it to come from nothing; since it could neither proceed from that thing itself, nor yet from anything else. Lastly, there is nothing, which included necessity of existence in its very nature and essence, but only an absolutely perfect being. The result of all which is, that God, or a perfect being, doth certainly exist; and that there is nothing else, which existed of itself from eternity,

necessarily and independently: but all other things whatsoever derived their being from him, or were caused by him, matter or body itself not excepted." Vol. II. pp. 193, 194.

We pass over his reply to several atheistic objections, drawn from the incorporeality of God, and approach his argument from "the frame of things," which the atheist represents as disorderly and exceedingly imperfect. Here a couple of extracts will suffice: —

"But they, who, because judgment is not presently executed upon the ungodly, blame the management of things as faulty, and Providence as defective, are like such spectators of a dramatic poem, as when wicked or injurious persons are brought upon the stage, for a while swaggering and triumphing, impatiently cry out against the dramatist, and presently condemn the plot; whereas, if they would but expect the winding up of things, and stay till the last close, they should then see them come off with shame and sufficient punishment. The evolution of the world, as Plotinus calls it, is ἀληθέστερον ποίημα, a truer poem; — and we mere histrionical actors upon the stage, who, notwithstanding, insert something of our own into the poem too; but God Almighty is that skilful dramatist, who always connecteth that of ours, which went before, with what of his follows after, into good, coherent sense, and will at last make it appear that a thread of exact justice did run through all, and that rewards and punishments are measured out in geometrical proportion.

"Lastly. It is in itself fit, that there should be somewhere a doubtful and cloudy state of things, for the better exercise of virtue and faith. For, as there could have been no Hercules, had there not been monsters to subdue; so, were there no such difficulties to encounter with, no puzzles and entanglements of things, no temptations and trials to assault us, virtue would grow languid, and that excellent grace of faith want due occasion and objects to exercise itself upon. Here have we therefore such a state of things, and this world is, as it were, a stage erected for the more difficult part of virtue to act upon, and where we are to live by faith, and not by sight; that faith, which is the 'substance of things to be hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;' a belief in the goodness, power and wisdom of God, when all things are dark and cloudy round about us. 'The just shall live by his faith.'

"God made the whole most beautiful, entire, complete and sufficient; all agreeing friendly with itself and its parts; both the nobler and the meaner of them being alike congruous thereunto. Whosoever, therefore, from the parts thereof, will blame the whole, is an absurd and unjust censurer. For we ought to consider the parts, not alone by themselves, but in reference to the whole, whether they be harmonious and agreeable to the same. Otherwise we shall not blame the universe, but some of its parts only taken by themselves; as if one should blame the hair or toes of a man, taking no notice at all of his divine visage and countenance; or omitting all other animals, one should attend only to the most contemptible of them; or lastly, overlooking all other men, consider only the most deformed Thersites. But that, which God made, was the whole as one thing; which he that attends to may hear it speaking to him after this manner: 'God Almighty hath made me, and from thence came I, perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in me are contained all things; plants and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants, and a variety of animals; or does the power of soul extend at most no further than to the seas; as if the whole air, and ether, and heaven, in the meantime, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me desire good, and everything reaches to it according to its power and nature. For the whole depends upon that first and highest good, the gods themselves, who reign in my several parts, and all animals, and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger should see, but the eye; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office.' . . . As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes; so neither has the Divine Logos, or spermatic reason of the world, made all things gods; but some gods, and some demons, and some men, and some lower animals; not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity. But we are like unskilful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colors everywhere; whereas he had suited his colors to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else are we like those who would blame a comedy or tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes that acted in it; but some servants and rustic clowns introduced

also, talking after their rude fashion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all those worser parts taken out of it."— Vol. II, pp. 337–340.

He then answers several other objections, and concludes the work with this passage: —

"And now, having fully confuted all the atheistic grounds, we confidently conclude that the first original of all things was neither stupid and senseless matter fortuitously moved, nor a blind and nescient but orderly and methodical plastic nature; nor a living matter, having perception or understanding natural, without animal sense or consciousness; not yet did everything exist of itself necessarily from eternity, without a cause. But there is one only necessary existent, the cause of all other things; and this an absolutely perfect being, infinitely good, wise and powerful; who hath made all, that was fit to be made, and according to the best wisdom, and exerciseth an exact providence over all; whose name ought to be hallowed, and separated from all other things; to whom be all honor, and glory, and worship, forever and ever. Amen."— Vol. II, p. 360.

But criticism is not to point out the merits of a work alone; its imperfections and faults must also be stated. In attempting to explain the phenomena of the world, he finds two methods pursued; one makes God to act constantly, or interpose in each operation of nature, in order to bring about their result; the other makes the material objects in nature, acting mechanically, produce the result without any such direct action or interposition of God. Dr. Cudworth objects to the latter, because it removes God from the world, making all depend on "fortuitous mechanism:" and to the former, because it is inconsistent with the dignity and character of God to interpose at the formation of an acorn, or the generation of a gnat. So he devises a third method, and interposes a "plastic nature," as he calls it; that is, he supposes an unconscious power resides in nature, which works

blindly, without knowledge,— and yet for certain definite purposes. Vol. I, pp. 209–254.

As it was said above, Le Clerc defended this doctrine. But Bayle thought it led to atheism; * for if a senseless plastic nature could work intelligently for ends, all things might be produced out of senseless matter. But the author supposed this plastic nature was created by God, to serve as a mediator between him and nature. It was his instrument to act on the material world, while Descartes and others supposed the material world itself was his instrument. Dr. Cudworth's hypothesis seems altogether unnecessary. If it is necessary that an arm should strike out of the clouds (so to say), from time to time, into the wheelwork of the world, to make the hands move faster or slower on the dial of time, then the universe is an imperfect work. A watch that requires to be adjusted or regulated every hour is not a good watch. If the material universe is perfect, would it require direct interposition or interference on the part of its Maker? Is not the material, the moral, the religious system of the world perfect? The laws of nature, of morality, and religion — do they not bear their own swords? Are they not their own rewarders when kept? their own avengers when violated? To maintain the opposite is to accuse the Infinite of inability to make a perfect work; for the arm from the clouds could only appear to remedy a mistake, or supply a defect, as the engineer goes about his new machine, to oil a bearing or tighten a nut. Probably the universe went as well the first day of creation as now. This doctrine

* This suspicion was the more singular in Bayle, who was not himself *righteous overmuch,* and confessed he had never read the Intellectual System.

does not remove God from the creation. It makes Him uniformly present in all parts of it. What are the laws of nature, morality, and religion, but modes of God's action? But they are constant modes which never change, but give so striking a regularity to the system, that men sometimes call it Fate, and seem crushed beneath the perpetual presence of the Deity. This doctrine attributes *nothing* to "fortuitous mechanism" (indeed these two terms contradict each other, fortuitous mechanism is a contrivance that came by chance), but all to the action of perfect laws which God has impressed upon matter, and through which He works. It seems, therefore, to be unnecessary to conjure up this phantom to serve the phenomena of nature withal. Besides, it is not consistent with a legitimate induction, to suppose arbitrarily the existence of something, because we find it convenient to explain appearances. But after all, he states this doctrine rather as an hypothesis, than a dogma.

The author thinks miracles were performed among heathen nations, as well as among Jews, which *modern* Christians, for the most part, indignantly deny. He says "It is highly probable, if not unquestionable, that Appollonius of Tyana was assisted by the powers of the kingdom of darkness, for the doing of some things extraordinary, to derogate from the miracles of Christ." He believes also in apparitions of ghosts, in witchcraft, and the like. But such a belief was common in his time,— a weakness shared by almost all the great men of that illustrious age. The errors of wise men are said to be the glory of dunces; and some of that latter school solace themselves for their follies by quoting the mistakes of sages. They have illustrious precedents to support them. The hare one

day, says Æsop, was told that the lion always trembled when the cock crew. "Now I know," said she, "why I am frightened when the dogs bark." But Dr. Cudworth speaks more doubtfully of ghosts and devils, than most men of his time. Many of his contemporaries, some of the fathers of New England among them, took pains to collect ghost stories and accounts of "apparitions of the Dyvel" not to prepare a philosophy of ghosts and natural history of the devil, but to gather proofs of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. Strange it is that a man who sees no sign of the Deity in a blooming bush, could look for it in the appearance of a devil. But was not that attempt as profitable as many pursuits of this day? Was it less edifying than "fabricating lies for newspapers and political orations?"

Some readers complain of the Intellectual System as a dull book; and the author does sometimes weary the reader with proofs, with beautiful extracts, from all sorts of writers, to prove what readers will take for granted, without proof. But he wished the foundation to be sound and firm, and took more pains to be ample than concise, knowing it easier for the reader to pass over a passage when printed, than to search it out when omitted. But no man knows better than he how to condense and illustrate. We know of few philosophical works so full of pertinent and beautiful illustrations as this.

His frequent digressions, though valuable in themselves, often break the argument. They would stand better in an appendix. Again, it is said, he is not choice in selecting his witnesses; and it is true that some are not unexceptionable. But has he not pro-

duced testimony sufficient to establish all his positions? He follows Jamblichus, and other favorite Alexandrians, (whom he quotes as familiarly as if they were his table companions, at Christ's College) with more faith than some modern scholars think them entitled to. But who shall say he follows them too far, or presses their testimony beyond a proper point? Even Warburton, though not prone to flatter, calls him " the accurate Cudworth."

Dr. Cudworth was a good critic, as well as a great reader; and yet criticism was neither so common nor so accurate in his time, as in ours; but the tact with which he separates the genuine from the spurious, is remarkable. An instance of this may be found in the long discussion upon the Orphic verses, in Vol. I, p. 394, et seq.

It may now be asked what, on the whole, are the merits of this work? Did it deserve republication? If it were regarded simply as a common-place book, of choice extracts from writers little known, it were an invaluable work to the general reader. But it is a vast magazine of arguments for the defense of theism and true religion. It is replete, from end to end, with theological and philosophical truth. The careful and intelligent scholar in these times is surprised to see the discoveries of modern philosophy anticipated in this old book, from a contemporary and countryman of Locke. Scarcely is there a truth brought to light by the modern philosophy, which may not be found, as a doctrine, or a hint, in the writings of these Latitude Men. Those truths, which most of all elevate the soul; excite lofty aspirations after the good, the true, the holy and the perfect; those that kindle a faith which burns without consuming, and leads the soul to

an absolute trust in God, are thickly sown through all the writings of that school. This work has its full share of them. We often recur to it, and with new pleasure. It dwells in our memory like an holy and deep sound, heard in the sunny season of childhood. Like the countenance of Moses, it beams with light.

The True Intellectual System of the Universe is like a large palace, with wide and lofty halls, broad stairways, long galleries, and curious closets; filled with huge furniture of strange and various shape,— this carved and gilded, that of rude simplicity; a palace filled with a motley multitude of all nations, and every age; some spiritual, others worldly, and speaking the most various tongues. The stranger at first is confounded. He stares and grows giddy. He sees not the use of the fantastic arrangements about him. He knows not whither the galleries conduct; is astonished at the mingling of magnificence and poverty; is dazzled by the lights and stunned by the din of many voices,— opinion conflicting with opinion. In the midst of all, the host moves royally about, has a use for all his furniture, cumbrous though it seems. He reconciles the opposing; has a word for every guest; brings them all to tell their own tales; sifts the truth from each, and beautifully sums up the result he has gathered from all,— and in a voice of winning softness announces the glad tidings, so welcome to most. "There is the Infinite Father watching forever over each of His children. Fear not." Then the stranger finds a clue to this tortuous labyrinth. He sees there are no passages that lead to nothing; no crypts filled with darkness; and no tables set for show.

Dr. Cudworth was a disciple of the past, but he was not its slave. He stood "on the conflux of two extremities," with his face to the future, whence he looked for light. Now truth comes to us in a great tide down from its perennial fountain — God. As there are uncounted stars, whose light has not yet reached us, though winging its swift way ever since the dawn of time; so there are truths in the future, yet to descend on man. Dr. Cudworth, asserting the birthright of the scholar, looked to God for this portion of truth. It came, and he was satisfied for himself. But he had fallen on evil times; other men would not set face to the light and receive this truth. Their faces, to use the figure of Plato, were nailed to the ground. He desired to awake these souls who slumbered like the seven sleepers, and so he told them the truths he had seen and felt. But the great vulgar turned in their sleep, and exclaimed, "Lo, a dreamer of dreams," and the small vulgar as they nodded in slumber, re-echoed "Lo, a dreamer of dreams." The Christian see-er replies that "old men eloquent" have seen the same things, and heard similar truths. If the sleepers will not hear one, perhaps they will listen to many and famous men. Therefore he awakes the voices of the past, that they may confirm his truth. The nightly shades of olden time leave cerement and shroud, and confirm the sayings of the modern sage. The vision he had seen, the voice he heard from the future, were thus reflected and echoed by the past; philosophy was confirmed by history, and faith justified by experience. The genius of the future and the past were both before him; one wearing the maiden's bridal robe, the other, mournfully clad in the widow's weeds of disappointment. A man of large discourse,

looking before and after him, he asked counsel of both. The maiden bade him hope; and the widow read him the dear-bought experience of a bitter life. Their united counsel made up his system of philosophy. The maid and the widow shook hands, and embraced, and taught him, as he has taught others, that what is not behind us is before us, and what is to be, is better than what has been.

We hail the publication of this book, as one among many good omens. It is a stupendous pile of learning, and has few or no equals in this respect. But to us, it is not the learning or the wisdom of the man that is most striking. Others may equal him in erudition, and in wisdom; nay, he has many superiors. But the candor which fairly estimates every argument, the charity that radiates from every page, is most striking and most admirable. He quarrels with no one. He reproves without malice; confutes without triumph; and never answers with a sneer. If ever a difficult controversy was ably conducted, it was this. A man must be charmed by the spirit, if not convinced by the arguments. Ralph Cudworth! — We love to dwell on the name,— a scholar without pedantry, a logician without obstinacy, keeping his temper, and shedding the light of love throughout a theological controversy.

[Note.— We ought to add that the celebrated Mosheim translated the Intellectual System into Latin, with several other works of Dr. Cudworth.[6] The copy in our hands is the 2d improved edition (Lug. Bat. 1743, 2 vols, 4 to.) It contains also a short account of the author's works and life, several valuable prefaces to the several treatises, and dissertations and numerous notes, which often correct the mistakes of

the author himself. The present edition of the Intellectual System would have been still more valuable, if a judicious selection from these dissertations and notes had accompanied the text.]

III

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS TOUCHING CERTAIN MATTERS OF THEIR THEOLOGY

GENTLEMEN:

The peculiar circumstances of the last few years have placed both you and me in new relations to the public, and to one another. Your recent actions constrain me to write you this public letter, that all may the more fully understand the matter at issue between us, and the course you design to pursue. You are a portion of the Unitarian body, and your opinions and conduct will no doubt have some influence upon that body. You have, I am told, at great length and in several consecutive meetings, discussed the subject of my connection with your reverend body; you have debated the matter whether you should expel me for heresy, and by a circuitous movement, recently made, have actually excluded me from preaching the Thursday Lecture. I do not call in question your motives, for it is not my office to judge you, neither do I now complain of your conduct, public or private, towards me during the last three years. That has been various. Some members of your Association have uniformly treated me with the courtesy common amongst gentlemen; some also with the civilities that are usual amongst ministers of the same denomination. Towards some of your number I entertain an affectionate gratitude for the good words I have heard from their lips in my youth. I feel a great regard for

some of you, on account of their noble and Christian characters, virtuous, self-denying, pious, and without bigotry. I cherish no unkind feelings towards the rest of you; towards none of you do I feel ill-will on account of what has passed. I have treated my opponents with a forbearance which, I think, has not always been sufficiently appreciated by such as have had the chief benefit of that forbearance. However, I hope never to be driven either by abuse from an opponent, or by treachery of a pretended friend, to depart from the course of forbearance which I have hitherto, and uniformly, pursued.

But since you have, practically, taken so decided a stand, and have so frequently discussed me and my affairs among yourselves, and have at last made your movement, I think it important that the public should have a distinct knowledge of your theological position. I am searching for truth, however humbly, and I suppose that you are as desirous of imparting to others as of receiving it from Heaven; therefore I shall proceed to ask you certain questions, a good deal talked of at the present day, to which I venture to ask a distinct and categorical reply. But, by way of preliminary, I will first refresh your memory with a few facts.

Until recently the Unitarians have been supposed to form the advance-guard, so to say, of the Church militant; at least they have actually been the *movement party in theology*. It may hurt the feelings of some men, now, to confess it, but I think it is true. As such, the Unitarians have done a great work. As I understand the matter, this work was in part *intellectual* — for they really advanced theological science both negatively, by the exposure of errors, and posi-

tively, by the establishment of truths; — but in greater part *moral*, for they declared either directly, or by implication, the right of each man to investigate for himself in matters pertaining to religion, and his right also to the Christian name if he claimed it, and by his character seemed to deserve it. They called themselves "liberal" Christians, and seemed to consider that he was the best Christian who was most like Christ in character and life, thus making religion the essential of Christianity, and leaving each man to determine his own theology. They began their history by a denial of the Trinity, a doctrine very dear to the Christian Church, of very ancient standing therein, common alike to Catholics and Protestants,— a doctrine for centuries regarded as essential to the Christian scheme, the fundamental dogma of Christianity. For this denial they encountered the usual fate of the movement party; — they were denied Christian fellowship, and got a bad name, which they keep even now. I am told that they are still called "infidels" by the Trinitarian leaders, and that, you know, gentlemen, is a term of great reproach in the theological world. It has been asserted, I think, in some orthodox journal, that the lamented Dr. Channing, whose name is now perhaps praised by your Association oftener than his example is followed, undoubtedly went to hell for his sin in denying that Jesus of Nazareth was the Infinite God. Gentlemen, these things happened not a great many years ago. I do not wonder at the treatment the Unitarians have received, and still receive, where they are not numerous and powerful, for the Trinitarians maintain that no one can be saved without a belief in certain doctrines of their theology, which very doctrines the Unitarians stoutly denied, and in public too. The

orthodox were consistent in what the Unitarians then regarded as persecution, and, I doubt not, would have used the old arguments, fagots and the ax — had not the laws of the land rendered it quite impossible to resort to this ultimate standard of theological appeal, which had been a favorite with many of the clergy for more than fourteen centuries. The Unitarians complained of that treatment as not altogether Christian.

But now, gentlemen, it seems to me that some of you are pursuing the same course you once complained of, and if I rightly apprehend the theology of your learned body — of which, however, I am not quite sure — without the same consistency, having no warrant therefor in your theological system. I say nothing of your motives in all this; nothing of the spirit in which some of you have acted. That matter is beyond my reach; to your own master you stand or fall. In 1841 I preached a sermon at South Boston, at an ordination. That was soon attacked by the Rev. Mr. Fairchild, and numerous other clergymen, of several denominations, equally zealous for the Christian faith. Since that time most of you have refused me the ministerial courtesies commonly shown to the ministers of the same denomination. And yet, gentlemen, I think these courtesies are not, in all denominations, withheld when one of the parties has a moral reputation that is at least ambiguous. Only five of your number I believe have since exchanged with me, though comparatively but few members of other Unitarian associations have departed from their former course. I do not complain of this; — I simply state the fact.

Now, gentlemen, there is one matter on which you will allow me to pause a moment. The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches is, I suppose, virtually, though

not formally, under the direction of certain members of your Association. Now that Fraternity has virtually expelled from his office a minister engaged in a noble and Christian work, and performing that work with rare ability and success. You have thus expelled him from his place, simply because he extended ministerial fellowship to me in common with ministers of several other denominations. The case of Mr. Sargent is peculiar, and I must dwell a moment on a few particulars respecting it. If I rightly remember, his family contributed largely to the erection and embellishment of the chapel out of which he is expelled. He has himself spent freely his own property for the poor under his charge, and has been untiring in his labors. No shadow of reproach attaches to his name. He is above suspicion of immorality; but on the contrary, is distinguished beyond his fellows by the excellence of his character, and the nobleness of his life. A righteous and a self-denying man, he went out into the lanes and highways of Boston, gathering together the poor and the forsaken, and formed a society which prospered under his ministry, and became strongly attached to him. And yet, gentlemen, some of you have seen fit, knowing all these circumstances, by demanding of him a pledge that he would never exchange with me — to drive away from the field of his labors and the arms of his parish this noble man — solely because he extended the usual ministerial fellowship to me, and yet I still continue a member of your Association! I think he has never been accused, perhaps not suspected, of preaching in his pulpit, or even believing in his study, the peculiar doctrines of my own theology, which are so obnoxious to some of you, and apparently reckoned worse than a grave moral offense. It may be

said that Mr. Sargent was minister over a *vassal-church* and the Fraternity were his *feudal superiors*, and this seems to be true. You will say, furthermore, that the Boston Association, as a whole, is not responsible for the acts of the Fraternity, and this is doubtless the case, but as I think some of its members are accountable, to them let the above remarks apply. I pass to another matter.

The Unitarians have no recognized and public creed. It used to be their glory. At the Theological School in Cambridge, I subscribed no symbolical books; at my ordination I assented to no form of doctrines — neither church nor council requesting it. When I became a member of your learned body, no one asked me of my opinions, whether orthodox or heterodox. No one even demanded a promise that I should never change an opinion, or discover a new truth! I know well, gentlemen, that I differ, and that very widely, from the systems of theology which are taught, and from the philosophy which underlies those systems. I have no wish to disguise my theology, nor shelter it beneath the authority of your Association. Let it stand or fall by itself. But still, I do not know that I have transgressed the limits of Unitarianism, for I do not know what those limits are. It is a great glory to a liberal association to have no symbolical books, but a great inconvenience that a sect becoming exclusive should not declare its creed. I cannot utter the *shibboleth* of a party till I first hear it pronounced in the orthodox way. I shall presently proceed to beg you to point out the limits of scientific freedom, and tell the *maximum* of theological belief which distinguishes you from the " orthodox " on the one side, and the *minimum* thereof, which distinguishes you from the " infidels " on the other side.

Gentlemen, you refuse me fellowship; you discuss the question whether you shall expel me from your Association, and you actually, though indirectly, prohibit me, as I understand it, from preaching "The Great and Thursday Lecture." Gentlemen, I wish to know distinctly the ground you take in this matter. It is not altogether plain why you put yourselves in your peculiar attitude towards me. Mr. Sargent is expelled for granting me ministerial fellowship. He was an accessory after the fact in my alleged heresies — and being but a vassal of the Fraternity, and therefore within their power, is punished while the principal of the mischief is allowed to go unscathed, and other clergymen who exchange with me, but have no feudal lords, retain their places as before. Here the issue is obvious, and Mr. Sargent is expelled from his pulpit for positive misprision of heresy, if I may make use of such a term. Of course the same decree excludes him from his pulpit and the Association. But I am told that Mr. Pierpont was quite as effectually excluded from the actual fellowship of your Association, as even myself; for while three of the city members of your Association have continued to extend ministerial fellowship to me — Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Clarke,— only three — Mr. Gannett, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Waterston — if I am rightly informed, have actually extended that fellowship to him since the time of the famed Hollis-street council, though Messrs. Clarke and Bartol have offered exchanges! Yet I think he is guilty of no heresy,— *theological* and *speculative* heresy I mean, for in practical affairs it is well known that his course is the opposite of that pursued by most of his brethren in the city.

Still more, at a conference I had with the Associa-

tion, a little more than two years ago, the chairman of the Association — the Rev. Dr. Parkman — declared that my main offense was not my theological heresies, they would have been forgiven and forgot, had it not been for an article I published on the Hollis-street council (printed in the *Dial* for Oct. 1842), in which, as he alleged, I " poured scorn and contempt upon the brethren." Yet others charge me with heresies, and on account thereof, I am told, actually deny my right to Christian fellowship from them, and even my title to the Christian name.

In this intricate confusion, gentlemen, you will probably see the necessity of saying a word to put all things in a fair light, that I may know on what point you and I are really at issue. Notwithstanding the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Parkman, I am still inclined to the belief that the charge of heresy is the main charge, and as you have had the field of controversy entirely to yourselves these several years, and as yet have not, as a body, made a public and authorized statement of your theological belief, I must beg you to inform me what is *orthodoxy* according to the Boston Association. The orthodoxy of the Catholic Church I know very well; I am not wholly ignorant of what is called orthodox by the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches; but the orthodoxy of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers is not a thing so easy to come at. As I try to comprehend it, I feel I am looking at something dim and undefined. It changes color, and it changes shape; now it seems a mountain, then it appears like a cloud. You will excuse me, gentlemen,— but though I have been more than seven years a member of your reverend body, I do not altogether comprehend your theology — nor know what is orthodox.

You will do me a great service if you will publish your symbolical books, and let the world know what is the true doctrine according to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers.

I have defined my own position as well as I could, and will presently beg you to reply distinctly, categorically, and unequivocally to the following questions. Gentlemen, you are theologians; men of leisure and learning; mighty in the Scriptures. Some of you have grown grey in teaching the world; most of you, I think, make no scruple of passing judgment, public and private, on my opinions and myself. It is therefore to be supposed that you have examined things at large, and been curious in particulars; have searched into the mysteries of things, deciding what is true, what false, what Christian, and what not, and so have determined on a standard of doctrines, which is to you well known, accessible, and acknowledged by all. Some of you can sling stones at a hair's breadth in the arena of theology. You are many, and I am standing alone. Of course I shall take it for granted that you have, each and all, thoroughly, carefully, and profoundly examined the matters at issue between us; that you have made up your minds thereon, and are all entirely agreed in your conclusions, and that, on all points; for surely it were not charitable to suppose, without good and sufficient proof, that a body of Christian ministers,— conscientious men, learned and aware of the difficulties of the case,— would censure and virtually condemn one of their number for heresy, unless they had made personal investigation of the whole matter, had themselves agreed on their standard of orthodoxy, and were quite ready to place that standard before the eyes of the whole people. I beg that this

standard of Unitarian orthodoxy, as it is agreed upon and established by the authority of the Boston Association, may be set before my eyes, and those of the public at the same time, and therefore, gentlemen, I propose to you the following

QUESTIONS

CLASS I.—SCHOLASTIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE DEFINITION OF TERMS FREQUENTLY USED IN THEOLOGY.

1. What do you mean by the word *salvation?*
2. What do you mean by a *miracle?*
3. What do you mean by *inspiration?*
4. What do you mean by *revelation?*

CLASS II.— DOGMATIC QUESTIONS RELATING TO CERTAIN DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

5. In questions of theology, to what shall a man appeal, and what is the criterion whereby he is to test theological, moral, and religious doctrines; are there limits to theological inquiry,— and if so, what are those limits? is truth to be accepted because it is true, and right to be followed because it is right, or for some other reason?

6. What are the conditions of salvation, both theoretical and practical, and how are they known?

7. What do you consider the essential doctrines of Christianity; what moral and religious truth is taught by Christianity, that was wholly unknown to the human race before the time of Christ? — and is there any doctrine of Christianity that is not a part also of natural religion?

8. Do you believe all the books in the Bible came

from the persons to whom they are, in our common version thereof, ascribed? — or what are genuine canonical Scriptures?

9. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the Old Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and their writings constitute a miraculous revelation? or are those writings to be judged of, as other writings, by their own merits, and so are to pass for what they are worth; in short, what is the authority of the Old Testament, and what relation does it bear to man,— that of master or servant?

10. Do you believe the law contained in the Pentateuch, in all parts and particulars, is miraculously inspired or revealed to man? — or is it, like the laws of Massachusetts, a human work, in whole or in part?

11. Do you believe the miracles related in the Old Testament, for example, that God appeared in a human form, spoke in human speech, walked in the garden of Eden, eat and drank; that He commanded Abraham to sacrifice Isaac; and made the verbal declarations so often attributed to Him in the Old Testament; that Moses spoke with Him "as a man speaketh with his friend;" that the miracles alleged to have been wrought for the sake of the Hebrews in Egypt, the Red Sea, Arabia, and Palestine, and recorded in the Bible, were actual facts; that the birth of Isaac, Samson, and Samuel, was miraculous; that Balaam's ass spoke the Hebrew words put into his mouth; that God did miraculously give to Moses and others mentioned in the Old Testament, the commands there ascribed to Him; that the sun stood still as related in the book of Joshua; that Jonah was swallowed by a large fish, and while within the fish, composed the ode as-

cribed to him; and do you believe all the miracles related in the books of Daniel, Job, and elsewhere, in the Old Testament?

12. Do you believe that any prophet of the Old Testament, solely through a miraculous revelation made to him by God, did distinctly and unequivocally foretell any distant and future event which has since come to pass, and in special, that any prophet of the Old Testament did thereby, and in manner aforesaid, distinctly and unequivocally foretell the birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, so that Jesus was, in the proper and exclusive sense of the word, the *Messiah* predicted by the prophets, and expected by the Jews?

13. What do you think is the meaning of the phrase, "Thus saith the Lord," with its kindred expressions, in the Old Testament?

14. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the New Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and their writings constitute a miraculous revelation, or are those writings to be judged of as other writings, by their own merits, and so are to pass for what they are worth? in short, what is the authority of the New Testament, and what relation does it bear to man — that of master or servant?

15. Do you believe the Christian apostles were miraculously inspired to teach, write, or act, with such a *mode*, *kind*, or *degree of* inspiration as is not granted by God, in all time, to other men equally wise, moral, and pious; do you think the apostles were so informed by miraculous inspiration as never to need the exercise of the common faculties of man, and

never to fall into any errors of fact and doctrine, or are we to suppose that the apostles were mistaken in their announcement of the speedy destruction of the world, of the resurrection of the body, etc.?

16. What do you think is the nature of Jesus of Nazareth; — was he *God*, *man*, or *a being neither God nor man*, and how does he affect the salvation of mankind; in what sense is he the Saviour, Mediator, and Redeemer?

17. Do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was miraculously born, as it is related in two of the Gospels, with but one human parent; that he was tempted by the devil, and transfigured, talking actually with Moses and Elias; that he actually transformed the substance of water into the substance of wine; fed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes; that he walked on the waters; miraculously stilled a tempest; sent demons out of men into a herd of swine; and that he restored to life persons wholly and entirely dead?

18. Do you believe that Jesus had a miraculous and infallible inspiration — different in *kind* or *mode* from that granted to other wise, good, and pious men — informing him to such a degree that he never made a mistake in matters pertaining to religion, to theology, to philosophy, or to any other department of human concern; and that therefore he teaches with an authority superior to reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment in the individual man?

19. Do you believe that it is impossible for God to create a being with the same moral and religious excellence that Jesus had, but also with more and greater intellectual and other faculties, and send him into the world as a man; or has Jesus exhausted

either or both the *capacity of man*, or the *capability of God?*

20. Do you believe that from a state of entire and perfect death, Jesus returned to a state of entire and perfect physical life; that he did all the works, and uttered all the words, attributed to him in the concluding parts of the Gospels, after his resurrection, and was subsequently taken up into heaven, bodily and visibly, as mentioned in the book of Acts?

21. Do you believe that at the death of Jesus the earth quaked, the rocks were rent; that darkness prevailed over the land for three hours; that the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints that slept arose, and appeared to many?

22. Do you believe that Jesus, or any of the writers of the New Testament, believed in, and taught the existence of a personal devil, of angels good or bad, of demons who possessed the bodies of men; and do you, yourselves, believe the existence of a personal devil, of such angels and demons; in special, do you believe that the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary, and uttered exactly those words ascribed to him in the third Gospel?

23. Do you believe that the writers of the four Gospels, and the book of Acts, never mingled mythical, poetical, or legendary matter in their compositions; that they never made a mistake in a matter of fact; and that they have, in all cases, reported the words and actions of Jesus, with entire and perfect accuracy?

24. Do you believe the miracles related in the book of Acts,— for example, the miraculous inspiration of the apostles at Pentecost; the cures effected by Peter, his vision, his miraculous deliverance from

prison "by the angel of the Lord;" the miraculous death of Ananias and Sapphira; the miraculous conversion of Paul; that diseased persons were cured by handkerchiefs and aprons brought to them from Paul; and that he and Stephen actually, and with the body's eye, saw Jesus Christ, an actual object exterior to themselves?

25. Do you believe that Peter, in the Acts, correctly explains certain passages of the Old Testament, as referring to Jesus of Nazareth, his sufferings, death, and resurrection; that Jesus himself — if the Gospels truly represent his words — in all cases, applies the language of the Old Testament to himself in its proper and legitimate meaning; was he never mistaken in this matter, or have the passages of the Old Testament many meanings?

26. Do you think that a belief in the miraculous inspiration of all or any of the writers of the Old Testament or New Testament; that a belief in all or any of the miracles therein mentioned; that a belief in the miraculous birth, life, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus; that a belief in his miraculous, universal, and infallible inspiration, is essential to a perfect Christian character, to salvation and acceptance with God, or even to participation in the Christian name? and if so, what doctrine of morality or religion really and necessarily rests, in whole or in part, on such a belief?

27. Do you believe that the two ordinances,— Baptism and the Lord's Supper,— are, in themselves, essential, necessary, and of primary importance as ends, valuable for their own sakes, or that they are but *helps* and *means* for the formation of the Christian character, and therefore valuable only so far as they help to form that character?

28. Do you think it wrong or unchristian in another, to abandon and expose what he deems a popular error, or to embrace and proclaim an unpopular truth; do you count yourselves, theoretically, to have attained all religious and theological truth, and to have retained no error in your own creed, so that it is wholly unnecessary for you, on the one hand, to re-examine your own opinions, or, on the other, to search further for light and truth, or do you think yourselves competent, without such search, or such examination, to pronounce a man an infidel, and no Christian, solely because he believes many things in theology which you reject, and rejects some things which you believe?

Gentlemen, you have yourselves constrained me to write this letter. I write to you in this open way, for I wish that the public may understand your opinions as well as my own. I beg you will give your serious attention to the above questions, and return me a public answer, not circuitously, but in a straightforward, manly way, and at your earliest convenience. I have, at various times, as distinctly as possible, set forth my own views, and as you have publicly placed yourselves in a hostile attitude to me; as some of you have done all in your power to disown me, and as you have done this, partly, on account of my alleged heresies; it is but due to yourselves to open the gospel according to the Boston Association, give the public an opportunity to take the length and breadth of your standard of Unitarian orthodoxy, and tell us all what you really think on the points above-mentioned. Then you and I shall know in what we differ; there will be a clear field before us, and if we are

doomed to contend, we shall not fight in the dark. I have invited your learned attention to matters on which it is supposed that you have inquired and made up your minds, and that you are entirely agreed among yourselves, and yet that you differ most widely from me. I have not, however, touched the great philosophical questions which lie at the bottom of all theology, because I do not understand that you have yourselves raised these questions, or consciously and distinctly joined issue upon them with me. Gentlemen, you are men of leisure, and I am busied with numerous cares; you are safe in your multitude of council, while I have comparatively none to advise with. But notwithstanding these advantages, so eminently on your side, I have not feared to descend into the arena, and looking only for the truth, to write you this letter. I shall pause, impatient for your reply; and, with hearty wishes for your continued prosperity, your increased usefulness, and growth alike in all Christian virtues and every manly grace, I remain, gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

West Roxbury, March 20, 1845.

IV

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION TOUCHING THEIR NEW UNITARIAN CREED OR GENERAL PROCLAMATION OF UNITARIAN VIEWS [1]

GENTLEMEN: —

At the recent meeting of the American Unitarian Association, on the 24th of last May, you submitted to that body a "Report," containing certain matters which lead me to address you this friendly letter. As a life-member of long standing in the Association, I feel called on to do this. For while in virtue of my membership, I enjoy the privilege of receiving the "tracts," published from time to time, I am aware that I also owe certain duties consequent on my membership, and on the enjoyment of that privilege. And though the membership was conferred on me without any action of my own, still I must look upon it in the nature of a trust, as well as a benefit, and must discharge the duties it involves. It is, therefore, in my capacity as a life-member of the American Unitarian Association, that I write you this letter, though I confess I feel that I owe likewise a duty to some Unitarian ministers younger than myself, and to the public at large, which I think I cannot accomplish without writing you this letter.

In "The Twenty-eighth Report of the American Unitarian Association," you say the tracts of the As-

sociation " are carried to the remotest and least inhabited portions of our broad land, and are read with avidity by the pioneer in our country's civilization; " and add, that " in many portions of our country, the inquiry, ' What is truth? ' has lost none of its significance, and cannot be slighted, if we would be faithful to the cause of our Master." Still further you ask, " Is not one of the pressing wants in all new societies, that of well-considered and clearly-defined opinions, as to what the New Testament teaches, and what it requires? "

From these and other statements I infer that you desire to make known, widely and rapidly, the peculiar doctrines of religion which you hold dear. You say,—

" During the year we have been encouraged in our work by witnessing in different sections of our body a deep-felt desire for a closer alliance among those holding our common faith, a more intimate union of our churches, a convention of their moral forces in accomplishing appropriate Christian objects." (*Report,* p. 12.)

I rejoice with you in this encouraging aspect of things, and share that desire.

You add, moreover, that a clergyman from one of the Western States assured you

" That there were large numbers earnestly desiring a church organization which would secure mental independence, and waiting to hear the Gospel interpreted more in harmony with the instructions of enlightened reason, and the clearest dictates of our moral nature." (p. 13.)

You express a desire, " not only to enter upon, but largely to occupy this field of labor,"— that is, if I understand your language correctly, you wish to establish church organizations, which will " secure men-

tal independence," and furnish a form of religion that is perfectly in harmony with the instructions of enlightened reason, and the clearest dictates of man's moral nature. You declare that

"Long-established formulas have, to no small extent, ceased to express the results of individual experience, and have lost much of their power over the common mind." (p. 13.)

After stating that the receipts of money for the purposes of the denomination "fail to indicate the required fidelity to our trust, as stewards of divine mercies in Jesus Christ," you "ask attention to the present attitude of our body, the difficulties with which it struggles, and the special duties incumbent upon it." You say,—

"We find that there were in the so-called Unitarian Controversy three primary drifts of meaning and purpose. First, it was a maintenance of the fullest right of individual freedom of judgment in all matters of opinion, a protest of discriminating consciences against the tyranny of church parties, tests, and creeds. Secondly, it was an assertion of the right province of reason in the interpretation of Scripture, and in the decision of religious and theological questions — a protest of enlightened understandings against the unnatural and repulsive points of the prevailing theology. Thirdly, it was a claim for a more genial and winning expression of the Christian character, a more hopeful and elevating view of man and nature in their actual relations to God — a protest of generous hearts against the stiff and stern formalities of the Puritanical piety." (p. 15.)

You state the occasion of that controversy:

"Among the people here, the congregational system of church government, established from the first, had fostered in a high degree the spirit of liberty, personal freedom of thought and speech. Their marked intellectual characteristics and admirable educational system, had developed, to an uncommon extent, the spirit of intelligence and inquiry. Their ancestral experience, with its transmitted effects, had eminently nourished the spirit of loyalty to individual convictions of truth. And the strong hu-

mane tendencies of the age had kindled the spirit of philanthropy. Under these circumstances — eagerly interested, and deeply versed, as both clergy and laity then generally were in researches and discussions on all the mooted subjects of theology — a decided and somewhat extensive advance of rational and liberal views could scarcely fail to result."

"Accordingly, the offensive forms in which the darker dogmas of the common theology were at that time held, were emphatically assailed by many, and really rejected by more. This led to discussions, dissensions, bitter charges, and recriminations. The *exclusives* demanded the expulsion of their liberal brethren from fellowship. The *liberals* declared that the only just condition of a right to the Christian name and fellowship, was acknowledgment of the revelation by Christ, and manifestation of a Christian character and life. Their opponents insisted on the acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail. By votes of majorities, they made such a test and compelled its observance. Precisely this assumption of human authority was the actual cause of the final outbreak and division. The minority, refusing to yield, were driven from the common fellowship of the churches, and forced into a virtually distinct denominational existence and attitude." (pp. 15, 16.)

You declare that the formation of the liberal, that is, the Unitarian party, was "a necessary act of self-defense, to preserve intact from the tyranny of majorities the right which they had always exercised here of perfect individual freedom in matters of opinion." "The only striking particular on which they all held the same distinct view was in rejecting the Trinity, and proclaiming the Unity of God."

But this belief of the unity of God, you are perhaps aware, was not peculiar to the new sect; for almost all the Trinitarians affirm the unity of God, a denial of which, or an affirmation of the multiplicity of gods, would be deemed a heresy, I take it, among either Catholic or Protestant Trinitarians. If this be so, then the new party were distinguished from others by their disbelief in the Trinity. Their only

distinctive agreement, therefore, was in a negation. Still further you add:

"The new party in reality chiefly sought to *effect* the protection of their personal religious freedom from ecclesiastical encroachments, and chiefly desired to *assert* that Christianity is a practical religion rather than a theoretical theology, and that what makes a man acceptable or otherwise to God is not metaphysical truths or errors, but pure faith and love, piety and good works, or their opposites." (p. 17.)

It seems to me that you do not overrate the actual services of the Unitarian party, or the influence it has had in the spiritual development of America. You say,—

"In the first place, in co-operation with other causes, it has led to this: that while forty years ago there were only about twenty churches on the continent standing upon the Unitarian platform, there are now more than three thousand agreeing with us in nearly all essential doctrines, and entirely agreeing with us in the catholic spirit in which we would have religion established and administered. In the second place, it has been principally instrumental in securing an immense modification of all the most inconsistent and revolting features of the established theology and preaching, so that they are no longer to be compared with what they were." (p. 18.)

Yet you think that the Unitarian body does "not possess the organized and operative power which we ought to be wielding;" and that "our views have not acquired a tithe of the prevalence which they ought to have reached ere now." (p. 18.)

You then "glance briefly at the causes of this undue limitation of our progress." I will copy some of the things you say respecting five of these causes, of which you speak in detail.

I. "The liberal movement was in its origin a negative act of self-defense. It was in regard to all detail vague and indeterminate." But, you add, "it need no longer be so." "Now, we are ready to define our position, and concentrate and direct

our energies, and invite the attention of the world to our aims and our methods. Our movement is no longer a contingent, local affair, but a broad and determined effort to purify our religion from the metaphysical abstractions and historic corruptions connected with it, and to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men." (pp. 18, 19.)

II. "Our cause has been greatly hindered by the almost exclusively intellectual character it took at the commencement." "It practically elevated pure morals and kindly charities among men far above all passionate fervors of piety towards God. Its intellectual isolation and quietude could not stir and win the great masses of the people. But in this particular we are now, and have been for several years, more and more improving. Our preachers and our laity now recognize the necessity of piety as well as of morality." (pp. 19, 20.)

III. "A very great obstacle to the general adoption of our interpretations of Scripture, and conclusions in theology, is the tremendous power of prejudices instilled by education, and nourished by custom." (p. 20.)

IV. Another enemy "is the subtle power of social *prestige*. Except in some parts of New England, and in a few other places, the so-called best society, the wealth, fashion, power of the Christian world, move in circles alien from our peculiar views, and regarding them with undissembled horror. The immense and dishonorable power thus silently, but most effectually wielded, is beginning to be felt even here, by means of the universal intercommunication of the world. Elsewhere, in scores of places, this influence is known by us to press with most unfair and disastrous weight against the advance of our cause. One of the saddest features of our times is this worldly and selfish infidelity to the light of knowledge, reason, and natural sentiment. Our views will never spread according to their intrinsic merits, until, by unflinching utterance of cogent argument, rebuke, and appeal, we have forced upon the consciences of men a recognition of the sacred duty of public loyalty to private convictions of truth under all circumstances." (p. 21.)

V. "One of the chief clogs impeding our numerical advance, one of the principal sources of the odium with which we are regarded, and consequently of the common neglect or uncandid treatment of our arguments, has been what is considered the excessive radicalism and irreverence of some who have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith. They have seemed to treat the holy oracles, and the endeared forms of our common religion, with contempt. They have offensively assailed

and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity, and in the life of its august founder. In this way, shocking many pious hearts, and alarming many sensitive minds, they have brought an unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice against the men and views that stood in apparent support of them and theirs, and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology. It seems to us that the time has arrived, when, by a proclamation of our general thought in this matter, we should relieve ourselves from the embarrassments with which we as a body are thus unjustly entangled by the peculiarities of a few, and those few not belonging to us alone." (pp. 21, 22.)

Now, gentlemen, you will pardon me, if I ask you a few questions, which I trust your desire to remove "one of the principal sources of the odium with which we are regarded," to stave off "unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice," and to relieve yourselves from "the embarrassment with which, as a body, we are thus unjustly entangled,"— will induce you to answer. I shall mainly follow the order of the subjects in your Report.

1. Who are the persons that "have nominally stood within our own circle," and who "have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity, and in the life of its august founder?" It seems important that the names of all such should be given to the public in your answer. For, as you wish to relieve yourselves from the embarrassment with which you are entangled by their standing nominally within your circle, it is necessary that both those persons and the public should know who they are that have brought an "unwarranted and injurious suspicion and prejudice against the men and views that stood in apparent support of them and theirs; and have caused an influential reaction of fear against liberal opinions in theology."

2. What are the peculiar doctrines of these men that wrought this mischief, and in what consists their "excessive radicalism and irreverence" which you complain of?

3. Are the doctrines of these men (whereof you complain as radical and irreverent) in your opinion true, and still offensive; or is their falseness their sole offense?

4. What is the ultimate standard by which you determine what is true and what is false, what right and what wrong, what religious and what not religious?

5. What do you propose to do with those persons who have wrought this mischief to your success; if they chance to be members of your churches, or "Association,"— do you, as you say the "*exclusives*" did with the "*liberals*," demand their "expulsion" "from fellowship;" and "their acceptance of the prevalent creeds in detail;" and "by votes of majorities" to make "a test," and compel "its observance;" to deny that they are "Christians," "Unitarians," or "*liberals;*" to give them a bad name, and let them go?

You go on to say:

"The real facts in the case, as well as a due regard for the interests of truth, require us, in the most emphatic manner, to disavow any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity. We desire, in a denominational capacity, to assert our profound belief in the Divine origin, the Divine authority, the Divine sanctions, of the religion of Jesus Christ. This is the basis of our associated action." (p. 22.)

Here I must continue my questions:

6. What do you mean by the phrase "supernatural in Christianity;" and how do you distinguish it from the "natural" in Christianity; what by the "Divine

origin," the "Divine authority," the "Divine sanctions," of the religion of Jesus Christ?

You are aware that these words, "supernatural" and "divine," are used in several different senses. Thus, a very strong man is sometimes said to have "supernatural" strength; and "divine" often means only excellent; and in the sense of being derived from God. I take it, the law of gravitation has "Divine origin, Divine authority, and Divine sanctions." Indeed, you say in your Report, that you believe "the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world." I wish to know if you, individually as men, and professionally as the "executive committee," believe that the religion of Jesus Christ had a miraculous "origin;" that it has "authority" separate from its truth and fitness for its function; that it has "sanctions" not dependent on its character, and different in kind from those which naturally attach to all true religion?

Still further you say,—

"We desire openly to declare and record our belief, as a denomination, so far as it can be officially represented by the American Unitarian Association, that God, moved by His own love, did raise up Jesus to aid in our redemption from sin, did by him pour a fresh flood of purifying life through the withered veins of humanity, and along the corrupted channels of the world, and is, by his religion, for ever sweeping the nations with regenerating gales from heaven, and visiting the hearts of men with celestial solicitations. We receive the teachings of Christ, separated from all foreign admixtures and later accretions, as infallible truth from God. (pp. 21—23.)

Here, also, I must ask for further information:

7. Do you believe that God "did raise up Jesus" miraculously, in a manner different from that by which he raises up other great and good men?

8. What is the meaning of "redemption from sin?" In your use of this language, I do not know whether

you mean to say you believe that Christ aided in our "redemption from sin" by the religion which he taught, and the life which he lived, or by "his sacrifice and intercession." The Unitarians have sometimes been accused of using this and other damaged phraseology in such a manner that it was not easy to understand what was meant. I know you will rejoice to escape from this ambiguity, for you say,—

"What we intend is a general proclamation of our Unitarian views, as a guide to the inquirer who wishes to know reliably what our chief opinions really are."

9. When you say that God, by Jesus, poured "a fresh flood of purifying life," and is for ever "purifying the nations with renovating gales from heaven, and visiting the hearts of men with celestial solicitations," do you mean that God does this *only* through Jesus, and that God's action through him is different in kind from His action through other men,— or is the difference only in degree?

10. What is meant by "the withered veins of humanity?" I understand this language in the mouths of such as believe "the total depravity and helplessness of human nature, and the dogma of the dislocation and degradation of the material world, and the causal introduction of physical death into it, by the sin of the first man;" but in those who "as a body disbelieve" that dogma, and who declare their belief in "the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in pagan lands," it seems to me to require a little explanation.

11. When you say, "We receive the teachings of

Christ as infallible truth from God," do you mean, in general, that you believe that all the "teachings" ascribed to Christ in the four Gospels, are "the infallible truth of God," or do you pick over those Gospels, and from the various "teachings" therein ascribed to Christ, cull out "the infallible truth of God?"

Since the Gospels are in some respects contradictory to each other, and the fourth differs deeply and widely in several weighty particulars from its three predecessors, how do you determine what are "the teachings of Christ,"—and what are "foreign admixtures and later accretions;" and do you believe these teachings merely because they seem to you true, or because they are are "the teachings of Christ,"—that is, are you led to believe thus by your own "human reason," or by his "divine authority?"

12. By what means do you know that all the teachings of Christ are the infallible truth of God; — and if you know a thing to be the "infallible truth of God," does it acquire any additional value by being also a teaching of Christ; — and if so, whence, and how, does it acquire this additional value; — and are not all true "teachings" equally "the infallible truth of God?"

In conclusion, I ask attention to a "subject of the greatest practical importance." To the charge, "Nobody can tell what Unitarianism is," you say: "We can give, and ought to give, a candid answer to the question, *What is Unitarianism?* which greets you on all sides." So you offer such a statement as seems to be demanded at your hands, adding, "If it be accepted by the body whose servants we are, it will be a record for authoritative reference;" though you say we do not propose "anything like a creed to be signed,

or to have authority over individual minds." I do not know exactly what is meant by a document "for authoritative reference," which is yet not designed to "have authority over individual minds;" but I will not delay upon such minor matters.

You then proceed to make a "general proclamation of our Unitarian views, as a guide to the inquirer who wishes to know reliably what our chief opinions really are;" and with that design you give a list of dogmas which we, "as a body, disbelieve." If I understand you, these are the articles of disbelief, which I will number for convenience.

I. "The triune nature of God."

II. "All those commonly defended views of the principles and results of the Divine Government, which appear to us to involve a vindictive character."

III. "The current dogmas of the total depravity and helplessness of human nature, and the dogma of the dislocation and degradation of the material world, and the casual introduction of physical death into it by the sin of the first man."

IV. "The Deity of Christ."

V. "An infinite sacrifice vicariously expiating for, and purchasing the pardon of, the sins of mankind."

VI. "The arbitrary election of some to eternal bliss, and condemnation of others to eternal torture."

VII. "The resurrection of the fleshly body at any future day of judgment."

VIII. "That Christianity is any after-expedient devised for the magical salvation of man."

IX. "That the Scriptures are plenarily inspired, that is, are the literal composition of God." (pp. 24, 25.)

Here to understand *what Unitarianism is*, I must ask a single question:

13. Do you deny that there is any vindictive element in God; that is, any element which would lead Him to cause an absolute evil to any creature; — and do you not find vindictive actions and qualities ascribed to God in the Bible?

Then you next state the things which "we as a body do believe," which I will restate, numbering the items as before.

I. "In the unity and in the paternal character and merciful government of God."

II. "In man's natural capacity of virtue and liability to sin, and in the historic and actual mingled sinfulness and goodness of all human character."

III. "In the divinely-ordained laws and orderly development of the natural world, admitting the facts of imperfection and the ravages of sin as incident to the scheme."

IV. "In the supernatural appointment of Christ as a messenger from God."

V. "In the originally given and never wholly forfeited ability of man to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in pagan lands."

VI. "In the immediate and unreturning passage of the soul, on release from the body, to its account and reward."

VII. "In the remedial, as well as retributive, office of the Divine punishments."

VIII. "We regard Christianity, not as in contradiction to, but as in harmony with the teachings and laws of nature,—not as a gracious annulment of natural religion, or a devised revision of it, or antidote to it, but as a Divine announcement of its real doctrines with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority, its uncertainties being removed, and its dim points illuminated, and its operative force made historic, through the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, of which we reverently receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record, to be studied and discriminated under the guidance of reason, in the light of learning, and by the laws of universal criticism."

IX. "We believe in the absolute perfection of the one living, the only wise and true God. We believe in the omniscient scrutiny of His providence, the unspeakable nearness of His spirit, accessible to every obedient soul as the medium of regeneration and element of eternal life."

X. "We believe in the supernatural authority of Christ as a Teacher, in his divine mission as a Redeemer, in his moral perfection as an example."

XI. "We believe in the Scriptures as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation."

XII. "We believe in the existence and influence of hereditary evil, but hold that man is morally free and responsible, living under a dispensation of justice and mercy, wherein he is capable, by piety, purity, love, and good works, of securing the approval of God, and fitting himself for heaven."

XIII. "In the all-transcending importance of a thoroughly earnest religious faith and experience."

XIV. "We believe that in the immortal life, beyond the grave, just compensations of glory and woe await us for what is left incomplete in the rewards and punishments of the present state."

XV. "We conceive the essence of Christianity, as adequately as it can be described in a few words, to be the historic and livingly-continued exertion of a moral power from God, through Christ, to emancipate the human race from the bondage of evil: it is the sum of intelligible and experimental truth and life incarnated in and clothed upon the historic person of Christ, sealed by the authority of his Divine commission, recommended by the beauty of his Divine character, stealing into prepared hearts, and winning the allegiance of the world.

"Such are the great essentials by which we stand." (pp. 25—27.)

Here, also, I must ask you a few questions, that by your answers you may show the public how much you differ from those who, as you say, "have nominally stood within our own circle, and who have been considered by the public as representing our household of faith," but who "have offensively assailed and denied all traces of the supernatural in the history of Christianity and the life of its Divine Founder."

14. Do you believe, as it seems to me to be implied, if not distinctly stated in Nos. II. and V., that man has a "natural capacity" and ability to find out and perform his moral and religious duties, without a miraculous revelation, or other miraculous help from God?

15. Do you believe the "laws of the natural world" are "divinely ordained" in the same sense, and ethically binding on man, in the same way, and to the

same degree, as the "doctrines of Christianity;" and if not, which is the superior, the divinely-ordained laws of nature or the supernaturally authorized teachings of Christ?

16. In what sense is Christianity a "divine announcement" of the real doctrines of natural religion; that is, what constitutes the *divineness* of the announcement in Christianity; are the same doctrines any more divinely announced, when taught by Jesus, than when taught by another person of the same purity of character; and if so, what is the test by which you distinguish a "divine" from a human announcement; and does that "divine announcement" make a truth any more true, and a religious obligation any more obligatory, than a mere human announcement of the same truth and duty?

17. You say Christianity is an announcement of the doctrines "with fulfilling completeness and crowning authority." Do you believe that Christianity, as it was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, or his followers in any age of the Church, is so complete as to be exhaustive of natural religion, and to embrace the truths thereof, so that it will never be possible for mankind, or for any man, to have a religious truth which is not contained in that Christianity?

18. Do you believe this "divine announcement" of the real doctrines of natural religion gives them any "crowning authority" which they had not before, or do not have when announced by one not a Christian; and if so, does that new authority come from God, the Author of the divinely-ordained laws of the natural world, or from Jesus, who announces them?

19. What "uncertainties" of natural religion have been "removed," "through the teaching, life, charac-

ter, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ," and by what means have they made sure what was before uncertain?

21. As you charge those who "have nominally stood in our ranks," and have wrought such damage to the Unitarian reputation, with having "seemed to treat the holy oracles and the endeared forms of our common religion with contempt," and as "the public have considered them as representing our household of faith," it becomes important that you should clearly avow your doctrines concerning the Scriptures, in order to relieve yourselves "from the embarrassments," with which, you say, "we, as a body, are thus unjustly entangled."

That you may extricate yourselves from this special difficulty I will ask you several questions.

In No. VIII. you say you receive the Scriptures as furnishing an authentic and reliable record of "the teachings, life, character, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ;" and again, in No. XI., "as containing the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation;" and yet, once more you do, "in the most emphatic manner, disown any indorsement of that view which utterly denies the supernatural in Christianity."

(1.) Do you believe that the "revelation" of whose "promulgation" you say the Scriptures contain "the recorded history," was a miraculous communication from God to man, or that it was a communication by means of the ordinary human faculties; and did it communicate what man did not know; what man could not know without this "revelation"?

(2.) Are all parts of the Scriptures "the recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation"?

(3.) Do you believe that all, or any of the writers

of Scripture, had any inspiration which was supernatural and miraculous, either qualitatively in kind, or quantitatively in degree, which distinguishes them from all other writers? If some, but not all, which had it? Did their inspiration secure them from historical or dogmatic and other mistakes incident to men writing with no such miraculous inspiration?

(4.) Do you believe all the accounts of miraculous phenomena contained in the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New Testament?

(5.) And to be more specific, and to limit the question to the matters of which you seem to say the Scriptures furnish "an authentic and reliable record," do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was born with no human father, as it is distinctly related in the first and third Gospels, and that he wrought all the miracles ascribed to him in any or all of the Gospels? Do you believe the resurrection of Christ; — that is, do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was entirely dead, and returned to entire life, and appeared to the natural, bodily senses of some of his disciples, and "did eat before them"?

You then define your position in relation to other parties: —

"We are distinguished, on the one extreme, from the sacerdotal and the Calvinistic churches, by our disbelief in the magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms or metaphysical dogmas. In the mean, we are distinguished from the liberal and growing body of our Universalist brethren, on this wise. It is our firm conviction that the final restoration of all is not revealed in the Scriptures, but that the ultimate fate of the impenitent wicked is left shrouded in impenetrable obscurity, so far as the total declarations of the sacred writers are concerned; and while we do generally hold to the doctrine of salvation as a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart, yet we deem it to be, in each case, a matter of contingence always depending on conditions freely to be

accepted or rejected. Those of us who believe (as the large majority of us do) in the final recovery of all souls, therefore, cannot emphasize it in the foreground of their preaching as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system as a glorious hope, which seems to them a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science. On the other extreme, we are disinguished from the ultra rationalists, by devoutly acknowledging the supernatural origin and contents of our faith, and taking a posture of lowly discipleship at the feet of Christ our Master, owning him for the immaculate Son of God."

22. Do you believe it consistent with the " absolute perfection," the " paternal character " of God, and " the omniscient scrutiny of His providence," to create, directly or indirectly, any human being who shall receive eternal torment in the next life? If you do not, and if the final recovery of all souls be " a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart," and also " a warranted inference from the cardinal principles of Christianity, as well as from the great verities of moral science," why can you not " emphasize it " " in the foreground " of your " preaching as a sure part of Christianity "?

23. You speak of Christ as " our Master," " owning him for the immaculate Son of God." In what sense is Christ " our Master ; " that is, do you take him as your " Master " absolutely, so that you accept his word as perfect truth, his actions as perfectly right, and do you subordinate your spirit absolutely to him, or only use his special superiority as your help to religious and other excellence? In what sense is he " immaculate ; " does this word refer to his " immaculate conception and birth," or to some moral characteristic ; do you believe that he was morally immaculate — that is, that in all his life, from birth till death, he never committed a sin, made no error, or mistake? If so,

on what ground do you entertain this opinion? What is the nature of Christ — human or not human?

You say: —

"We are not infidels, spurning God's word, deifying human reason, and proudly relying on our own merits for admission to heaven, but, with deepest sense of human frailty and sin, we bow before every manifest token of God's will, and humbly trust in His pardoning goodness, so eminently certified to us through Christ, for salvation at last." (p. 26.)

24. What are "infidels," which you say "we are not"?

25. If you have the ability to secure your salvation by the right improvement of your faculties and opportunities, and yet do not rely "proudly" on your "own merits for admission to heaven," or on the "magically saving efficacy of sacramental forms, or metaphysical dogmas," what do you rely on for admission thither? Do you not believe that a man's happiness in the next world will depend on the faithfulness with which he uses his powers and opportunities here on earth; and if not, then on what other condition does it depend?

26. When, in describing your difference from the "infidels," you say, "We bow before every manifest token of God's will," do you mean any such token that is "manifest" to *you*, or which is "manifest" to some other person; and if the former, do you not believe that the "infidels," also, "bow before every token of God's will" which is "manifest" to *them?*

27. Do you maintain that a faithful belief in the creed you have published renders a man any more religious and acceptable to God, than a faithful belief in the truths of mere natural religion; or, in other words, do you maintain that a belief in the miracles related in the Bible, or in the statement that they contain "the

recorded history of the promulgation of a revelation;" in "Christ as our Master," and the "immaculate Son of God," and in the "supernatural in Christianity," is essential to a religious character and life on earth, to acceptableness with God, and admission into heaven; or do you still, with the "liberal Christians," whom you succeed, "assert that Christianity is a practical religion rather than a theoretical theology, and that which makes a man acceptable or otherwise to God, is not metaphysical truths or errors, but pure faith and love, piety and good works, or their opposites"?

28. Do you believe that your creed is entirely free from error, and contains all religious truth, so that, on the one hand, it is needless to try and remove mistakes therefrom, and on the other, to look for further truth?

You have seen fit, gentlemen, to bring very serious charges against some persons. It has been repeatedly intimated that I am one of them, and, therefore, you will see at once that I have a claim on you for a distinct reply to the above questions, which your publication has called out. In your Report you have said,—

> "Not what they were brought up under, or what they love, or what they would like, or what they think would work well, but that which, after honest and adequate inquiry, they are convinced is true, must men accept and follow."

I know you have deeply at heart the welfare of the denomination you represent; and sympathizing with your desire to diffuse a pure and rational Christianity among men, I shall watch with interest for your joint and official reply to my letter, and remain,

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, October 3, 1853.

V

THE LAW OF GOD AND THE STATUTES OF MEN

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. MATT. iv. 10.

Last Sunday I spoke of trust in God, endeavoring to show that it involved an absolute confidence in the purposes of God, and an absolute confidence in the means thereunto, and consequently the practical use thereof.

There is a matter of very great consequence connected herewith, namely, this — the relation between a man's religion and his allegiance to the Church and the State. So this morning I ask your attention to a sermon of our Duty to the Laws of God, and our Obligation to the Statutes of Men. It is a theme I have often spoken of; and what I shall say this morning may be regarded as occasional, and supplementary to the much I have said, and printed, likewise, before.

In its primitive form, religion is a mere emotion; it is nothing but a sentiment, an instinctive feeling; at first vague, shadowy, dim. In its secondary stage it is also a thought; the emotion has traveled from the heart upwards to the head: it is an idea, an abstract idea, the object whereof transcends both time and space, and is not cognizable by any sense. But finally, in its ultimate form, it becomes likewise an act. Thus it spreads over all a man's life, inward and outward too; it goes up to the tallest heights of the philosopher's speculation, down to the lowest deeps of hu-

man consciousness; it reaches to the minute details of our daily practice. Religion wraps all our life in its own wide mantle; takes note of the private conduct of the individual man, and the vast public concerns of the greatest nation and the whole race of mankind. So the sun, ninety-six million miles away, comes every morning and folds in its warm embrace each great and every little thing on the round world.

Religion is eminently connected with the creeds and the statutes of the people, wherein the nation comes to the consciousness of itself and of its duty. To comprehend the relation which it bears to these creeds and statutes, let us look at the matter a little more narrowly, going somewhat into detail; and to understand it the more completely, let us go back to the first principles of things.

There is a God of infinite perfection, who acts as perfect cause and perfect providence of all things,—making the universe from a perfect motive, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereunto. Of course, if the universe be thus made, there must be power and force enough of the right kind in it to accomplish the purposes of God; and this must be true of both parts of the universe,—the world of matter, and the world of man. Else, God is not a perfect cause and providence, and has not made the universe from a perfect motive, of perfect material, for a perfect purpose, and as a perfect means thereto.

Now there are certain natural modes of operation of these forces and powers which God has put in the universe; the natural powers of matter and of man are meant to act in a certain way, and not otherwise. These modes of operation I will call laws, natural laws;

they exist in the material world and in the human world. They are a part of the universe. These laws must be observed and kept as means to the end that is proposed.

In the world of matter these laws are always kept, for the actual of nature and the ideal of nature are identical; they are just the same. When this leaf which I drop falls from my hand, it moves by the law which the Infinite God meant it should fall by, and keeps that exactly. In nature — the world of matter — this always takes place, and the actual of to-day is the ideal of eternity,— for there everything is accomplished with no finite, private, individual will; all is mechanism, the brute, involuntary, unconscious action of matter passively obedient to the mind and will of God. There God is the only actor; all else is tool: He is the only workman; nature is all engine and God the engineer. Accordingly, in the world of matter there is a harmony of forces; but not a harmony of purpose, of will, of thought, of feeling,— because there is only one purpose, will, thought, feeling. God alone is the consciousness of the material world; matter obeys His laws, but wills not, knows not. The ideal of nature resides in God's consciousness; only its actual in itself. The two are one; but the material things do not know of that oneness; only God knows thereof. Nature knows nothing of God, nothing of His laws, nothing of itself; — because therein God is the only cause, the only providence, the only consciousness.

On the other hand, in the human world, man is an actor as well as a tool; he is in part engine, in part also engineer. The ideal of man's conduct, character, and destination, resides in God; but thence it is trans-

ferred to the mind of man by man's own instinct and reflection; and it is to become actual by man's thought, man's will, man's work. The human race comes to consciousness in itself, and not merely to consciousness in God. So in virtue of the superior nature and destination of man, between him and God there is to be not merely a harmony of forces, but a harmony of feeling, thought, will, purpose, and thence of act. Man is to obey the natural laws as completely as that leaf obeyed them, falling from my hand. But, unlike the leaf, man is to know that he obeys; he must will to obey. So he is to form in his own mind an ideal of the character which he should observe, and then by his own will he is to make that ideal his actual. This is the dignity of man,— he is partial cause and providence of his own affairs.

In general, man has powers sufficient to find out the natural mode of operation of all his human forces, all the natural laws of his conduct, his natural ideal. Narrow this down to a small compass, and take one portion of these powers,— the moral part of man, and thereof this only,— that portion which relates to his dealing with his fellow-men.

There is a moral faculty called conscience. Its function is to inform us of the moral ideal; to transfer it from God's mind to our mind; to inform us what are the natural modes of operation, the rules of conduct in our relation with other men. Conscience does this in two ways.

First, by instinctive moral action. Here conscience acts spontaneously and anticipates experience, acts in advance of history, and spontaneously projects an ideal which is derived from the moral instinct of our nature. This is the transcendent way of learning the

moral law. And let me add, it is the favorite way of young and enthusiastic persons; the favorite way, likewise, of meditative and contemplative men, who dwell apart from mankind, and look at principles, which are the norm of action, more than at the immediate or ultimate effect of special measures.

The other way is by reflective moral action. Here we learn the moral laws by experiment; by observation, trial, experience, we find out what suits the conscience of the individual and the conscience of mankind. This is the inductive way, and it is the favorite mode of the great mass of men, practical men who live in the midst of affairs.

Each of these methods has its advantage, both their special limitations and defects. We require both of these,— the process of moral instinct which shoots forward and forecasts the ideal, and the process of moral induction which comes carefully afterwards and studies the facts, and sees what conduct squares with conscience, and how it looks after the act has been done, as well as before.

In these two ways we learn the natural mode of operation and the natural rules of conduct which suit our moral nature; that is, we discover the moral laws which are writ in the nature and constitution of man, and are thence historically made known in the consciousness of man.

When they are understood, we see that they are the laws of God, a part of the universe, a part of the purpose of God, a part of the means which He has provided for accomplishing His purpose.

These laws are not of man's making, but of his finding made. He no more makes them than the blacksmith makes the heaviness of his iron, or the astrono-

mer makes the moon eclipse the sun. A man may heed these laws, or heed them not; make them, or unmake them,— that is beyond his power.

Neither the individual nor the race acquires a consciousness of these moral laws all at once. It is done progressively by you and me; progressively by the human race, learning here a little, and there a little. The natural moral ideal is not all at once transferred from God's mind to man's. We learn the laws of our moral nature like the laws of matter, slowly,— little by little. A good man is constantly making progress in the knowledge of God's natural moral laws; mankind does the same. The race to-day knows more of the natural moral laws of our constitution than the human race ever knew before. A thousand years hence, no doubt, mankind will know a great deal more of this natural moral ideal than we know to-day. Accordingly, speaking after the events of history, the moral ideal of mankind is continually rising. It may not be always rising in the same man, who goes on for a while, then becomes idle, or old, or wicked, and goes down: nor always be rising in the same nation; that also advances for a while, then sins against God sometimes, and goes down to ruin. But, take the human race as a whole, the moral ideal of mankind is constantly rising higher and higher.

The next thing is to obey these laws, consciously, knowing we obey them; voluntarily, willing to obey, and make the moral ideal the actual life for the individual and the race. This also is done progressively; not all at once, but by slow degrees. The moral actual of the human race is constantly rising higher and higher. Just in proportion as the ideal shoots up the actual follows after it, though on slow and laborious

wings. If you look microscopically at the condition of mankind at intervals of only a hundred years, you will see that there is a moral progress from century to century; but separate your points of observation by a thousand years instead of a century, the moral progress of the race is so obvious that no unprejudiced man can fail to see it when he opens his natural eyes and looks. I will not say it is so with every special nation, for a nation may go back as well as forward; but it is so with the human race as a whole, so with mankind.

Religion,— which begins in feeling, proceeds to thought, and thence to action,— in its highest form is the keeping of all the laws which God writ in the constitution of man: in other words, it is the service of God by the normal use, discipline, development, enjoyment, and delight of every limb of the body, every faculty of the spirit, every power which we possess over matter or over mankind,— each in its due proportion, all in their complete harmony. That is the whole and complete religion.

Now leaving out of sight for a moment the matter of mere sentiment, in religion reducing itself to practice there are two things,— to wit, first, intellectual ideas, doctrines of the mind, things to be believed; secondly, moral duties, doctrines of the conscience, things to be done. Each man in his private individual capacity, as Edwin or Richard, has his own intellectual ideas, things to be believed; his own moral duties, things to be done. To be faithful to himself he must believe the one and must do the other. It is a part of his personal religion to believe the truths which he knows, to do the duties that he acknowledges.

But man is social as well as solitary. So men, in

their collective capacity as churches, towns, nations, come to the conclusion that they have certain intellectual ideas which ought to be believed, certain moral duties which ought to be done. As an expression of this fact, men assembling in bodies for purposes called religious, as churches, make up a collection of ideas connected with religion which are deemed true. They call this a creed. It is a collection of things to be believed, and so it is also a rule of intellectual conduct in matters pertaining to religion.

They likewise assemble in bodies for a purpose more directly practical, as towns, as nations, and make a collection of duties which are deemed obligatory. They call this collection of duties a constitution or a code of statutes.

I will use the word statute to mean what is commonly called a law, made by men: that is to say, a rule of practical conduct devised by men in authority. I keep the word law to describe the natural mode of operation which God wrote in the constitution of material or human nature, and the word statute for that rule of conduct which man makes and adds thereunto.

This is a legitimate aim in making the creed,— to preserve all known religious truth, and diffuse it amongst men. But it is not legitimate to aim at hindering the attainment of new religious truth, or to hinder efforts for the attainment of new religious truth.

This is a legitimate aim in making the statutes, to preserve all known moral duty, and diffuse it amongst men; and thereby secure to each man the enjoyment of all his natural rights, so that he may act according to the natural mode of operation of his powers. But it is not legitimate to hinder the attainment of new

moral duty, or efforts after that. The creed should aim at truth, all truth, and should be a step towards it. The statutes should aim at justice, all justice, to insure all the rights of each, and should be a step in that direction, not away from it.

Both the creeds and statutes may be made as follows: —

First, they may be made by men who are far before the people, men who get sight of truths and duties in advance of mankind. Then these men set to mankind a hard lesson, but one which is profitable for instruction, for doctrine, for reproof, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished to every good work. In such cases the creed or statute is educational; it is prepared for the pupil, set by a master.

Or, secondly, these creeds and statutes may be made by men who are just on a level with the average of the people. Then they are simply expressional of the moral character and attainments of the average men. They are educational to the hindmost, expressional to the middlemost, and merely protectional to the foremost,— of no service as helping them forward, only as protecting them from being disturbed, interrupted, and so drawn backwards by those who are behind.

Or, thirdly, these creeds and statutes may be made by crafty men who are below the moral average of the people; made not as steps towards truth and justice, but as means for the private personal ambition of such as make the statutes or the creeds; by men who are endowed with force of body, and rule over our flesh by violence, or with force of cunning, and rule over our minds by sophistry and fraud. In this case the creed or statute is a step backwards, aims not at truth and justice, but at falsehood and wrong, and is simply de-

basing,— debasing to the mind and conscience. Here it is not a teacher giving lessons to the pupil; it is not a pupil undertaking to set a lesson to another who knows as much as he does; it is a scoundrel setting a lesson of wickedness to the saint and the sinner.

Laws may be made in any one of these three ways, and no more; the categories are exhaustive.

Now see the relation of each individual man to the creed of his nation or church. By his moral nature man is bound to believe what to him appears true. His mind demands it as intellectual duty, his conscience demands it as moral duty; it is a part of his religion; faithfulness to himself requires this.

But he is likewise morally bound to reject everything that to him seems false. He can close his mind and not think about the matter at all, and so he may seem to believe when he does not; or he can actually think the other way, and lie about it and pretend to believe. But if he is faithful, he must believe what to him seems true, and must reject what to him seems untrue.

If a man does this, the public creed of the people or church may be a help to him, because while it embodies both the truths that men know and the errors which they likewise suppose to be true, he accepts from the creed what he deems true, and rejects what he deems false. The false that he rejects, harms him not; the true which he accepts is a blessing. But there is this trouble,— the priest, who has made, invented, or imported the creed, claims jurisdiction over the minds of men and bids the philosopher "Accept our creed." "No!" answers the philosopher, "I cannot! my reason forbids." "Then, down with your reason!" thunders the priest, "there is no truth above our creed! The priest and creed are not amenable to

reason; reason is amenable to them!" What shall be done? Shall the philosopher submit, and seem to believe? Shall he think the other way, and yet pretend to believe, and lie? or shall he openly and unhesitatingly reject what seems false? Ask these prophets of the Old Testament what we shall do! ask Socrates, Anaxagoras, Paul, Luther, Jesus! ask the Puritans of England, the Huguenots of France, the Covenanters of Scotland, which we shall do! whether we shall count human reason amenable to the priest, or the priest amenable to human reason. Sometimes a whole nation violates its mind, and submits to the priest's creed. The many mainly give up thinking altogether,— they can do it and have done it; the few think, but lie outwardly, pretending belief. Then there comes the intellectual death of the nation; the people are cut off from new accessions of truth, and intellectually they die out. "Where there is no vision the people perish," says the Old Testament; and there is not a word in the Bible more true. Tear a rose-bush from the ground and suspend it in the air, will it thrive? Just as much will man's mind thrive when plucked away from contact with truth. Do you want historic examples? Look at Mahometan countries compared with Christian. Whilst the Koran was in advance of the Mahometans there was a progress in the nations which accepted it. There arose great men. But now when men have lived up to the Koran, and are forbidden to think further, science dies out, all original literature disappears, there is no great spiritual growth. In the whole Mahometan world this day there is not a single man eminent for science or literature; not a great Mahometan orator, poet, or statesman, amongst all the many millions of Mahometans on the round

world. Look at a Catholic in comparison with a Protestant country. Compare Catholic Spain, Portugal, Italy, with England, Scotland, Germany, noble Protestant countries, and see the odds. In the Catholic countries the priest has laid himself down at the foot of the tree, and says, "Root into me, and you shall have life." Compare Catholic Brazil with Protestant New England. Nay, in New England, go into the families of private men, families where bigotry of the various denominations, Nothingarian, Unitarian, as well as Trinitarian — for there is also a "Nothingarian" bigotry — has put its cold, hard hand, and forbidden freedom of thought; — compare the children born and bred there with such as are born and bred in families where freedom of thought is not only tolerated but encouraged, and see the difference. The foremost men of this country in science, literature, statesmanship, are men who have spurned that Pharisaic meanness, which chains a man's mind and fetters his conscience.

It is as important to accumulate the thoughts of many men, as to consolidate their property for building a railroad, a factory, or a town. No single man is so rich as the whole people of Massachusetts; and though before all others in some specialty, no one man is so rich in thought as mankind. To aggregate the knowledge of a hundred men, each mastering some special subject, is of great value; it embodies the result of very much thinking, which may thus be hoarded up for future use. That is a good thing; and as each truth is a means of power, it quickens other men and helps them to think. Such is the effect of the scientific associations of Christendom, from the Boston Society of Natural History to the French Academy,—

perhaps the most learned and accomplished body of men on earth. That is a legitimate function of bodies of men coming together, each dropping his special wisdom into the human treasury, for the advantage of the whole.

But, on the other hand, the consolidation of the opinions of men who are not seeking for truth to liberate mankind, but for means to enthral us withal, will embody falsehood and also retard the progress of mankind by hindering free thought. This will be the result wherever the actual creed is taken for total,— embracing all truth now known; as final,— embracing all truth that is to be known; and as unquestionable, the ultimate standard of truth.

I just said there was not a single eminent man of science or letters in any Mahometan country; not a great scholar, philosopher, or historian. Yet there is talent enough born into Mahometan countries,— as much as in Christian nations of the same race; but it has not opportunity for development; the young Hercules is choked in his cradle. Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man born and bred a Catholic distinguished for anything but his devotion to the Catholic Church: I mean to say there is not a man in America born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, or philanthropy. I do not know one; I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, historian, orator, or poet amongst them. The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe,— they never take a common man when they know it,— they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal,

physical and intellectual, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit out of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of Jesuits from 1545 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, trim the branches close to the bole, what becomes of the tree? The bole itself remains thin and scant and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a tea-cup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub even. Put a priest, or a priest's creed, as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The great God provided the natural mode of operation: — do you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar the universe at your or my request? I think God will do no such thing.

Now see the relation of the individual to the statutes of men. There is a natural duty to obey every statute which is just. It is so before the thing becomes a statute. The legislator makes a decree; it is a declaration that certain things must be done, or certain other things not done. If the things commanded are just, the statute does not make them just; does not make them any more morally obligatory than they were before. The legislator may make it very uncomfortable for me to disobey his command when that is wicked; he cannot make it right for me to keep it when wicked. All the moral obligation depends on the justice of the statute, not on its legality; not on its constitutionality; but on the fact that it is a part of the natural law of

God, the natural mode of operation of man. The statute no more makes it a moral duty to love men and not hate them, than the multiplication table makes twice two four: the multiplication table declares this, it does not make it. If a statute announces, "Thou shalt hate thy neighbor, not love him," it does not change the natural moral duty, more than the multiplication table would alter the fact if it should declare that twice two is three. Geometry proves that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles: it does not make the equality between the two.

Now then, as it is a moral duty to obey a just statute because it is just, so it is a moral duty to disobey any statute which is unjust. If the statute squares with the law of God, if the constitution of Morocco corresponds with the constitution of the universe, which God writ in my heart,— then I am to keep the constitution of Morocco; if not, disobey it, as a matter of conscience.

Here, in disobedience, there are two degrees. First, there is passive disobedience, non-obedience, the doing nothing for the statute; and second, there is active disobedience, which is resistance, the doing something, not for the statute, but something against it. Sometimes the moral duty is accomplished by the passive disobedience, doing nothing; sometimes, to accomplish the moral duty, it is requisite to resist, to do something against the statute. However, we are to resist wrong by right, not wrong by wrong.

There are many statutes which relate mainly to matters of convenience. They are rules of public conduct indeed, but only rules of prudence, not of morals. Such are the statutes declaring that a man shall not vote till twenty-one; that he shall drive his

team on the right-hand side of the street; that he may take six per cent. per annum as interest, and not sixty; that he may catch alewives in Taunton River on Fridays, and not on Thursdays or Saturdays. It is necessary that there should be such rules of prudence as these; and while they do not offend the conscience every good man will respect them; it is not immoral to keep them.

The intellectual value of a creed is, that while it embodies truth it also represents the free thought of the believer who has come to that conclusion, either by himself alone, or as he has been voluntarily helped thitherward by some person who knows better than he. In that case his creed is the monument of the man's progress, and is the basis for future progress. It is to him, in that stage of his growth, the right rule of intellectual conduct. But when the creed is forced on the man, and he pretends to believe and believes not, or only tacitly assents, not having thought enough to deny it,— then it debases and enslaves the man.

So the moral value of a statute is, that while it embodies justice it also represents the free conscience of the nation. Then also it is a monument of the nation's moral progress, showing how far it has got on. It is likewise a basis for future progress, being a right rule for moral conduct. But when the statute only embodies injustice, and so violates the conscience, and is forced on men by bayonets, then its moral value is all gone; it is against the conscience. If the people consent to suffer it, it is because they are weak; and if they consent to obey it, it is because they are also wicked.

When the foremost moral men make a statute in advance of the people, and then attempt to enforce

that law against the consent of the majority of the people, it is an effort in the right direction and is educational; then I suppose the best men will try to execute the law, and will appeal to the best motives in the rest of men. But even in such a case, if ever this is attempted, it should always be done with the greatest caution, lest the leader go too fast for his followers, undertaking to drag the nation instead of leading them. You may drag dead oxen, drive living oxen; but a nation is not to be dragged, not to be driven, even in the right direction; it is to be led. A grown father, six feet high, does not walk five miles the hour with his child two years old; if he does, he must drag his boy; if he wants to lead him he must go by slow and careful steps, now and then taking him over the rough places in his arms. That must be done when the lawmaker is very far in advance of the people; he must lead them gently to the right end.

But when a wicked statute is made by the hindmost men in morals, men far in the rear of the average of the people, and urging them in the wrong direction; when the statute offends the conscience of the people, and the rulers undertake by violence to enforce the statute, then it can be only mean men who will desire its execution, and they must appeal to the lowest motives which animate mean men, and will thus debase the people further and further.

The priest makes a creed against the mind of the people, and says, "There is no truth above my creed! Down with your reason! it asks terrible questions." So the Catholic is always taught by authority. The priest does not aim to convince the reason; not at all! He says to the philosophers, "This is the doctrine of the Church. It is a true doctrine, and you must be-

lieve it, not because it is true,— you have no right to ask questions,— but because the Church says so." The tyrant makes a statute, and says, "There is no law above this." The subject is not to ask, "Is the statute right? does it conform to the constitution of the universe, to God's will reflected in my conscience?" He is only to inquire, "Is it a statute-law? what does the judge say? There is no higher law."

That is the doctrine which is taught to-day in almost every political newspaper in this country, Whig and Democratic; and in many of the theological newspapers. But the theological newspapers do not teach it as a principle and all at once; they teach it in detail, as a measure, telling us that this or that particular statute is to be observed, say conscience what it may. It is assumed that the legislator is not amenable to the rules of natural justice. He is only to be checked by the constitution of the land, not the constitution of the universe.

See how the principle once worked. Pharaoh made a statute that all the new-born boys of Hebrew parentage should be killed as soon as they were born. That was the statute; and instructions were given to the nurses, "If it be a son, then ye shall kill him." Did it become the moral duty of nurse Shiprah and nurse Puah to drown every new-born Hebrew baby in the river Nile? Was it the moral duty of Amram and Jochebed to allow Moses to be killed? It is only a legitimate application of the principle laid down by "the highest authorities" in America,— what are called the highest, though I reckon them among the lowest.

King Darius forbade prayer to any God or man except himself. Should the worshipers of Jehovah hold

back their prayer to their Creator? Daniel was of rather a different opinion. A few years ago a minister of a "prominent church" in this city was told of another minister who had exhorted persons to disobey the Fugitive Slave Bill, because it was contrary to the law of God and the principles of right. "What do you think of it?" said the questioner, who was a woman, to the doctor of divinity. "Very bad!" replied he, "this minister ought to keep the statute, and he should not advise men to disobey it." "But," said the good woman, "Daniel, we are told, when the law was otherwise, prayed to the Lord! prayed right out loud three times a day, with his window wide open! Did he do right or wrong? Would not you have done the same?" The minister said, "If I had lived in those times,— I think — I should — have shut my window." There was no higher law!

King Herod ordered all the young children in Bethlehem to be slain. Was it right for the magistrates to execute the order? for the justices of the peace to kill the babies? for the fathers and mothers to do nothing against the massacre of those innocents? The person who wrote the account of it seems to have been of rather a different opinion.

King Henry the Eighth of England ordered that no man should read the English Bible. Reading the Bible in the kingdom was made a felony,— punishable with death, without benefit of clergy. Was it the duty of Dr. Franklin's humble fathers to refuse to read their Bibles? They did read them, and your fathers and mine also, I trust. King Pharaoh, Darius, Herod, Henry the Eighth, could not make a wrong thing right. If a mechanic puts his wheel on the upper side of the dam, do you suppose the Merrimac is going to

run up into New Hampshire to turn his mill? Just as soon as the great God will undo His own moral work to accommodate a foolish and wicked legislator.

Suppose it was not the king, a one-headed legislator, but the majority of the nation, a legislator with many heads, who made the statutes, would that alter the case? Once, when France was democratic, the democracy ordered the butchery of thousands of men and women. Was it a moral duty to massacre the people?

I know very well it is commonly taught that it is the moral duty of the officers of government to execute every statute, and of the people to submit thereto, no matter how wicked the statute may be. This is the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, of the executive of the United States; I know very well it is the doctrine of the majority of the legislature in both houses of Congress; it is the doctrine of the churches of commerce; — God be praised, it is not the doctrine of the churches of Christianity, and there are such in every denomination, in many a town; even in the great centers of commerce there are ministers of many denominations, earnest, faithful men, who declare openly that they will keep God's law, come what will of man's statute. This is practical piety; the opposite is practical atheism. I have known some speculative atheists. I abhor their doctrines; but the speculative atheists that I have known all recognize a law higher than men's passions and calculations; the law of some power which makes the universe and sways it for noble purposes and to a blessed end.

Then comes the doctrine: — While the statute is on the books it must be enforced: it is not only the right

of the legislator to make any constitutional statute he pleases, but it is the moral and religious duty of the magistrate to enforce the statute; it is the duty of the people to obey. So in Pharaoh's time it was a moral duty to drown the babies in the Nile; in Darius' time to pray to King Darius, and him only; in Herod's time to massacre the children of Bethlehem; in Henry the Eighth's time to cast your Bible to the flames. Iscariot only did a disagreeable duty.

It is a most dreadful doctrine; utterly false! Has a legislator, Pharaoh, Darius, Herod, Henry the Eighth, a single tyrant, any moral right to repudiate God, and declare himself not amenable to the moral law of the universe? You all answer, No! Have ten millions of men out of nineteen millions in America a right to do this? Has any man a moral right to repudiate justice and declare himself not amenable to conscience and to God? Where did he get the right to invade the conscience of mankind? Is it because he is legislator, magistrate, governor, president, king? a right to do wrong!

Suppose all the voluptuaries of America held a congress of lewdness at New Orleans, and said, "There is no law higher than the brute instinctive passion of lust in men,"— then would the pimps, and bawds, and lechers have the moral right to repudiate conscience and crush purity out of the nation?

Imagine that all the misers, and sharpers, and cheats held a convention of avarice at New York or Boston, and made statutes accordingly, declaring, "There is no law higher than covetousness,"— would they have the moral right to lie, and steal, and cheat, and "crush out" all the honest men?

Fancy all the ruffians and man-killers assembled in

San Francisco,— it would be a fit place, for there were twelve hundred murders committed there in less than four years,— held a convention of violence, and sought to organize murder, and declared, "There is no law higher than the might of the lifted arm,"— would they have the moral right to kill, stab, butcher whomsoever they pleased?

But that is supposing all this wickedness done without the form of an elected legislature. Then suppose the actual legislatures of the nation should revise the Constitution and delegate the power to those persons to do that work and make statutes for the protection of lewdness, fraud, and butchery,— would it then be the moral duty of the rulers to enforce those statutes; and of the people to submit? Just as much as it is the moral duty of men to enforce any wicked statute made under the present Constitution of the United States and by the present legislators. The principle is false. It is only justified on the idea that there is no God, and this world is a chaos. But yet it is taught; and only last Sunday the minister of a "prominent church" taught that every law must be executed, right or wrong, and thanked the soldiers who, with their bayonets, forced an innocent man to slavery. No matter how unjust a statute is, it must be enforced and obeyed so long as it is on the law book!

Human law in general is a useful and indispensable instrument; but because a special statute has been made for injustice, is it to be used for injustice? Massachusetts has some thousands of muskets in the arsenal at Cambridge; but because they were made to shoot with, shall I take them to kill my neighbors; shall the governor order the soldiers to shoot down the citizens? It is no worse to do injustice with a gun

than to do injustice with a statute. It is not merely the means by which the wicked end is reached that is wicked, it is the end itself; and if the means is a thing otherwise good, the wicked end makes its use atrocious. What is the statute in the one case but a tool, and the gun a tool in the other case? The instrument is not to be blamed, and the statute is no more to be used for a wicked purpose than the gun; a State statute no more than a State gun. Medicine is a very useful thing. But will you, therefore, go into an apothecary's shop and take his drugs at random? If you are killed by a poison it is no better because called "medicine."

But the notion that every statute must be enforced is historically false. Who enforces the Sunday law in Massachusetts? Every daily newspaper you will read to-morrow morning violates the statutes of Massachusetts to-day. It would not be possible to enforce them. Of all the sixty millions of bank capital in Massachusetts, within twelve months, every dollar has violated the statute against usury. Nobody enforces these acts. Half the statutes of New England are but sleeping lions to wait for the call of the people; nobody wakes them up every day. Some have been so long fast asleep that they are dead.

When the nation will accept every creed which the priest makes, because it is made for them, then they are tools for the priest, intellectually dead; and they are fit to have Catholic tyrants rule over them in the church. When the nation is willing to accept a statute which violates the nation's conscience, the nation is rotten. If a statute is right, I will ask how I can best obey it. When it is wrong, I will ask how I can best disobey it,— most safely, most effectually, with the

least violence. When we make the priest the keeper of our creed, the State the master of our conscience, then it is all over with us.

Sometimes a great deal of sophistry is used to deceive the consciences of men and make them think a wicked law is just and right. There are two modes of procedure for reaching this end.

One is to weaken the man's confidence in his own moral perceptions by debasing human nature, declaring that "conscience is a most uncertain guide for the individual," and showing that all manner of follies and even wickedness have been perpetrated in its name. So all manner of follies have been taught in the name of reason, and foolish undertakings have been set a-going by prudent and practical men. But is that sufficient argument for refusing to trust the science of the philosopher and the common sense of practical men?

The other way is to pretend that the obnoxious statute is "consistent with morality and religion." Thus the most wicked acts have been announced in the name of God. The Catholics claimed divine authority for the Inquisition; the Carthaginians alleged the command of God as authority for sacrificing children to Melkarte. In the Law Library at Cambridge, a copy of the English Bible in folio was once the first book in the collection: a professor then used often to point to the Bible and say, "That is the foundation of the law. It all rests on the word of God!" So every wicked statute, each "ungodly custom become a law," had a divine authority! The same experiment is often tried with the Fugitive Slave Bill — it is declared "divine," having "the sanction of the law, and the prophets, and the Gospel."

With these two poisons do men corrupt the public fountains of morality!

Religion is the only basis for everything. It must go everywhere, into the man's shop, into the seamstress' work-room, must steer the sailor's ship. Reverence for the Infinite Mind, and Conscience, and Heart, and Soul, who is Cause and Providence of this world,— that must go up to the highest heights of our speculation, down to the lowest deeps of our practice. Take that away, and there is nothing on which you can depend, even for your money; or for your liberty and life. Without a reverence for the higher law of God everything will be ruled by interest or violence. The Church will collapse into nothing, the State will go down to ruin!

All around us are monuments of men who, in the name of truth broke the priest's creed, defied the king's statute in the spirit of justice. Look at them! There is a little one at Acton where two men gave their lives for their country; another at Concord; one at Lexington,— a little pile of dear old mossy stone, "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind;" another at West Cambridge; another at Danvers,— all commemorative of the same deed; and on yonder hill there is a great stone finger pointing to God's higher law, and casting its shadow on the shame of the two sister cities. All New England is a monument to the memory of those men who trusted God's higher law, and for its sake put an ocean three thousand miles wide between them and their mothers' bones. It is this which makes Plymouth Rock so dear. Our calendar is dotted all over with days sacred to the memory of such men. What are the First of August, the Twenty-second of December, the Nineteenth of April, the Seventeenth of

June, the Fourth of July, but bright red-letter days in our calendar, marked by the memory of men who were faithful to God, say the statutes of tyrants what they may say? Nay, what else are these venerable days, called Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and the Catholic saints' days throughout the Christian year?

There is one thing which this Bible teaches in almost every page, and that is reverence for the higher law of God. The greatest men who wrote here were only men; to err is human, we all learn by experiment, and they were mistaken in many things; but all teach this, from the littlest to the greatest, from Genesis to Revelation,— RELIGION BEFORE ALL OTHER THINGS, REVERENCE FOR GOD ABOVE ALL! It was that for which Jesus bowed his head on the cross, and "sat down at the right hand of God."

There is an Infinite God! You and I owe allegiance to Him, and our service of Him is the keeping of every law which He made; — keeping it faithfully, earnestly, honestly. That is religion, and to those who do it, on every thundering cloud which passes over their heads, He will cast His rainbow, girdling it with sevenfold magnificence and beauty, and on that cloud take them to His own kingdom of heaven, to be with Him for ever and for ever.

VI

THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN IMMORAL PRINCIPLE AND FALSE IDEA OF LIFE

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.— GALATIANS, vi. 7.

I ask your attention to a sermon of the Consequences which come from an Immoral Principle and False Idea of Man's Duty and the Purpose of Human Life.

Man's moral, as his industrial progress, is by experiment. Many of the experiments fail; but by repeated trials we hit the mark. America's mercantile ability to-day — her power of agriculture, mining, manufactures, commerce — is the achievement of the human race in the long history from the creation till now. So America's spiritual ability — her power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, and religion — is not the product of this one nation, nor of this age alone, but of all time and all men; it is a part of the net result of human activity thus far. Vice, ignorance, folly, injustice, bad institutions — they represent the imperfect development of man's faculties, and consequent experiments badly planned, and so which needs must fail. The most moral man in Boston did not attain his excellence all at once, but by repeated efforts, by continuous experiments; and a great many of his efforts turned out mistakes. As he builds up his fortune, so his character, by trial, by experiment; first failure, and then success. So out of this briar, Failure, we pluck the honeyed rose, Success.

In the conduct of the best men there is a percentage of abnormal action: that is, folly, injustice, error, sin — if you choose to call it so. Put all man's moral misdemeanors together, and call them by one name — Vice. They are most conveniently dealt with if put into a basket with a single handle.

This amount of abnormal action, other things being equal, will diminish in proportion to the correctness of the man's ideal of life; and in proportion to the strength and earnestness of his efforts to make his ideal the actual fact of his life: or it will increase in proportion to the falseness of his ideal; and the feebleness of his efforts to make it the actual fact of his life. Vice is a variable, capable of being enlarged or lessened.

In all nations, likewise, there is a variable percentage of moral error — vice. Other things being equal, this abnormal quantity will commonly depend on five causes.

First. On the amount of activity in the nation. A people that goes is more likely to go wrong that one that goes not; one which goes much, more than one which goes little.

Second. On the amount of property; for property represents power over nature, and this may be abused, directed wrong or right.

Third. On the difference in respect to property between the rich class and the poor class. Where this difference is immense, there is a vast quantity of vice; where the difference is small, the vice is little.

Fourth. On the ideas which men of genius, culture, and station, spread abroad amongst the people as their rule of life; on the institutions and laws. Where these are good, vice will continually diminish;

where bad, progressively multiply. National institutions, conduct, character, resemble the popular ideas as plants grow from the seed.

Fifth. On the pains taken to remove the causes of wrong,— the circumstances which occasion it; an attempt to remove ignorance, alleviate want, cure drunkenness, end prostitution; on the pains taken to comfort, teach, and moralize mankind.

In France, England, part of Germany, and the free States of America, great pains are taken to diminish the amount of vice by removing some of its outward causes. Wise social philosophers look upon all this abnormal action of a nation as a disease incident to the childhood of mankind, and to exposure amongst pernicious circumstances; not natural to man's constitution, but only native to certain conditions and stages of development; and these doctors of humanity seek to help mankind remove the outward occasion, and overcome the inward and transient impulse to this wrong.

Now, in these four countries, for fifty or a hundred years past, there has been a progressive diminution of vice. The amount of abnormal action first becomes smaller in proportion to the whole action, and to the whole property, a smaller fraction of the total action of the people. The amount of *tare* is diminished.

But next, the bad quality of vice also diminishes. The old error of violence disappears; the milder vices take its place. The chief object of vicious attack is not the substance of man, his person; it is an accident of man, his estate. Vices of violent instinct — lust, revenge, diminish and shade off into vices of reflective calculation — ambition, acquisitiveness, and the like.

Then, as a third thing, vice is getting confined to a smaller class of persons. Once, it was almost universal. Such vice was instantial, virtue the exception. In the age before Homer, every Greek skipper was also a pirate. Now, vice permanently infects but a small body of persons: first, the perishing class, whom poverty and its consequent ignorance makes offenders; second, the professional villains, not ignorant, not necessarily poor,— for, in the division of labor in modern society, general villany has become a profession, whereof there are various specialties — pickpockets, burglars, thieves, forgers, and the like; the same spirit of villany having divers manifestations.

So the general abnormal action is getting corrected. First, the snow is getting thin everywhere; next, it becomes less cold in all or most places; third, it gets melted away from the open land, and only lies in a few great heaps, covered up with dust, or is stretched in long lines where the walls hide it from the sun. Men are attacking also this residue of ice and snow, carting it off to sunnier spots; and so the world is getting moralized; and though fresh snow falls on the ground, yet the neck of vice's winter must be considered broke. The moralization of mankind goes on continually; the proportionate quantity of vice is lessened, and its quality bettered, in England, France, part of Germany, and in free America.

In some of the other countries of Christendom, there is one great cause which hinders man's instinct of progressive development, and prevents the advancing diminution of vice, namely: the institutional tyranny exercised by the Church, by society, by the State, by priests, kings, and nobles. That cause retards the

normal action of the people in Russia, Turkey, Austria, the other part of Germany, in Italy, Portugal, and Spain, where the progress of man is far less rapid than in those four other countries just named. This tyranny retards also man's advance in riches, for despotism is always costly; vice is a spendthrift, and, other things being equal, a moral people will have the most power over the material world, and consequently be the richest, and advance in riches with the greatest rapidity,— for wealth is an unavoidable accident of man's development; the hoarded result of the past is indispensable for future progress.

But here, in America, there is one cause which tends to check the progressive diminution of abnormal action, and the advancing moralization of man, and which actually is now leading to a frightful development of vice in most hateful and dangerous forms; indeed, a cause which tends to demoralize the people here, even more rapidly than tyranny itself is doing in Russia, Austria, Turkey, Italy, Portugal, and Spain. Here is the cause: it is the prevalence of an immoral principle, a false idea of man's duty, boldly set forth by men of great prominence, and within the last few years very widely spread.

To understand this false idea the better, and see how fatally it operates against us, look a little at the circumstances of the nation, wherein we differ from the other families of men. The old civilizations of Europe had two distinctive characteristic marks.

First, they were oligarchic, having a government of all, but by a few, and for the sake of a few. Sometimes there was a theocratic oligarchy,— the rule of priests over the people; sometimes a monarchic

oligarchy,— the rule of kings over the subjects; sometimes an aristocratic oligarchy,— the rule of the nobility over the plebeian class; sometimes a despotocratic oligarchy,— the rule of masters over their slaves. In all these four cases, the mass of men were deemed of no value except as servants to the oligarch. He was "born to eat up the corn," to wear the flowers in the garland round his brow; the mass of men were only born to create corn for him to eat, and rear flowers for him to wear. But if you "drive out Nature with a pitchfork, still nevertheless she comes back." And so the people tended to rebellion, casting off the yoke of priest, king, noble, master. To check this revolutionary spirit, the ruling power spreads abroad the idea that such rebellion is the greatest offense which man can commit; it is high treason. So in the theocratic oligarchy, it was high treason to doubt or deny the exclusive rule of the priest; in the monarchic, the exclusive rule of the king; in the aristocratic, the exclusive rule of the noble; and, in the despotocratic, the exclusive rule of the master. It was taught there was no natural right of man above the conventional privilege of the priest, king, noble, and master; no law of God above the enactment of earthly rulers. This characteristic mark of the old civilization is somewhat effaced in France and England; but still even there the handwriting is yet so plain that he may read who runs.

That is the first characteristic. Here is the next. Therein, civilization was military, not industrial; the art to produce was put below the art to destroy. Productive industry was counted "an illiberal art;" it was despised: destructive fighting was "liberal" work; it was honored. Working was for the mass of

the people, and must be degraded; fighting, the rulers' business, and held honorable. "It is the business of a man to fight, of a slave to work," quoth Homer. Besides, fighting was indispensable for these unnatural rulers, not only to stave off a foreign foe, but at home to keep the mass of the people down. This characteristic mark of all the governments of the Old World is likewise somewhat effaced in mercantile England and France, but still writ in letters of fire, most savagely plain. Such oligarchies do not rest on the permanent moral nature of man, but only on the transient selfishness incident to a low stage of development. Their support is not in the conscience of the mass of men, but in the violence of the few who rule; not in the consent of the Hungarians and Poles, but in the cannons of the emperor and the czar. Military violence is the complement of oligarchy: for the special privilege of the oligarch is held of his private selfishness, and against mankind; not of his human nature, and for all the people; it is a conventional, not a natural incident of humanity. Hence is it also insecure: for what will not even touch firm ground with its feet must one day with its head.

Now the American civilization has two characteristics exactly opposite to these. First, it is not oligarchic; it is a democracy, in theory, having a government of all, for all, by all. Next, it is industrial, and not military.

I. This democracy, in theory, rests on the idea that the substance of manhood, the human nature in which all are alike, is superior to any human accident wherein all must differ. Manhood is more than priesthood,

kinghood, noblehood, masterhood. The qualitative human agreement of nature is more than the quantitative difference between the genius and the clown; more than the historic and conventional distinction between noble-born and common-born, rich and poor. So democracy can exist only on condition that this human substance is equally respected in the greatest and the least; in man and woman; in the largest majority, and in the minority of one, that stands on manhood. So the people is not for the ruler, but the ruler for the people; the government is the creature of the nation, not the nation of the government. Each man's natural rights are to be sacred against the wrong-doing of any other man, or of the whole nation of men — all protected against each, each against all. That is the first point.

II. Then the American civilization is also industrial. Military power is to be exceptional, subordinate; the industrial is instantial and chief. Now, industry aims at the production and enjoyment of property; for, in a word, industry is the art of making material nature into human property. Property is a natural accident of man, inseparable from his substance. The first thing he does on coming into the world is to acquire property; first food, then shelter. The first thing the baby does is this; the earliest generation of babies,— baby men,— their first deed was acquisition; food for existence, flowers for ornament. Property is the material result and test of man's normal activity. It is also the indispensable condition of existence from day to day; much and permanent property is the indispensable condition for the advance and development of mankind, in mind and con-

science, heart and soul. It is an accident of more value than all other external accidents — priestly, kingly, nobilitary, and despotocratic. In the industrial state, money is the symbol of power, for the individual and for the nation; it is worth more than descent from priestly Moses, or Luther, from royal Charlemagne, or protectorial Cromwell, or from any nobilitary stem; "All the blood of all the Howards" is powerless, compared with the almighty dollar.

Democracy is not possible except in a nation where there is so much property, and that so widely distributed that the whole people can have considerable education — intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious. So much property, widely distributed, judiciously applied, is the indispensable material basis of a democracy; as military power is indispensable to the existence of an unnatural oligarchy — priestly, monarchic, nobilitary, or despotocratic; and as those tyrannical rulers must have military power to keep the people down, so in a democracy the people must have property — the result of their industry — to keep themselves up, and advance their education; else, very soon there will be a government over all, but by a few, and for the sake of a few; and democracy will end in despotism. But it must be natural property resting on a basis of natural morality, consisting of what man may own and not violate his moral nature. There can be no natural property which violates natural right, the constitution of the universe.

Accordingly, from the nature of such a government, it becomes necessary, in every industrial democracy, to have one thing sacred: — the natural rights of man, the substance of humanity. This is the prime factor of all the national product. If the

natural rights of man be not respected, then the democracy will perish, just as the oligarchy will come to an end if the pretended privilege of king, priest, noble, and master be denied and set at naught. The natural rights of the individual must be secured from violation by another man, or by the State. An attack on the natural rights of man is the most fatal of all things to the industrial democracy, undermining the foundation whereon its chief cornerstone is laid; for rights are anterior to all social compacts, and the earliest statutes of the oldest realm are inherent in our nature, and therewith derived from God. Oligarchy involves a denial of the generic rights of human nature; it depends on violence, and has no permanent roots in the constitution of man; while democracy is only possible on condition of permanent respect for those rights.

When the substance of man is thus respected, and his rights in general duly honored, all special rights are also safe: among these is the right to property, an indispensable accident of man, quite easily secured if man's substance be respected; but if not, then property itself is as insecure in the industrial democracy as freedom in a despotism. So, in a democracy, any attack on the inalienable rights of man, or any class of men, or any individual person, is an attack also on each one of the accidents of man — on property, for example; taking from beneath it the natural basis of right, whereon it might rest secure, and substituting therefor only permanent or fleeting violence. This has not been known as science by philosphers, nor seen as fact by the mass of men, but is yet fore-felt in the instinctive consciousness of enlightened nations, and partially acted on. We are wiser than we know, and

build better than we plan; for the instinct of the people has told them that the substance of man must be held sacred.

Now, an industrial democracy is not the creature of man's caprice, which might be so or otherwise. It is a reproduction of the law of human nature, and the constitution of the universe; and "other foundation can no man lay than what is laid" eternally in the nature of man. Arabesques of fancy may differ, as Raphael Urbino or as Raphael Morgen paints them; they are the creatures of voluntary caprice: but the multiplication tables, made by Pythagoras or Bowditch, must be exactly alike; for they represent, not man's caprice, but a necessity of universal law and rest thereon. So the industrial democracy can rest only on the law of God, writ in the constitution of matter and mind; accordingly, the greatest of all political errors, and the most fatal to the existence of democracy, to the rights of man, and to the security of property, one of his indispensable accidents, is the idea that man has no obligation to respect the constitution of the universe; and the declaration that there is no law above the statutes which men's hands have made. Where that idea prevails, there is a blow struck at every man's head, and at each dollar of property. Tyranny may be provisional; justice alone is ultimate; the point common to each and all, to man and God, whereon all rights balance.

Such is the difference between the theory of American civilization and that of the old civilizations of Asia and Europe: — ours is the theory of a society that is only possible nineteen centuries after Christ; nine centuries after it could not have been; and nine centuries before it could not have been dreamed of; and such is its foundation in man and the nature of things.

I have just said that, in virtue of certain causes, there is a progressive diminution of man's abnormal action, and a progressive moralization of mankind in England, France, part of Germany, and the Free States of America; but that in some other European countries this natural diminution of wrong is retarded by the crimes of the ruling power. Nay, even in England and France, man's moralization is largely retarded by the corruption and selfishness of the controlling classes of men, who spread abroad false ideas of man's duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God; — sometimes doing it, purposely, but most often, I have charity enough to think, doing it through mistake. Still this diminution goes on in the manner set forth.

Now, in America, in direct opposition to this progressive moralization of man, during the last few years there has been a rapid increase of certain great vices, which are also crimes; transgressions not only of God's law, but likewise of man's statutes,— vices of appalling magnitude. They are offenses not committed by those two classes just mentioned as concentrating a great amount of what is commonly called vice and crime — the perishing class, whom poverty makes thieves and robbers, and the professional villains, who make rascality their vocation. Nor yet are they committed under the transient and accidental stimulus of strong drink, or temporary malice, or passion, that springs upon the man,— causes which gender so many brawls and murders. These offenses are committed by persons of high standing in society, done deliberately, the man knowing very well what he is about.

For convenience in my handling and your remembering, I will put these into three classes. First, offenses

against the property of individuals; next, offenses against the life of individuals for the sake of getting their property; and third, offenses against the property and the life of other nations. The first and second are individual,— personal vices; the last is national,— a collective vice.

I. Here are some cases which I put in the first class, offenses against property. I will not travel out of America, nor go back more than twelve months. Let me say at the outset: of the individuals who have done the deeds I refer to, I would speak and judge with the greatest delicacy and the most refined charity. It is the deed itself on which I wish to fasten your condemnation, not the man who did it; for I want you to look through the man, at the deed; through the deed, at the cause of it, lying far behind, which I will presently bring before your eye.

Here is the first in the first class. Mr. Crane, president of a New England railroad, deprived the company of I know not how large a sum of money entrusted to him. In this particular case there was much in the man's character, and has been much in his conduct since,— which, I am told, is, in general, manly and upright,— to lead to a favorable judgment of him. It is the deed I look at, and the principle which lies behind the deed, which I condemn: for the man, I have a woman's charity; for the deed and the principle behind it, a man's justice.

Here is the next case. Mr. Schuyler, at New York, plundered the public of about two millions of dollars, committing the largest fraud of the kind ever perpetrated in America or Europe.

Here is the third. In California, Mr. Meiggs robbed

the public of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

As a fourth thing, in New York, the Ocean Bank has robbed the public of one or two hundred thousand dollars.

As a fifth, you know in Boston the history of the Metropolitan Insurance Company and of the Cochituate Bank, two bubbles of fraud that burst, swallowing up the property of honest men.

In Ohio, banks and bankers have just now committed frauds to the extent of, I think, not less than two millions of dollars.

Then look at the conduct of the municipal governments of New York and Boston, the manner in which they squander the money of the people, veiling the uses to which it has been appropriated, and thus wasting the people's treasure. I need only refer to the rapid increase of taxes in Boston, which every property-holder knows and laments,— and I need not say there is no honest explanation for the whole thing. You all know it. Here, too, I would speak with all becoming charity.

II. Here are some cases of the next class. Not two months ago, the steamship "Arctic," with about three hundred and eighty passengers, was coming from England to New York. She had six boats, and if they were crowded till the gunwale kissed the sea, they would hold at the utmost only one hundred and eighty persons; so in case of wreck there were two hundred others with no chance of escape. This was the owner's fault; and dearly has he paid for it! The ship, in a fog so thick that a man could not see twice the length of the vessel before him, drives through the darkness at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, giving no warn-

ing sound of her ferocious approach. This was the captain's fault; and dearly has he paid for it! When the disaster happened, some thirty or forty men escaped,— not a woman or child! the feeble-bodied were left to die. I will not call this the fault of the men; it was their disgrace and their sin! If our fathers at Lexington and Bunker Hill had thrown down their muskets and turned their backs to the British, and been shot down with a coward's wound, you and I would feel disgraced till this day; but I think it would not have been half so disgraceful to run from a red-coat as to leave a woman and a baby to perish in the waters, rather than hazard one's own life. I should be ashamed to live if I had left a woman to sink in the ocean, and escaped myself. It is rumored that a boat full of women was purposely overturned by the crew — to save their manly lives!

I believe about three hundred and forty persons perished. I am speaking in a mercantile town, where if life and justice be not valued, money is. Look then at it as the destruction of human property only. In Massachusetts, the official valuation of a man, whose life is destroyed by a railroad company, is five thousand dollars. Three hundred and forty lives at five thousand each, make the sum of one million seven hundred thousand dollars. That is the legal pecuniary value of life dashed away through the cupidity of the ship-owner and the recklessness of the ship-master! With gentleness, judge you the men; look at the principle which lies behind!

Pardon me if I try to calculate the value of a human life, estimating it at five thousand dollars! If, an hour before the "accident," some man had said to these three hundred and forty persons, "I will place

at your disposal all the riches of America, Europe, and Asia, on condition you shall sink yourselves to the bottom of the sea;" do you think there was one man who would have said, "Let us take the wealth, and leave it to our heirs, and ourselves atheistically go down"? No! all the wealth of the material universe could not have purchased the sin. Men who would lay down their life for a moral principle or a friend, would never throw it away, for all the gold in California or Australia, or in the three continents of the earth besides. Pardon me for calculating in money the value of human life.

A similar case, in its origin and in its conduct, took place in the recent destruction of the "Yankee Blade," at California. Then, scarce a week passes but some railroad or steamboat company massacres men by the wholesale,— sometimes, most commonly, through reckless cupidity and lust of gold. I believe America commits more murders than all the rest of Protestant Christendom; taking away Russia and Spanish America, probably more than all Christendom, Protestant and Catholic. But not to speak of the harvest of murders we annually reap, there is no country in Christendom where life is so insecure, so cruelly dashed away in the manslaughter of reckless enterprise!

III. Here is the third class,— offenses against the property and life of other nations. You may take the whole history of the present national administration for an instance. Look at the conduct of this government for the last two years of its unhappy and disgraceful life; at the perpetual filibustering of the government, now against Mexico, then against Hayti, then against Cuba; at that murderous attack on Greytown,

not only wicked, but mean, cowardly, and sneaking! not a Narragansett Indian but would have been ashamed of such un-barbarous conduct! But it has been commended, I know not in how many journals; and one in this city declares it had "the entire approbation of the whole community." See how steadily the administration seeks to tighten the chains on the working class of the South: no Italian pope, no king, nor priest, was ever more oppressive towards his subjects than the American industrial democracy towards the three and a quarter millions of men who do the work of the South.

These three classes of cases are exceptions to the progressive diminution of abnormal action, and to the advancing moralization of the people. They are not to be explained by the common causes of vice.

Look back a little, and you will see the root out of which all this monstrous crop of wickedness has grown so swiftly up. I will omit all reference to individuals and speak impersonally. A few years ago three axioms were published to the world as embodying the fundamentals of the party then in power. They were laid down as a programme of principles for the nation's future politics. Let it be remembered that this political party has more literary education, and more hoarded money, than any other whatsoever in the land. But the rival party affirmed the same principles, having therewith unity of idea.

Here are the maxims.

The first, which I give in my own language, is this: There is no law of God above any statute, however wicked, which politicians make.

The next, which is not in my words, is, "Religion

has nothing to do with politics; there it makes men mad."

The third is, "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad."

Look at these maxims one by one.

I. "There is no higher law!" That is the proclamation of objective atheism; it is the selfish materialism of Hobbes, Hume, of De la Mettrie, and Helvetius, gone to seed. You have nothing to rely on above the politicians and their statutes: if you suffer, nothing to appeal to — but the ballot-box. The speculative materialism of Comte resolves man into blood and bone and nerves. The speculative atheism of Feuerbach analyses Deity into the blind force of a blind universe, working from no love as motive, with no plan as method, and for no purpose as ultimate end. But both of these, materialistic Comte and atheistic Feuerbach, bow them down before the eternal laws of matter and mind: "These," say they, "we must keep always, come what may." But the prominent politicians of America,— they mocked at the law of nature and the constitution of mind; they outdid the "*French* materialism" of Comte, and the "*Germanic* atheism" of Feuerbach. Pardon me for saying *Germanic* atheism! He violated his nation's consciousness before he called himself an atheist; and then is not so in heart, only in head; it is the blood of pious humanity which runs in his nation's veins. The sailor, the machinist, and the farmer recognize a law of God writ in the matter they deal with, whereto they seek to conform; but the American politician has no objective restraint. No God is to check the momentum of his ambition.

II. Here is the next axiom: "Religion has nothing to do with politics." That is subjective atheism with a political application. If there be no law inherent in mind and matter above any wicked statute of a tyrant, still the instinctive religious sense of man looks up with reverence, faith, and love, and thinks there is a God, and a higher law. Materialistic Comte and atheistic Feuerbach, and those accomplished translators who set such works over to the English soil, confess to the natural religious emotions, give them sure place in all human affairs; but in one of the most important of human transactions, where the welfare of millions of men is at stake, the American politicians declare that "religion has nothing to do with politics; it makes men mad." Politic Felix trembled before Paul, reasoning of self-command, righteousness, and God's judgment to come; Festus told the magnificent apostle, "Much learning hath made thee mad;" but the heathen Roman did not venture to say, "*Religion* makes men mad!" Conscience makes cowards of men who meditate their own destruction; nay, it sometimes holds the murderer's hand. But the moral feeling, the religious feeling, has nothing to do with politics!

No higher law! Religion nothing to do with politics! See what it leads to. Come! Puritan Fathers! who, feeding on clams for three months at a time, thanked God that they "sucked of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sands!" You were mistaken! "Religion has nothing to do with politics!" Bow to the Eighth Henry, to "Bloody" Mary, and Elizabeth, scarce cleaner in the hand or heart, to James the Stupid, and to Charles, whose head the righteous ax shore off! Come, Protestant martyrs! whose bodies snapped and crackled in the Catholic fire,

but as the candle decayed, your soul still flaming more ardent up to God! Come and submit! It was all a mistake! The priestly tyrants were right! There is no higher law! Come, Glorious Company of the Apostles! Come, Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets! Come, Noble Army of Martyrs! Come, Jesus of Nazareth — crowned with thorns, spit upon, scourged, mocked at, and crucified! It was all a mistake! Your cross was not your crown of triumph; it was only your shame! The Scribes and Pharisees were right! There is no higher law! "Religion has nothing to do with politics!"

Come, all ye tyrants of earth — Herods, Pilates, Dominics, and Torquemadas! Your great enemy is slain! There is no law above you! no sentiment in the human heart which has a right to protest against your iniquities! In matter, it is objective atheism; in mind, subjective atheism. Religion has nothing to do with politics! Come, Americans! tear down the monuments you built at Bunker Hill, at West Cambridge and Concord and Lexington and Danvers, commemorating the heroism of a few farmers and mechanics! It was all a mistake! Nay, split to pieces the Rock of Plymouth, and grind it to powder, and tread it under foot of men! There is no heroism! The Puritans were madmen, and the fire-tried Christians, fools!

III. "The great object of government is the protection of property!" It is not to protect the rights of man, to give all men their natural rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!" It is not to protect labor, but only property, the result of labor. "The State — that is I!" said the French king.

There, at least, the *I*, that called itself the State, was human: here, it is the dollar that speaks: — God's law is to vacate the world, religion to avoid the soil, man to be turned out of the State, and the dollar to come in — more than soul, more than man, more than God!

That is the programme of principles laid down in 1850 and '51. It struck at all religion, all morality, all sound human policy. It affirmed the worst axioms of the worst oligarchy — theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, despotocratic. A late attorney general of the United States, in a speech at New York, in 1851, declared, "Law is liberty: not the means of liberty, it is liberty itself." He applied his words in special to the Fugitive Slave Bill —"'it is liberty!"

See the measures which were the concrete application of these three axioms — for the atheistic Word must also become flesh. According to the custom of the industrial democracy of America, one man out of every eight is considered and treated, not as human, but material, as property. Now, according to that programme of principles, there is no objective law in the universe, in the nature of things or of God, which overrides this custom, and has eminent domain over American slavery; there is no higher law. And there is, moreover, no subjective law in man which has a right to resist this slavery in politics, for, though the religious element be there, "Religion has nothing to do with politics." So nothing must be done or said to oppose the turning of every eighth American into a piece of human money.

But this class of property has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from all other chattels, and that is, it runs away! For, as the fire mounts up, and as the

water runs down, obeying the universal gravitation, so man's mind and body hates and abhors bondage, and seeks to escape therefrom; and God has made mankind so that every natural man seeks to aid the victim escaping from torment, to comfort and shelter him. I say every natural man. If a man is "regenerated," after the fashion of Mr. Adams, of this city,— not Samuel or John, but the Reverend Nehemiah Adams, who takes a "South-side view of slavery,"— or of President Lord, of Dartmouth College, who finds slavery a sacred institution,— if a man is "regenerated" after this sort, he will aid the slave hunters to the fullest extent, and that with alacrity; but men with natural hearts aid him who flees. These things being so, the property being obnoxious to flight on its own limbs, and able to excite the instinctive sympathy of whoso is most human, the government, whose great domestic object is the protection of property at home, must eminently protect this property in its special peril. So government, resisting the great objective law of God, which tends to moralize mankind, must seek to extend and propagate slavery; must oppose also the special subjective law of humanity which inclines us to help a man escaping from bondage. And so the government must pass the Fugitive Slave Bill, and re-kidnap the runaway, remanding him to slavery, and put the sheltering philanthropist in jail, and fine him a thousand dollars: thereto it must seek out the vilest men; not only the villains of the gutter, but also the congenital scoundrels of the courts and the parlor, and give them a legal commission to lay their hand on any poor woman, and, if they send her back to slavery, pay them twice as much as if they declare her free!

That programme of principles was posted all over

the land, and re-affirmed by prominent politicians, Whig and Democratic; by two Baltimore conventions of the people, unusually large and "very respectable;" by hundreds of political and commercial editors, North and South; by prominent merchants,— merchant traders and merchant manufacturers,— nine hundred and eighty-seven of "our most eminent citizens" endorsing it all. It was affirmed by judges on the bench, one judge telling the jury that if there was a doubt in their minds, and a conflict between the law of God and the Fugitive Slave Bill, then they must "obey *both;*" God upwards and the devil downwards. It was re-affirmed by prominent ministers of all denominations. All these five classes said, "There is no higher law!" "Religion has nothing to do with politics!" "Property is the great object of government!" Some pulpits were silent; a few spoke right out for God and against atheism; some ministers looked up weeping, others warning, and uttered their words, mildly, cautiously, yet with the might which comes from virtue backed by the Eternal. Most of these men had to smart and suffer. Some were driven from their parishes, and the bread taken from their wives' and children's mouths.

The programme of measures met a similar acceptance. Fugitive Slave Bill meetings were held in all the great cities. Faneuil Hall rocked with the giddy genius that screamed and thundered, teaching atheism to the people, and its walls caught the scoff and scorn and mow of the merchants of Boston, and their purchased clerks, hissing at conscience, at God, and the higher law. Ministers in this city affirmed the principle and supported the measures; yea, at Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, New Haven, Andover,— all over

the land. There were exceptional men in all these five classes,— I honor them! — but they were very few. Judges, mayors, lawyers, mechanics, truckmen, ministers, merchants, they went for kidnapping. Soldiers were called out in Boston, paid at our cost; volunteers, fifteen hundred strong, agreed to chattelize a man. Twice Boston has endorsed this programme of measures, and twice offered a human sacrifice on this two-horned altar of objective and subjective atheism. Twice the city of Cotton and Mayhew, the birthplace of Franklin and Samuel Adams, offered a human sacrifice — THOMAS SIMS and ANTHONY BURNS. Is that the end? There is a To-morrow after To-day; yea, a Forever!

While the nation was in that

> "——— rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
> Stewed in corruption,"

it chose a new administration. Look at them! — the President, the Cabinet, the present Congress, the foreign ministers the Soulés and the Belmonts, and their coadjutors; at the United States judges appointed within four years; the government officers; the marshal's guard, last June! Behold the first fruits of atheism in politics! Is that all; is it not enough? It is the commencement of the beginning.

Now, in all the frauds which destroy the property of the honest, in the recklessness which dashes away life on railroads of iron, or on the ocean's watery floor, behold the early fruits of the doctrine that there is no higher law; that religion has nothing to do with the most prominent affairs of men; that property, and not persons, is the great object of government! When

the prominent men in business, in the State, in the literature, and the Church of America, lay down this dreadful programme of principles; when the nation executes such measures, spreading slavery over every inch of federal territory, and arming twenty-one millions of freemen to hunt down and enslave a single poor fugitive; when it plunders Mexico and Hayti, and lusts for Cuba; when a Boston judge of probate betrays the wanderer, steals the outcast, and kidnaps a man in our own streets; when the mayor illegally puts the throat of the town in the hands of a militia colonel, and fills the streets with soldiers armed with the deadliest tools of death, and turns them loose to smite and kill,— and all that to steal a man accused of no crime but the misfortune of his birth, in "Christian" America; when the soldiers of Boston volunteer to desecrate the laws of God — while Nicholas, with his knout, must scourge his Russian serfs to less ignoble tasks; — while men are appointed "judges" for services against mankind, for diabolic skill to pervert law to utter wickedness; when a judge of the United States stabs at freedom of speech in Faneuil Hall; when such a judge, using such creatures as appropriate tools of wickedness, seeks such vengeance on men, for such a work; when the governor of the State compliments the illegal soldiers because they violate the laws which he was hoisted into his seat to enforce and keep; when America would thus exploiter man and God, do you wonder that railroad and steamboat companies exploiter the public, and swindling goes on all round the land! "No higher law!" "Religion nothing to do with politics!" "Property the great object of government!"

The first line of plain reading my mother ever taught me ran thus: —

"No man may put off the law of God."

I hope it has not faded out of the American spelling-books yet; but it is writ plainly on the sky, on the earth: plainer yet in words of fire in my heart. It will be the last line I shall ever read, as it was the first: I can never get beyond it.

"No man may put off the law of God."

At one extreme of society are politicians, ministers, lawyers, mayors, governors, taking a "South-side view" of every popular wickedness, longing for money, office, and fame,— which will be their children's loathed infamy,— teaching practical atheism as political science, or patriotic duty, or as "our blessed religion." At the other end are ignorant Americans and Irish Catholics — houseless, homeless, heedless, famine-stricken, and ignorant, a bundle of human appetites bound together by a selfish will. These things being so, do you wonder that crime against property and person runs through society; that Irishmen make brawls in the street; that Meiggs exploiters San Francisco, and Schuyler New York, and others Boston; that railroads take no heed of life, and steamboats sink three hundred and forty men to the bottom of the sea? Does not the nation exploiter three and a quarter millions of American citizens, and pulpits justify the deed? You can never escape the consequences of a first principle.

Dream not that you have seen the end of this obvious wickedness. There will be more "defalcations," great and little; more swindlings, more Schuylers and Meiggses. Reap as you sow — of the wind, the whirlwind. Let the present commercial crisis continue, its

vortex deepening, its whirl more swift and wide; let employment be more difficult to obtain, winter cruel cold, bread and fuel dear, and labor cheap, will the almighty dollar be safe? The property of the rich will be openly called "a robbery," and plundered from such as honestly earned, and would generously use it. The world has dreadful warnings to offer. "Protection of property the great object of government!" Bottom it on justice — it stands like the continent of Asia; but put it on injustice — what then? It has sometimes happened that an idol came to an end. "Behold Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him."

The official census gives America about seven thousand millions of dollars. Thirteen hundred millions thereof is vested in the souls of three and a quarter million men! So one sixth of the nation's property has no natural foundation; rests on no moral law; has no conscience on its side: all religion is against it; all that property is robbery, unnatural property, inhumanly got, also held only by violence. Now the prominent men of both political parties — merchants, manufacturers, politicians, lawyers, scholars, ministers,— have declared that this property in men is just as sacred as value in corn and cattle; that I may as legally, constitutionally, morally, religiously, own a man, as the pen I write with or the bread I eat; that when Ellen Craft took her body from her master in Georgia, and fled hither therewith, and appropriated it to her own use, in the eye of the law, the constitution, morality, and religion, she committed an offense just as much as Philip Marrett, when he took the money of the New

England Bank and appropriated it to his own use; and that the nation is just as much bound to restore to the Georgian slave-holder the woman who runs away from bondage as to the stockholders their money plundered by the president of the bank; nay, that all who aided in her flight are also robbers, partakers of the felony, and merit punishment. The minister who shelters is a "receiver of stolen goods!" When the Million is hungry, will it not one day take such men at their word? Shall not licentious and expensive clerks, who applauded a minister for his avowal of readiness to send into bondage forever the mother that bore him; shall not covetous agents of factories, and speculating cashiers and presidents of railroads and banks, say, "It is no worse for me to steal money than for a fugitive slave to leap into freedom? Lawyers and ministers say so. One-sixth of the nation's property is robbery, yet the loudest defended; is it worse for me to steal a few thousand dollars than for America to steal thirteen hundred millions?"

No higher law, is there! So they said in Paris some eighty years ago. "After us the deluge:" it came in their own time. "No higher law! Religion nothing to do with politics!" said the "eminent citizens" of France. "Down with the rich!" "Off with their heads!" "Ours be their money!" That was the AMEN of the million to that atheistic litany of the "enlightened." Whoso falls on God's justice shall be broken; "but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder!"

Everywhere is God's law, boundless above me, boundless beneath, every way boundless. The universe is all Bible: matter is Old Testament, man New

Testament — revelations from the Infinite God. That law — it is man's wisdom to know it; his morality to keep it; his religion to love it and the dear God whose motherly blessing breathes through and in it all. You cannot segregate this Bible from the world of space; you cannot separate a particle of it from the laws of matter. The lesser attraction holds together the cohesive particles of leather, paper, metal, which compose this Bible under my hand; and the greater gravitation binds its attracted mass downwards to the weighty world. Just so is it impossible to separate man, or any one of his faculties, from the great all-encompassing laws of God, the eternal decalogue which He has writ. Break His law, put property above person, the accident of man before the substance, declare that religion has nothing to do with man's chief affairs, and that there is no law above the appetite of the politican and the pimp,— and not a life is secure, not a dollar is safe! Subjective atheism is chaos in you, objective atheism chaos on the outside; the rich State will end in a ruffianhood of thieves; democracy turn out a depotism, and its masters will be the "marshal's guard," or the men who make and control such things.

The chain which Boston sought to put round the virtuous neck of Ellen Craft seemed short and light: but suddenly it became a terrible serpent and undid its iron coil, and twisted all round the court-house; under it crawled the judges of the State, and caught its hissing at God's law. Now it seeks to twist about Faneuil Hall and choke the eloquent speech of Liberty in her own cradle. The cannon appointed to shoot down the manhood of poor Burns, is levelled also at every pulpit where piety dares pray. The hundred

festal cannons which Boston "gentlemen"— jubilant at the triumph of their own wickedness — fired to herald the Fugitive Slave Bill, poured hard shot against every honest dollar in the town! Politicians and lower-law divines look forward a great ways — don't they! There is One who seeth the end from the beginning, and by His higher law is it imperishably writ on every soul,— Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper!

Shall we be warned by what we suffer? No, not yet. The new political party seems likely to adopt the worst principles of the old one. We must suffer much more, I fear, before we learn that to be great and permanently successful, the nation must be just to all.

Be not deceived! God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Four years ago the nation sowed atheism; see what it reaps in Boston, in New York, and San Francisco, in commercial frauds and peculation, in dashing away human life on the land or on the sea. This is very far from the end,— yet here may the dollar tremble!

But keep God's law; make the great object of government the security of every right; recognize that there is a natural and unchangeable law of God which has eminent domain over all human affairs; re-enact that into statutes; remember that religion is the mediator between man's desires and the highest,— and all is well; you have wrought after the law of God's spirit of life; your money is safe; life will be respected; and the industrial democracy, rooted in the soil of God's world, obedient to God's laws, will rise a strong and flame-like flower, abundant beauty in its leaves and blossoms, to bear fruit, and sow the world with never-ending life, a blessed and abiding joy.

VII

THE TWO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, A.D. I. AND MDCCCLV.: A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR MDCCCLVI.

A great many years ago, Augustus Cæsar, then Emperor of Rome, ordered his mighty realm to be taxed; and so, in Judea, it is said, men went to the towns where their families belonged, to be registered for assessment. From Nazareth, a little town in the north of Judea, to Bethlehem, another little but more famous town in the south, there went one Joseph, the carpenter, and his wife Mary — obscure and poor people, both of them, as the story goes. At Bethlehem they lodged in a stable; for there were many persons in the town and the tavern was full. Then and there a little boy was born, the son of this Joseph and Mary; they named him Jehoshua, a common Hebrew name, which we commonly call Joshua; but in his case we pronounce it Jesus. They laid him in the crib of the cattle, which was his first cradle. That was the first Christmas, kept thus in a barn, 1856 years ago. Nobody knows the day or the month; nay, the year itself is not certain.

After a while the parents went home to Nazareth, where they had other sons — James, Joses, Simon, and Judas — and daughters also, nobody knows how many. There the boy Jesus grew up, and, it seems, followed the calling of his father; it is said, in special, that he made yokes, ploughs, and other farm tools. Little is known about his early life and means of education.

His outside advantages were, no doubt, small and poor; but he learned to read and write, and it seems became familiar with the chief religious books of his nation, which are still preserved in the Old Testament.

At that time there were three languages used in Judea, besides the Latin, which was confined to a few officials: 1. The Syro-Chaldaic, the language of business and daily life, the spoken language of the common people. 2. The Greek, the language of the courts of justice and official documents; the spoken and written language of the foreign traders, the aristocracy, and most of the more cultivated people in the great towns. 3. The old Hebrew, the written and spoken language of the learned, of theological schools, of the priests; the language of the Old Testament. It seems Jesus understood all three.

At that time the thinking people had outgrown the old forms of religion inherited from their fathers, just as a little girl becomes too stout and tall for the clothes which once fitted her babyhood; or as the people of New England have now become too rich and refined to live in the rough log-cabins, and to wear the coarse, uncomfortable clothes, which were the best that could be got two hundred years ago. For mankind continually grows wiser and better, and so the old forms of religion are always getting passed by; and the religious doctrines and ceremonies of a rude age cannot satisfy the people of an enlightened age, any more than the wigwams of the Pequod Indians in 1656 would satisfy the white gentlemen and ladies of Boston and Worcester in 1856. The same thing happens with the clothes, the tools, and the laws of all advancing nations. The human race is at school, and learns

through one book after another, going up to higher and higher studies continually. But at that time cultivated men had outgrown their old forms of religion — much of the doctrine, many of the ceremonies; and yet they did not quite dare to break away from them, at least in public. So there was a great deal of pretended belief, and of secret denial, of the popular form of religion. The best and most religious men, it seems likely, were those who had least faith in what was preached and practised as the authorized religion of the land.

In the time of David, many years before the birth of Jesus, the Hebrew nation had been very powerful and prosperous; afterwards there followed long periods of trouble and of war, civil and domestic; the union of the tribes was dissolved, and many calamities befell the people. In their times of trouble religious men said, "God will raise us up a great king like David, to defend and deliver us from our enemies. He will set all things right." For the Hebrews looked on David as the Americans on Washington, calling him a "man after God's own heart," that is, thinking him "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Sometimes they called this expected deliverer the Messiah, that is, the Anointed One — a term often applied to a king or other great man. Sometimes it was thought this or that special man, a king, or general, would be the Messiah, and deliver the nation from its trouble. Thus, it seems, that once it was declared that King Hezekiah would perform this duty; and, indeed, Cyrus, a foreigner, a king of Persia, was declared to be the Messiah, the Anointed One. But, at other times, they who declared the deliverer would come seem to have had no particular man in their mind, but

felt sure that somebody would come. At length the expectation of a Messiah became quite common; it was a fixed fact in the public opinion. But some thought the deliverer, the redeemer, the second David, would be one thing, some another; just as men now call their favorite candidate for the Presidency a second Washington; but some think he will be a Whig, and support the Fugitive Slave Bill; some a Democrat, and favor the enslavement of Kansas; while others are sure he will be a Republican, and prohibit the extension of slavery; while yet others look for some anointed politician to abolish that wicked institution clear out from the land.

When the nation was in great peril the people said, "The Messiah will soon come and restore all things;" but probably they had no very definite notion about the deliverer or the work he was to do.

When Jesus was about thirty years old he began to speak in public. He sometimes preached in the meeting-houses, which were called synagogues; but often out of doors, wherever he could gather the people about him. He broke away from the old-established doctrines and forms. He was a come-outer from the Hebrew Church. He told men that religion did not consist in opinions or ceremonies, but in right feelings and right actions; that goodness shown to men was worth more than sacrifice offered to God. In short, he made religion consist in piety, which is love to God, and benevolence, which is love to men. He utterly forbade all vengeance, and told his followers, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." He taught that the soul was immortal — a common opinion at that time

— and declared that men who had been good and kind here would be eternally happy hereafter, but the unkind and wicked would be cast " into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." He did not represent religion as a mysterious affair, the mere business of the priesthood, limited to the temple and the Sabbath, and the ceremonies thereof; it was the business of every day — a great manly and womanly life.

Men were looking for the Anointed, the Messiah, and waiting for him to come. Jesus said, " I am the Messiah; follow me in the religious life, and all will be well. God is just as near to us now, as of old time to Moses and Elias. A greater than Solomon is here. The kingdom of heaven, a good time coming, is close at hand! "

No doubt he made mistakes. He taught that there is a devil — a being absolutely evil, who seeks to ruin all men; that the world would soon come to an end, and a new and extraordinary state would miraculously take place, in which his followers would be abundantly rewarded, and his twelve most conspicuous friends would " sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Strange things were to happen in this good time which was coming. But, in spite of that, his main doctrine, which he laid most stress upon, was that religion is piety and benevolence; for he made these the chief commandments — " Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

He went about in various parts of the country, talking, preaching, lecturing, making speeches, and exhorting the people to love each other, and live a noble, manly life — each doing to all as he would wish them

to do to him. He recommended the most entire trust in God. The people came to him in great crowds, and loved to hear him speak; for in those days nobody preached such doctrines — or indeed any doctrines with such power to convince and persuade earnest men. The people heard him gladly, and followed him from place to place, and could not hear enough of him and his new form of religion — so much did it commend itself to simple-hearted women and men. Some of them wanted to make him their king.

But while the people loved him, the great men of his time — the great ministers in the Hebrew Church, and the great politicians in the Hebrew State — hated him, and were afraid of him. No doubt some of these ministers did not understand him, but yet meant well in their opposition; for if a man had all his life been thinking about the "best manner of circumcision," or about "the mode of kneeling in prayer," he would be wholly unable to understand what Jesus said about love to God and to man. But no doubt some of them knew he was right, and hated him all the more for that very reason. When they talked in their libraries, they admitted that they had no faith in the old forms of religion; but when they appeared in public they made broad their phylacteries, and enlarged the borders of their garments; and when they preached in their pulpits, they laid heavy burdens on men's shoulders, and grievous to be borne. The same thing probably took place then which has happened ever since; and they who had no faith in God or man were the first to accuse this religious genius with being an infidel.

So, one night, they seized Jesus, tried him before daylight next morning, condemned him, and put him to death. The seizure, the trial, the execution, were not

effected in the regular legal form — they did not occupy more than twelve hours of time — but were done in the same wicked way that evil men also used in Boston when they made Mr. Sims and Mr. Burns slaves for life. But Jesus made no resistance; at the "trial" there was no "defense;" nay, he did not even feel angry with those wicked men; but, as he hung on the cross, almost the last words he uttered were these — "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Such wicked men killed Jesus, just as in Old England, three hundred years ago, the Catholics used to burn the Protestants alive; or as in New England, two hundred years ago, our Protestant fathers hung the Quakers and whipped the Baptists; or as the slaveholders in the South now beat an abolitionist, or whip a man to death who insists on working for himself and his family, and not merely for men who only steal what he earns; or as some in Massachusetts, a few years ago, sought to put in jail such as speak against the wickedness of slavery.

After Jesus was dead and buried, some of his followers thought that he rose from the dead and came back to life again within three days, and showed himself to a few persons here and there — coming suddenly and then vanishing, as a "ghost" is said to appear all at once and then vanish, or as the souls of other dead men are thought to "appear" to the spiritualists, who do not, however, *see* the ghosts, but only *hear* and *feel* them. Very strange stories were told about his coming to men through closed doors, and talking with them — just as in our time the "mediums" say the soul of Dr. Franklin, or Dr. Channing, or some great man, comes and makes "spiritual communications." They say that at last, he "was parted from them, and

carried up into heaven," and "sat on the right hand of God."

His friends and followers went about from place to place, and preached his doctrines, but gradually added many more of their own. They said that he was the Anointed, the Messiah, the Christ, who was foretold in the Old Testament, and that did strange things called miracles; that at a marriage feast, where wine was wanted, he changed several barrels of water into wine of excellent quality; that he fed five thousand men with five loaves, walked on the water, opened the eyes, ears and mouths of men born blind, deaf, and dumb, and at a touch or a word brought back a maimed limb. They called him a Saviour sent from God to redeem the Jews, and them only, from eternal damnation; next, said that he was the Saviour of all mankind — Jews and Gentiles too; that he was a sacrifice offered to appease the wrath of God, who had become so angry with his children that He intended to torment them all for ever in hell. By and by his followers were called Christians — that is, men who took Jesus for the Christ of the Old Testament; and in their preaching they did not make much account of the noble ideas Jesus taught about man, God, and religion, or of his own great manly life; but they thought his *death* was the great thing, and that was the means to save men from eternal torment. Then they went further, and declared that Jesus was not the son of Joseph and Mary, but *the Son of God* and Mary — miraculously born; next, that he was God's *only Son*, who had never had any child before, and never would have another; again, that he was a God who had lived long before Jesus was born, but for the then first time took the human form; and at last, that he was *the only God*, the

Creator and Providence of all the universe, but was man also, the *God-man.* Thus, gradually, the actual facts of his history were lost out of sight, overgrown with a great mass of fictions, poetic and other stories, which make him a mythological character; the Jesus of fact was well-nigh forgot — the Christ of fiction took his place.

Well, after the death of Jesus, his followers went from town to town, from country to country, preaching "Christ, and him crucified;" they taught that the world would soon end, for Jesus would come back and "judge the world," raising the dead; and then all who had believed in him would be "saved," but the rest would be "lost for ever;" a new world would take the place of the old, and the Christians would have a good time in that kingdom of heaven. This new "spiritual world" would contain some extraordinary things; thus, "every grape-vine would have ten thousand trunks, every trunk ten thousand branches, every branch ten thousand twigs, every twig ten thousand clusters, every cluster ten thousand grapes, and every grape would yield twenty-five kilderkins of wine."

But everywhere they recommended a life of sobriety and self-denial, of industry and of kind deeds — a life of religion. Everywhere the Christians were distinguished for their charity and general moral excellence. But the Jews hated them and drove them away; the heathens hated them, and put many to death with dreadful tortures; all the magistrates were hostile. But when the common people saw a man or woman come out and die rather than be false to a religious emotion or idea, there were always some who said, "That is a strange thing — a man dying for his God. There must be something in that religion; let us also

become Christians." So the new doctrine spread wide; not the simple religion of Jesus — piety and morality; but what his followers called Christianity — a mixture of good and evil. In two or three hundred years it had gone round the civilized world. Other forms of religion fell to pieces, one by one. Judaism went down with the Hebrew people, heathenism went down, and Christianity took their place. The son of Joseph and Mary, born in a stable, and killed by the Jews, was worshiped as the only God all round the civilized world. The new form of religion spread very much as Spiritualism has done in our time, only in the midst of worse persecution than the Mormons have suffered. At this day there are some two hundred and sixty millions of people who worship Jesus of Nazareth; most of them think he was God, the only God. But a small number of men believe that he was no God, no miraculous person, but a good man with a genius for religion. All the Christians think he was full of all manner of loving-kindness and tender mercy. So all over the world to-day, among the two hundred and sixty millions of Christians, there is great rejoicing on account of his birth, which it is erroneously supposed took place on the 25th of December, in the year 1. They sing psalms, and preach sermons, and offer prayers, and make a famous holiday. But the greater part of the people think only of the festival, and very little of the noble boy who was born so long ago in a tavern-barn in Judea. And of all the ministers who talk so much about the old Christ, there are not many who would welcome a new man who should come and do for this age the great service which Jesus did for his own time. But as, on the 4th of July, slaveholders, and border ruffians, and kidnappers, and men who believe

there is no higher law, ring their bells, and fire their cannons, and let off their rockets, making more noise than all those who honor and defend the great principles of humanity which make Independence Day famous; so on Christmas, not only religious people, but scribes, and Pharisees, and hypocrites, make a great talk about "Christ, and him crucified;" when, if a man of genius for religion were now to appear, they would be the first to call out "Infidel!" "Infidel!" and would kill him if it were possible or safe.

Well, one rainy Sunday evening in 1855, just twelve days before Christmas, in the little town of Soitgoes, in Worcester county, Mass., Aunt Kindly and Uncle Nathan were sitting in their comfortable parlor before a bright wood fire. It was about eight o'clock, a stormy night; now it snowed a little, then it rained, then snowed again, seeming as if the weather was determined on some kind of a storm, but had not yet made up its mind for snow, rain, or hail. Now the wind roared in the chimney, and started out of her sleep a great tortoise-shell cat, that lay on the rug which Aunt Kindly had made for her. Tabby opened her yellow eyes suddenly, and erected her *smellers;* but finding it was only the wind, and not a mouse, that made the noise, she stretched out a great paw and yawned, and then cuddled her head down so as to show her white throat, and went to sleep again.

Uncle Nathan and Aunt Kindly were brother and sister. He was a little more than sixty; a fine, hale, hearty-looking, handsome man as you could find in a summer's day, with white hair, and a thoughtful, benevolent face, adorned with a full beard as white as his venerable head. Aunt Kindly was five-and-forty, or thereabouts; her face a little sad when you looked

at it carelessly in its repose, but commonly it seemed cheerful, full of thought and generosity, and handsome withal; for, as her brother told her, "God administered to you the sacrament of beauty in your childhood, and you will walk all your life in the loveliness thereof."

Uncle Nathan had been an India merchant from his twenty-fifth to about his fiftieth year, and had now, for some years, been living with his sister in his fine, large house — rich and well-educated, devoting his life to study, works of benevolence, to general reform and progress. It was he who had the first anti-slavery lecture delivered in the town, and actually persuaded Mr. Homer, the old minister, to let Mr. Garrison stand in the pulpit on a Wednesday night and preach deliverance unto the captives; but it could be done only once, for the clergymen of the neighborhood thought anti-slavery a desecration of their new wooden meeting-houses. It was he, too, who asked Lucy Stone to lecture on woman's rights; but the communicants thought it would not do to let a "woman speak in the church," and so he gave it up. All the country knew and loved him, for he was a natural overseer of the poor, and guardian of the widow and the orphan. How many a girl in the Normal School every night put up a prayer of thanksgiving for him; how many a bright boy in Hanover and Cambridge was equally indebted for the means of high culture, and if not so thankful, why, Uncle Nathan knew that gratitude is too nice and delicate a plant to grow on common soil. Once, when he was twenty-two or three, he was engaged to a young woman of Boston, while he was a clerk in a commission store. But her father, a skipper from Beverly or Cape Cod, who continued vulgar while he

became rich, did not like the match. "It won't do," said he, "for a poor young man to marry into one of our fust families; what is the use of aristocracy if no distinction is to be made, and our daughters are to marry Tom, Dick, and Harry?" But Amelia took the matter sorely to heart; she kept her love, yet fell into a consumption, and so wasted away; or, as one of the neighbors said, "She was executed on the scaffold of an upstart's vulgarity." Nathan loved no woman in like manner afterwards, but after her death went to India, and remained years long. When he returned, and established his business in Boston, he looked after her relations, who had fallen into poverty. Nay, out of the mire of infamy he picked up what might have been his nephews and nieces, and, by generous breeding, wiped off from them the stain of their illicit birth. He never spoke of poor Amelia; but he kept a little locket in one end of his purse; none ever saw it but his sister, who often observed him sitting with it in his hand, and hour by hour looking into the fire of a winter's night, seeming to think on distant things. She never spoke to him then, but left him alone with his recollections and his dreams. Some of the neighbors said he "worshiped it;" others called it "a talisman." So indeed it was, and by its enchantment he became a young man once more, and walked through the moonlight to meet an angel, and with her enter their kingdom of heaven. Truly it was a talisman; yet if *you* had looked at it, you would have seen nothing in it but a little twist of golden hairs tied together with a blue silken thread.

Aunt Kindly had never been married; yet once in her life, also, the right man seemed to offer, and the blossom of love opened with a dear prophetic frag-

rance in her heart. But as her father was soon after struck with palsy, she told her lover they must wait a little while, for her first duty must be to the feeble old man. But the impatient swain went off and pinned himself to the flightiest little humming-bird in all Soitgoes, and in a month was married, having a long life before him for bitterness and repentance. After the father died, Kindly remained at home; and when Nathan returned, years after, they made one brotherly and sisterly household out of what might else have gladdened two connubial homes. "Not every bud becomes a flower."

Uncle Nathan sat there, his locket in his hand, looking into the fire; and as the wind roared in the chimney, and the brands crackled and snapped, he thought he saw faces in the fire; and when the sparks rose up in a little cloud, which the country children call "the people coming out of the meeting-house," he thought he saw faces in the fire; they seemed to take the form of the boys and girls as he had lately seen them rushing out of the Union School-house, which held all the children in the village; and as he recognized one after the other, he began to wonder and conjecture what would be the history of this or that particular child. While he sat thus in his waking dream, he looked fixedly at the locket, and the blue thread which tied together those golden rays of a summer sun, now all set and vanished and gone, but which was once the morning light of all his promised days; and as his eyes, full of waking dreams, fell on the fire again, a handsome young woman seemed to come forth from between the brands, and the locks of her hair floated out and turned into boys and girls, of various ages, from babyhood to youth; all looking somewhat like him and also

like the fair young woman. But the brand rolled over, and they all vanished in a little puff of smoke.

Aunt Kindly sat at the table reading the Bible. I don't know why she read the Gospels, for she knew them all four by heart, and could repeat them from end to end. But Sunday night, when none of the neighbors were there, and she and Nathan were all alone, she took her mother's great square Bible and read therein. This night she had been reading, in chapter xxxi. of Proverbs, the character of a noble woman; and, finishing the account, turned and read the 28th verse a second time — "Her children rise up and call her blessed." I do not know why she read *that* verse, nor what she thought of it; but she repeated it to herself three or four times — "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

As she was taking up the venerable old volume to lay it away for the night, it opened by accident at Luke xiv., and her eye fell on verses 12, 13 — "But when thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbor, lest they also call thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee."

She sat a moment recollecting that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and had also denounced woe on all such as cause these little ones to offend, and declared that in heaven their angels continually behold the face of the Father.

After a few minutes she turned to Nathan, who had replaced the brands in hopes to bring back the vision

by his "faculty divine," and said, "Brother, I wonder if it would not be better to make a little change in our way of keeping Christmas. It is a good thing to call together the family once a year — our brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces; we all of us love the children so much, and have a good time. I would not give that up. The dinner is very well; but the evening goes off a little heavy; that whist playing, we both dislike it — so much talk about such trifles. What if we should have a children's festival on Christmas night, and ask all the little folks in the town to your nice new hall — it will be done before that time, won't it? It will be a good christening for it; and Mr. Garrison, whom you have asked to speak there on New Year's day, will like it all the better if baptized by these little ones, who are 'of the kingdom of heaven.' Surely little children may run before the great liberator."

"Just what I was thinking of," said Uncle Nathan; "as I looked at the sparks of fire, I was saying to myself, 'I have not quite done my duty to the boys and girls in Soitgoes.' You and I," said he, rather sadly, putting the locket in his purse, and pressing the gold ring gently down on it, "you and I have no children. But I sometimes feel like adopting all the boys and girls in the parish; and when I saw that great troop of them come out of the school-house last week, I felt a little reproach, that, while looking after their fathers and mothers, I had not done more for the children."

"I am sure you gave the town that great new school-house," said Kindly.

"Yes, that's nothing. I furnished the money and the general idea; Eliot Cabot drew the plan — capital plan it is, too; and Jo Atkins took the job. I paid

the bills. But how will you arrange it for Christmas?"

"Well," said Kindly, who had an organizing head, "we'll have a children's party. I'll ask all under fifteen, and if some older ones come in, no matter; I hope they will. Of course the fathers and mothers are to come and look on, and have a real good time. We will have them in the new hall. I wonder why they call it the *new* hall; there never was any old one. We will have some plain cake and lemonade, music, dancing, little games, and, above all, a *Christmas tree.* There shall be gifts on it for all the children under twelve. The people who are well-to-do will give something to buy the gifts for children of their own standing, and you and I will make up what is wanting for the poor ones. We'll have little games as well as a dance. Mrs. Toombs — Sallie Wilkins that used to be — the minister's wife, has a deal of skill in setting little folks to play; she has not had much use for it, poor thing, since her marriage, six or seven years ago. What a wild romp she used to be! but as good as Sunday all the time. Sally will manage the games; I'll see to the dancing."

"The children can't dance," said Uncle Nathan; "you know there never was a dancing-school in town."

"Yes, they can," said Kindly. "The girls will dance by nature, and the boys will fall in, rather more clumsily, of course. But it will do well enough for us. Besides, they have all had more practice than you think for. You shall get the pine-tree, or hemlock, and buy the things — I'll tell you what to-morrow morning — and I will manage all the rest."

The next morning it was fine, bright weather; and the garments blossomed white on the clothes-lines all

round the village; and with no small delight the housewives looked on these perennial hanging-gardens, periodically blooming, even in a New England winter. Uncle Nathan mentioned his sister's plan to one of his neighbors, who said, "Never 'll go here!" "But why not?" "Oh, there's Deacon Willberate and Squire Allen are at loggerheads about the allusion to slavery which Rev. Mr. Freeman made in his prayer six months ago. They had a quarrel then, you know, and have not spoken since. If the Deacon likes it, the Squire won't, and *vice versâ*. Then Colonel Stearns has had a quarrel and a lawsuit with John Wilkinson about that little patch of meadow. They won't go; each is afraid of meeting the other. Half the parish has some *miff* against the other half. I believe there never was such a place for little quarrels since the Dutch took Holland. There's a tempest in every old woman's teapot. Widow Seedyweedy won't let her daughters come, because, as she says, you are a temperance man, and said at the last meeting that rum made many a widow in Soitgoes, and sent three quarters of the paupers to the almshouse. She declared the next day that you were 'personal, and injured her feelings; and 'twas all because you was rich and she was a poor lone widow, with nothing but her God to trust in.'"

"Oh, dear me," said Uncle Nathan, "it is a queer world — a queer world; but, after all, it's the best we've got. Let us try to make it better still."

Aunt Kindly could not sleep much all night for thinking over the details of the plan. Before morning it all lay clear in her mind. Monday afternoon she went round to talk with the neighbors and get all things ready. Most of them liked it; but some thought

it was "queer," and wondered "what our pious fathers would think of keeping Christmas in New England." A few had "religious scruples," and would do nothing about it. The head of the Know-nothing lodge said it was "a furrin custom, and I want none o' them things; but Ameriky must be ruled by 'Mericans; and we'll have no disserlutions of the Union, and no popish ceremonies like a Christmas tree. If you begin so, you'll have the pope here next, and the fulfilment of the seventeenth chapter of Revelations."

Hon. Jeduthan Stovepipe also opposed it. He was a rich hatter from Boston, and a "great Democrat"; who, as he said, had lately "purchased grounds in Soitgoes, intending to establish a family." He "would not like to have Cinderella Jane and Edith Zuleima mix themselves up with Widow Wheeler's children — whose father was killed on the railroad five or six years before — for their mother takes in washing. No, sir," said he; "it will not do. You have no daughters to marry, no sons to provide for. It will do well enough for you to talk about 'equality,' about 'meeting the whole neighborhood,' and that sort of thing; but I intend to establish a family; and I set my face against all promiscuous assemblages of different classes in society. It is bad enough on Sundays, when each man can sit buttoned up in his own pew; but a festival for all sorts and conditions of children — it is contrary to the genius of our republican institutions." His wife thought quite differently; but the poor thing did not dare say her soul was her own in his presence. Aunt Kindly went off with rather a heavy heart, remembering that Jeduthan was the son of a man sent to the State Prison for horse-

stealing, and born in the almshouse at Bankton Four Corners, and had been bound out as apprentice by the selectmen of the town.

At the next house, Miss Robinson liked it; but hoped she would "not ask that family o' niggers — that would make it so vulgar"; and she took a large pinch of Scotch snuff, and waddled off to finish her ironing. Mrs. Deacon Jackson — she was a second wife, with no children — hoped that "Sally Bright would not be asked, because her father was in the State Prison for passing counterfeit money; and the example would be bad, not friendly to law and order." But as Aunt Kindly went out, she met the old Deacon himself — one of those dear, good, kind souls, who were born to be deacons of the Christian religion, looking like one of the eight Beatitudes; and as you stopped to consider which of that holy family he most resembled, you found he looked like all of them. "Well," said he, "now ma'am, I like that. That will be a *Christian* Christmas — not a heathen Christmas. Of course you'll ask all the children of 'respectable people'; but I want the *poor ones* too. Don't let anybody frighten you from asking Sip Tidy's children. I don't know that I like colored folks particularly, but I think God does, or He would not have colored 'em, you know. Then do let us have all of Jo Bright's little ones. When I get into the State Prison, I hope somebody 'll look after my family. I know *you* will. I don't mean to go there; but who knows? 'If everybody had his deserts, who would escape a flogging?' as the old saying is. Here's five dollars towards the expenses; and if that ain't enough, I'll make it ten. Elizabeth will help you make the cake, etc. You shall have as many eggs as you want.

Hens hain't laid well since Thanksgiving; now they do nothing else."

Captain Weldon let one iron cool on the anvil, and his bellows sigh out its last breath in the fire and burn the other iron, while he talked with Aunt Kindly about it. The Captain was a widower, about fifty years old, with his house full of sons and daughters. He liked it. Patty, his oldest daughter, could help. There were two barrels of apples, three or four dollars in money, and more if need be. "That is what I call the democracy of Christianity," said the good man. "I shall see half the people in the village; they'll be in here to get their horses corked before the time comes, and I'll help the thing along a little. I'll bring the old folks, and we'll sing some of the old tunes; all of us will have a real old-fashioned good time." Almira, his daughter, about eighteen years old, ran out to talk with Kindly, and offered to do all sorts of work, if she would only tell her what. "Perhaps Edward will come too," said Kindly. "Do you want *him?*" asked Almira. "Oh, certainly; want all the lovers," replied she, not looking to see how her face kindled, like a handsome morning in May.

One sour old man, who lived off the road, did not like it. 'Twas a popish custom; and said, "I always fast on Christmas." His family knew *they* did, and many a day besides; for he was so covetous that he grudged the water which turned his own mill.

Mr. Toombs, a young minister, who had been settled six or seven years, and loved the commandments of religion much better than the creed of theology, entered into it at once, and promised to come, and not wear his white cravat. His wife — Sally Wilkins that used to be — took to it with all her might.

So all things were made ready. Farmers sent in apples and boiled chestnuts; and there were pies, and cookies, and all manner of creature comforts. The German who worked for the cabinet-maker decorated the hall, just as he had done in Wittenberg often before; for he was an exile from the town where Martin Luther sleeps, and his Katherine, under the same slab. There were branches of holly with their red berries, winter-green and pine boughs, and hemlock and laurel, and such other handsome things as New England can afford even in winter. Besides, Captain Weldon brought a great orange tree, which he and Susan had planted the day after their marriage, nearly thirty years before. "Like Christmas itself," as he said, "it is a history and a prophecy; full of fruit and flowers both." Roses, and geraniums, and chrysanthemums, and oleanders were there, adding to the beauty.

All the children in the village were there. Sally Bright wore the medal she won the last quarter at the Union School. Sip Tidy's six children were there, and all the girls and boys from the poor-house. The Widow Wheeler and her children thought no more of the railroad accident. Captain Weldon, Deacon Jackson and his wife, and the minister were there; all the selectmen, and the town clerk, and the schoolmasters and school ma'ams, and the Know-nothing representative from the south parish; great, broad-shouldered farmers came in, with Baldwin apples in their cheeks as well as in their cellars at home, and their trim, tidy wives. Eight or ten Irish children came also; Bridget, Rosanna, Patrick, and Michael, and Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien themselves. Aunt Kindly had her piano there, and played and sang.

Didn't they all have a good time? Old Joe Roe,

the black fiddler, from Beaver Brook, Mill Village, was over there; and how he did play! how they did dance! Commonly, as the young folks said, he could play only one tune, "Joe Roe and I"; for it is true that his sleepy violin did always seem to whine out, "Joe Roe and I, Joe Roe and I, Joe Roe and I." But now the old fiddle was wide awake. He cut capers on it; and made it laugh, and cry, and whistle, and snort, and scream. He held it close to his ear, and rolled up the whites of his eyes, and laughed a great, loud, rollicking laugh; and he made his fiddle laugh too, right out.

The young people had their games,— "Boston," "Puss in the Corner," "Stir you Must," "Hunt the Squirrel round the Woods," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Jerusalem." Mr. Atkins, who built the hall, was a strict orthodox man and a Know-nothing, got them to play "Break the Pope's Neck," which made a deal of fun. The oldest people sung some of the old New England tunes, in the old New England way. How well they went off! in particular —

> "How beauteous are their feet
> Who stand on Zion's Hill;
> And bring salvation on their tongues,
> And words of peace reveal."

But the great triumph of all was the Christmas tree. How big it was! a large stout spruce in the upper part of the hall. It bore a gift for every child in the town. Two little girls had the whooping-cough, and could not come out; but there were two playthings for them also, given to their brothers to be taken home. St. Nicholas — it was Almira Weldon's lover — distributed the gifts.

Squire Stovepipe came in late, without any of the

"family" that he was so busy in "establishing," but was so cold that it took him a good while to warm up to the general temperature of the meeting. But he did at length, and talked with the Widow Wheeler, and saw all her well-managed children, and felt ashamed of his meanness only ten days before. Deacon Willberate saw his son Ned dancing with Squire Allen's rosy daughter, Matilda; for the young people cared more for each other than for all the allusions to slavery in all the prayers and sermons too of the whole world; and it so reminded him of the time when he also danced with *his* Matilda — not openly at Christmas celebrations, but by stealth — that he went straight up to his neighbor. "Squire Allen," said he, "give me your hand. New Year's is a good day to square just accounts; Christmas is not a bad time to settle needless quarrels. I suppose you and I, both of us, may be wrong. I know I have been, for one. Let by-gones be by-gones." "Exactly so," said the Squire. "I am sorry, for my part. Let us wipe out the old score, and chalk up nothing for the future but good feelings. If a prayer parted, perhaps a benediction will unite us; for Katie and Ned look as if they meant we should be more than mere neighbors. Let us begin by becoming friends."

Colonel Stearns took his youngest daughter, who had a club-foot, up to the Christmas tree for her present, and there met face to face with his enemy's oldest girl, who was just taking the gift for her youngest brother, Robert, holding him up in her bare arms that he might reach it himself. But she could not raise him quite high enough, and so the Colonel lifted up the little fellow till he clutched the prize; and when he set him down, his hands full of sugar-cake, asked

him, "Whose bright little five-year-old is this? What is your name, blue eyes?" "Bobbie Nilkison," was the answer. It went right to the Colonel's heart. "It is Christmas," said he; "and the dear Jesus himself said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Well, well, he said something to us old folks, too: 'If thy brother trespass against thee,' etc., and 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.'" He walked about awhile, thinking, and then found his neighbor. "Mr. Wilkinson," said he, "it is bad enough that you and I should quarrel in law, but let us be friends in the gospel. As I looked at your little boy, and held him up in my arms, and found out whose son he was, I felt ashamed that I had ever quarreled with his father. Here is my hand, if you think fit to take it." "With all my heart," said Wilkinson. "I fear I was more to blame than you. But we can't help the past; let us make amends for the future. I hope we shall have many a merry Christmas together in this world and the next. Perhaps Uncle Nathan can settle our land-quarrel better than any jury in Worcester county."

Mr. Smith, the Know-nothing representative, was struck with the bright face of one of the little girls who wore a school-medal, and asked her name. "Bridget O'Brien, your honor," was the answer. "Well, well," said he, "I guess Uncle Nathan is half right: 'it's all prejudice.' I don't like the Irish, *politically*. But after all, the pope will have to make a pretty long arm to reach round Aunt Kindly, and clear through the Union School-house, and spoil Miss Bridget — a pretty long arm to do all that."

So it went on all round the room. "That is what I call the Christian sacrament," said Deacon Jackson to Captain Weldon. "Ah, yes," replied the blacksmith, "it is a feast of love. Look there; Colonel Stearns and John Wilkinson have not spoken for years. Now it is all made up. Both have forgotten that little strip of beaver-gray meadow, which has cost them so much money and hard words, and in itself is not worth the lawyers' fees."

How the children played! how they all did dance! and of the whole sportive company not one footed the measure so neat as little Hattie Tidy, the black man's daughter. "What a shame to enslave a race of such persons," said Mr. Stovepipe. "Yet I went in for the Fugitive Slave Bill, and was one of Marshal Tukey's 'fifteen hundred gentlemen of property and standing.'[1] May God forgive me!" "Amen," said Mr. Broadside, a great, stout, robust farmer; "I stood by till the Nebraska Bill put slavery into Kansas, then I went right square over to the anti-slavery side. I shall stick there for ever. Dr. Lord may try and excuse slavery just as much as he likes. I know what all that means. He don't catch old birds with chaff."[2]

Uncle Nathan went about the room talking with the men and women; they all knew him, and felt well acquainted with such a good-natured face; while Aunt Kindly, with the nicer tact of a good woman, introduced the right persons to each other, and so promoted happiness among those too awkward to obtain it alone or unhelped. Besides this, she took special care of the boys and girls from the poor-house.

What an appetite the little folks had for the good things! How the old ones helped them dispose of these creature comforts! while such as were half-way

between were too busy with other matters to think much of the eatables. Solomon Jenkins and Katie Edmunds had had a falling out. He was the miller at Stony Brook; but the "course of true love never did run smooth" with him; he could not coax Katie's to brook into his stream; it would turn off some other way. But that night Katie herself broke down the hindrance, and the two little brooks became one great stream of love and flowed on together, inseparable; now dimpling, deepening, and whirling away full of beauty towards the great ocean of eternity.

Uncle Nathan and Aunt Kindly, how happy they were, seeing the joy of all the company! they looked like two new redeemers — which indeed they were. The minister said, "Well, I have been preaching charity and forgiveness and a cheerful happiness all my life, now I see signs of the 'good time coming.' There's forgiveness of injuries," pointing to Colonel Stearns and Mr. Wilkinson; "old enemies reconciled. All my sermons don't seem to accomplish so much as your Christmas festival, Mr. Robinson," said he, addressing Uncle Nathan. "We only watered the ground," said Aunt Kindly, "where the seed was long since sown by other hands; only it does seem to come up abundantly, and all at once." Then the minister told the people a new Christmas story; and before they went home they all joined together and sang this hymn to the good tune of Old Hundred:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd."

VIII

THEODORE PARKER TO A YOUNG MAN

Boston, 7th July, 1851.

My dear Friend,—Your mother told me that you are soon to leave her and all the tender ties of home, and go out to seek your fortune in the world. She wished me to say a word of counsel to you at this time. I am glad to do so, as I remember well the time when I first left my father's house, to find a home elsewhere. I was younger than you are, and went to teach a little village school. Let me say a few words to you, which my own experience suggests.

I suppose you wish to be rich. Most young men have a longing for riches; and most old men, too. I don't think *riches* desirable. I should be sorry to have inherited wealth. But a *competence* is very desirable, is indispensable. Well, the way to get it is by *forethought* to plan, *industry* to execute, and *prudence* to keep the earnings of your work. I should always wish to get what I earned, but never to take more than I had honestly, fairly, really earned. I am sure that with forethought, industry, and prudence you cannot fail to get a competence. All that you get more than a sufficient fortune is commonly a misfortune. A competence is not hard to get.

But the best thing which you can get in life is not money, nor what money brings along with it. A great estate is not worth so much as a good man. You are here in this world to become a *good man*,— a wise man, a just man, an affectionate man, a religious

man. This is the one thing you will carry out of this world, and into the next. Money will make you acceptable to man; manhood — I mean wisdom, justice, affectionateness, and religion — will make you welcome to God, and blessed by Him forever. Your business is one help to obtain that manhood, but business alone will not give it to you. You must work for your manhood as much as for your money, and take as much pains to get it, and to keep it, too. The first thing, then, is *to keep clear of certain vices.* As yet, you hardly know the temptations which will come upon you. But there are three things which you must set your face against at once and forever, *intemperance*, *gambling*, and *licentiousness.* These three vices ruin thousands of young men every year. To some persons, perhaps to most young men, the temptation to some one of these is very powerful. Resist these three, and you will do pretty well in this period of life.

Now, I would not recommend you to be gloomy and sour and stiff. I hope you will be cheerful, lively, even gay and mirthful, all that belongs to your period of life. But you can be all this, without *sin;* you need not put a sting in your heart to torment you forever. Trust me, there is little real pleasure in anything which your conscience forbids.

Then you want to cultivate your mind. This you can do in part by reading valuable books, as you have leisure and opportunity. I have always found a good deal of time for it at sea. Forethought, industry, and prudence will help you here as much as in getting money. I used to find it a profitable thing to keep a journal, in which I wrote down what I *saw* that was remarkable, what I *read*, what I *thought.* I believe you will find this pleasant and profitable, too. Es-

pecially, if you visit foreign countries,— where everything is remarkable to a stranger,— you will find advantage in this. In regard to reading, I should wish to be familiar with the history of America, with the lives of its great men; then, with the history of *England*, and the lives of its great men; and, next, with the writings of the best authors in English and American literature. All this you can accomplish in the course of a few years,— before you are thirty,— and not encroach on your proper business or your proper pleasure, and not injure your health.

One thing more I must say: I think there is no real and satisfactory happiness in life without religion. I am not a sour, malignant man, wishing to cloud over the morning of life. But I wish to prolong its sunshine forever. I am not at all superstitious. For this very reason, I think more of the value of religion. It is a restraint from doing wrong, an encouragement to do right, and a great comfort at all times of life. I do not mean by religion a certain *form of belief*, nor a certain *ritual*, joining a church or anything of that sort. But I do mean a respect for your own nature, and obedience to its laws. I mean a love of truth, a love of justice, a love of man as yourself, and of God with all your mind and conscience and heart and soul.

You can easily cultivate your religious nature, as easily as your mind. One of the best helps that I know is this,— to set apart a few minutes of every day to commune with yourself and with your God. Suppose it is at night before you sleep or in the morning before you go to work. Then it is well to review all the actions of the day,— the *deeds*, the *words*, even the *thoughts* and *feelings*,— and ask if they are such

as God can approve. If not, then resolve to do such things no more, and in your prayer to ask the help of God for the future. Trust me, this will be of great avail. No man can faithfully pursue this course without great growth in manly excellence. You will never repent the pains you take to be a great, a good, and a religious man.

The prayers of your father and mother will go with you in your new enterprise. Absent from their sight, you will still live in their heart of hearts; and their highest earthly wish will be that you may prove yourself a noble man.

With a desire for your prosperity and success in life, believe me

Truly your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

IX

A LETTER CONCERNING A PLAN OF READING

NEWTON CORNER, (NEAR BOSTON),
25th July, 1857.

DEAR SIR: — I thank you for the letter that came yesterday. I love to meet a fresh young spirit, full of zeal to do good. I know the ministry is no bed of roses; if it were, you would not wish to lie on it and go to sleep. But there was never a time when an earnest, vigorous man was so much needed in the ministry, or would be welcomed so warmly, or find so admirable an opportunity to proclaim the true religion. I know no better position than the minister's to move the nation. *Dos moi pou stow*, says the young man, *kai ton kosmon kineso*. I say, take it in the pulpit, for thus you have access to their conscience, their affections, their religious faculty. They let no politician in beyond the mere intellect. Men are sick of the worship of the pulpit, its sophistry, its superstition, its conscious lies; but they long for noble, generous men to look facts in the face, and repeat truth.

Dartmouth College is a good place to get vigor, diligence, fire, and self-reliance. Harvard gives more elegance, nicety, and delicacy of scholarship.

* * * * * * * *

In respect to reading I would make two rules.

1. To read no poor, worthless books.

2. To read thoroughly the great masters, in their own tongue if possible; they are not too numerous to

know. I mean the great poets, historians, philosophers, and men of literature.

You will want to know the history, likewise, of human thought and human action. Let me set down some of the books, not in a very systematic manner, as I don't know what store of languages you have at command. I will put the English first, and rely chiefly on that.

1. *Metaphysical*, Locke, Reid, (Hamilton's edition is best), Stewart, Hamilton, Hickok. Cousin, Kant, Hegel. Combe's works are of great value.

2. *Ethical*, Miss Cobb's Intuitive Morals, 2 vols., 1856–1857. Paley, Combe, Mackintosh, Hist. Ethical Science. Aristotle's Ethics, Seneca, Rothe's *Ethik*, (German,) Cudworth (Harrison's edition has Mosheim's notes.)

3. *Relating to the History of Thought*, Hallam, History of Literature, Lewis, Biographical History of Philosophy; a little work on the history of philosophy in Harper's Family Library, 2 vols. Morell's History of Philosophy. Erdmann's History of Philosophy (will be published next year.) Cousin's introduction to the History of Philosophy is of great value. So are all of his historical works, and Damiron's. Then you will want the histories of literature. Of English, there are Warton, and Knight. Of Greek, Mure, and R. O. Muller; both in English. Of Latin, Bahr and Bernhardy, (ed. of 1856 is best.) Of Italian, Tiraboschi is best, but voluminous. Of Spanish, Ticknor. Of French there are many, and quite common, in that tongue. Of German, Gervinus surpasses all.

Then there are writers of special departments of thought. Whewell's History of the Inductive Sci-

ences, (ed. of 1857.) Baden Powell, History of Science, (I am not quite sure of the title), a work of great value. Guizot, History of Civilization in France. Eichhorn and Klemm's *Geschichte der Kultur* are of much service. Here, perhaps, should come the History of the Christian Church. I think Gieseler the best, if you read but one, but Hase is of great value; Mosheim, (Murdock's translation); Neander, (Torry's translation;) Ranke is invaluable; all these are in English: The history of the doctrines of the Church you must go to the Germans for. Meunscher, von Kolln, De Wette, (*Biblische Dogmatik*) Strauss, are perhaps the best for doctrines in general, but Dorner's History of the Doctrine of a Redeemer, and Baur's, of the Trinity, are inestimable for the historical learning they contain. If you wish to go deeper into Church history, Dupin, Fleury, and Tillemont, with their voluminous works, (in French,) will be of service.

I would read the great poets of all countries in their own tongue, at least these: *Greek*, Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. *Latin*, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Catullus. *Italian*, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso. France has little poetry, except dramatic — Corneille, Racine, Moliere, (Scribe, now living, is valuable.) English, you know the great authors; Shakspeare, Milton, Chaucer, etc. Such works as Campbell's, Hazlitt's, and Southey's Selections, are valuable. I rank Wordsworth higher than any poet of this century. The great German poets Goethe, Schiller, Heine, etc., deserve a place in all libraries.

4. You will wish to know the histories of the most important countries. Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Germany, Holland, England, United States. I need

hardly mention the authors here: Grote, Finlay, Arnold, Niebuhr, Gibbon, Sismondi, Prescott, Robertson. I hardly dare say who is the best historian of Germany. Davis and Motley treat the best periods of Dutch History. The English and American historians need no mention. You will wish to know something of the laws of our own people; Blackstone and Kent, Hallam, (Constitutional History of England, are the authors for you. There is no good history of English or American law, as of Roman, French, Spanish, etc., but Crabbe's little book is better than nothing.

5. I have said nothing about the natural sciences, but I would not neglect Physiology, either animal or human, Botany, or Astronomy, or Geology.

It strikes me that it is well to pursue a systematic course of study, and at the same time to read freely and without system, such other books as you take a fancy to. Then you have the discipline of one, and the ease of the other course. I would read the best novelists; Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, etc.

I have not mentioned any religious writers. It is difficult to find good books which treat of religion. Most writers on that theme are so narrow and bigoted. But I have found help in Jeremy Taylor, William Law, Dr. Channing, Henry Ware, Scougal. The mystical writers have been my great delight, and they did me no small service.

A good deal depends on the proper arrangement of the faculties. Locke on the Conduct of the Understanding is a priceless little volume. (Andrew Combe's little book is to the body what Locke is to the mind.) Descartes has two little works on the Direction of the Understanding, in vol. XI., of Cousin's edition of Descartes. I also found much help from his Medita-

tions and Discourse on Method. I would read carefully Bacon's great work, Advancement of Knowledge, *De Augmentis*, and *Novum Organum;* these three made but one book — as well as his Essays. Plutarch's moral writings, Montaigne, Emerson, Carlyle, I would by no means omit.

I have written much more than you asked, or I designed; as I write far from my library I have perhaps omitted what I might else refer to. But I am sure I have recommended no poor or idle books. Emerson and Shakspeare are the most valuable writers in English — as I think — for you to study, taking neither as master, but each as servant. If you study theology you may find some help at Cambridge, which is the most liberal, (or the least *illiberal*), theological school in New England. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

Yours truly,

Theo. Parker.

X

A NEW LESSON FOR THE DAY

1856

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.— PSALM XII. 8.

On the last Sunday of May, 1854, which was also the beginning of Anniversary Week, I stood here to preach a Sermon of War. In 1846, at the beginning of the Mexican trouble, I spoke of that national wickedness, and again, at the end of the strife, warned the country of that evil deed, begun without the people's consent. When the next great quarrel broke out, in 1854, and Russia, Turkey, England, and France were engaged in a war which threatened to set all Europe in a flame, I prepared an elaborate sermon on the causes and most obvious consequences of that great feud, an account of the forces then in the field or on the flood, and tried to picture forth the awful spectacle of Christian Europe in the hour of battle. I spent many days in collecting the facts and studying their significance. But, while I was computing the cost and the consequence of foreign wickedness, a crime even more atrocious was getting committed under our own eyes, in the streets of Boston; and, when I came to preach on the Russian attack against the independence of a sister State, I found the sermon wholly out of time: for the Boston judge of probate had assaulted a brother man, innocent of all offense, poor, unprotected, and apparently friendless. The guardian of orphans — a man not marked by birth for such a deed, but spurred thereto

by cruel goads — had kidnapped an American in our streets, clapped him into an unlawful jail, watched him with ruffians, the offscouring of the town, and guarded him with foreign soldiers, hired to rend and kill whomsoever our masters set them on. Without hearing the evidence, this swift judge had already decided to destroy his victim, and told the counsel to put no "obstacles in the way of his going back, as he probably will." The whole Commonwealth was in confusion. Boston was in a state of siege. A hundred and eighty foreign soldiers filled up the court-house. There had been an extemporaneous meeting at Faneuil Hall, an attempt to rescue the kidnapper's victim, an attack on the court-house, then unlawfully made a barracoon for our Southern masters to keep their slaves in. One of the volunteers in man-stealing had been slain, and ten or twelve citizens were in jail on charge of murder. So, when I stood here, and looked into the eyes of the great crowd which filled up these aisles, I saw it was no time to treat of the Russian War against liberty; and my discourse of that wickedness turned into a Lesson for the Day, touching the new Crime against Humanity. Since then, no occasion has offered for treating of that dreadful conflict of the European nations.

Now, when the Russian War is all over, the treaty of peace definitely settled, I thought it would be worth while to examine that matter: for the cloud of battle has lifted up, and we can look back, and learn the causes of the conflict; look round, and see the dead bodies, the remnants of cities burned, of navies sunk; can look forward, and calculate what loss or gain thence accrues to mankind; and so get possibly a little guidance, and a great deal of warning, for our own

conduct. So, to-day, I had intended to preach a calm and philosophical sermon of the late war in Europe; examining at length its cause, process, and results, for the present and the future, and its relation to the progress and welfare of mankind. I meant to look at that transaction in the light of modern philosophy, and of that religion which is alike human and Christian. But now, as before, a new crime against humanity has been committed. I must therefore lay by my speculations on that distant evil, and speak of what touches the sin at our own doors. So, this morning, I shall ask your attention to A New Lesson for the Day, in which I shall say a little about the Russian War and European affairs,— yet enough to give a tone of warning, and so likewise of guidance,— and shall have much to offer touching affairs in our country; a little of the Russian War, much of the American. This discourse may be profitable: it is not pleasant to speak or hear.

When an important event occurs, I have felt it my duty, as a minister and public speaker, to look for its causes,— which often lie far behind us, wholly out of sight,— and also for its consequences, that are equally hidden in the distance before us. Accordingly, to some, who only look round them in haste, not far back or forth, what I say often seems improper and out of season. Thus, in 1846, when I treated of the Mexican War, many critics said, You must wait till we have done fighting, before you preach against its wrong! And when I reviewed the life and conduct of Mr. Webster,— the greatest understanding New England has borne in her bosom for a whole generation,— they said again, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,— You had bet-

ter put off your criticism for fifty years! But at that time neither you nor I will be here to make or profit by it. Some men will also doubtless condemn what I offer now. Wait a little, before you judge. A few years, perhaps a few days, will justify the saddest things I have to say. I wish to mount a great lesson on this fleet occasion.

The events of the last week at Washington have caused a great heat in this community, not excessive at all; it is too little, rather than too much. They have not heated me in the smallest; my pulse has not beat quicker than before; and, though a tear may sometimes spring to my eye, my judgment is as calm and cool as before: for this assault on Mr. Sumner is no new thing. I have often talked such matters over with him, and said, I know you are prepared to meet the reasoning of the South when it is tendered in words; but her chief argument is bludgeons and bullets; are you ready for that? And our senator was as cool about it as I am: he also had looked the matter in the face. It excites no surprise in him, none in me. When the iron is hot, it is just as well that the blacksmith should be cool.

First look at the Russian matter, then at the American.

Look at the amount of evil in that Russian War.

It did not last two years; yet see what vast sums of money it has cost! Here are the figures: they are partly conjectural, but wholly moderate; they are the estimates of some of the great European journals. France and England have paid four hundred and eighty millions of dollars, Turkey a hundred and forty millions, Austria a hundred millions, Russia three hundred millions. Here, then, ten hundred and twenty

millions of dollars have been eaten up by a war not twenty-four months long. Now, that sum of money is more than seven times as great as the entire property, real and personal, of "the great State of South Carolina." That is the direct cost to the governments of the five nations: it does not include the damage done to their forts and ships (and, in a single night, Russia destroyed a larger navy of her own vessels than the United States owns,— burnt and sunk it in the harbor of Sebastopol); it does not embrace the diminution of military and naval supplies, or the pensions hereafter to be paid; it makes no account of the injury to individuals whose property has been consumed, or the great cost to the other powers of Europe. When all the bills are in, as they will be a hundred and fifty years hence, then I think it will appear that that two years' fight cost Europe two thousand millions of dollars. That is the amount of the real and personal estate of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

Here are the figures representing the deaths of soldiers. England has lost fifty thousand, France a hundred and seventy thousand, Turkey eighty thousand, and Russia four hundred thousand; making seven hundred thousand men, who have perished in the prime of life. This does not include those who will yet die of their wounds, nor such as perish by the worst of deaths,— the slow heart-break of orphans and widows, or those who meant to be wives, but are widows, though never married. Put it all together, and the two years' war has cost at least a million of lives. Such a spendthrift is war, both of money and men.

Now look at the causes of this amount of evil, which are quite various. Some of them lie on the top.

First, there is the despotism of the Russian gov-

ernors, who rule their subjects with an iron rod. There is no freedom of industry in Russia, none of religion; and freedom of speech is also cut off. They attack and despoil other nations more civilized than themselves. The Russian Government has long been the great filibuster of Christendom. Turkey was feeble, Russia strong; each was despotic; and the big despot would eat up the little. Russia was Christian, — theologically Christian, not morally,— Turkey was Mahometan; and the Christian wished to tread the Mahometan under foot. The Emperor said, "Turkey is a sick man; let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours." This was the first obvious cause, the despotism of Russia,— the cause initiative.

But other rulers had a kindred spirit. The other great powers of Europe are Prussia, Austria, France, and England. Prussia and Austria are despotic governments. A small class of oligarchs domineer over the people. They are closely joined to Russia by nature and aim; by alliances, matrimonial or diplomatic. The governments of Russia, Austria, and Prussia are a national brotherhood of thieves. In the eighteenth century, they plundered Poland; in the nineteenth, other nations; and in both their own subjects continually. This judgment seems rather harsh. I do not speak of the people, only of the oligarchy which rules the hundred and twenty millions who make up these three nations.

France has established a military despotism, with the picture of "universal suffrage" painted on the cannon. The farce of a Republic is every year enacted by soldiers and government officers,— administration officials. She also longs for conquest,— witness Algiers and Rome,— and in idle vanities consumes the

people's wealth,— spends eighty thousand dollars to christen a little baby, an imperial doll.

Alone of all these great powers, England respects the rights of the people, and has institutions progressively democratic. She purposely advances towards freedom. But she, too, shares the instinct to conquer, and, after Russia, is the most invasive power in Europe. Witness her conquests all round the world. She owns a sixth part of the earth's surface,— controls a fifth part of the population. Besides that, this brave Anglo-Saxon nation is ruled by an hereditary aristocracy of kings, nobles, and priests, who, though the best perhaps in Europe, yet tread the people down, though far less than anywhere else in Europe. Certainly, for the last three hundred years, England has been the great bulwark of human freedom; and, just now, she is the only European nation that allows liberty of speech on matters of religion, politics, science, every thing. In Europe, freedom can only be defended in the English tongue.

Now, in common with Austria, Russia, and France, the English Government had longed for the spoils of Turkey,— also counting the sultan a sick man, and wanting his inheritance. But these great powers could not agree as to the share that each should take; otherwise the sultan had died twenty years ago.

All Europe is ruled by an affiliated oligarchy of kings, nobles, and priests, who have unity of idea and aim, to develop the power of the strong and to keep the people down, and unity of action in all great matters. But in England there is such a mass of thoughtful men, men of property too, such a stern love of individual liberty, that the foot of despotism is never secure, nor its print very deep, on that firm Saxon soil.

Just now the Anglo-Saxon nation in Europe presents a very grand spectacle. She opens her arms to the exile from every land: despots find a home there, with none to molest nor make them afraid; and patriots are welcome to the generous bosom of England, which bore our fathers. Though she once, and wickedly, fought against us, she respects and loves her sons, perhaps not the least noble portion of herself.

Second, the spirit of despotism in the other governments of Europe, kindred to the invasive despotism of Russia, was the next cause of that war,— the cause co-operative.

The reputation of France and England for ancient mutual hate, led the Russian emperor to believe they would not oppose his rapacity. Neither was strong enough alone; and they could not join. So he reached out his hand to snatch the glittering prize. Of course he began the robbery with a pious pretense: he did not wish for Turkish soil, only "to protect the Christians," to "have access to the holy places where our blessed Lord was born and slain, and buried too;" so that all Christian people might fulfil the prophecy, and "go up to the mountain of the Lord." The Latin proverb says well, "All evil begins in the name of the Lord." This was no exception.

This brief quarrel, which costs mankind two thousand million dollars and ten hundred thousand lives, was a war of politicians, not at all of the people. It began only with despots: there was no ill blood between the nations. Had Nicholas asked the Russians, "Will you go and plunder Turkey in the name of Jesus of Nazareth?" the people would have said, "Not so; but we will stay at home." The war came from no sudden heat. Nicholas had foreseen it, planned it,

and in secret made ready at Sebastopol the vast array of means for this wicked enterprise; had laid his gunpowder plot long years before; and, at the right time, this imperial Guy Faux fired the train which was to blow up an ancient empire, and open his way to the conquest of the western world. No more liberty, if that scheme succeed! Yet the statesmen of France, Austria, Prussia, England, were privy to the intentions of this reactionary, who sought to put back the march of humankind: they were accessory to the purpose, though they knew not the hidden means. The war was the result of causes long in action, which produced this waste of life and its material — the proximate formation of men — as certainly as grass-seed comes up grass.

Here are the practical maxims of all despotism: No higher law of God above the selfish force of the strong; no natural rights of the weak; all belongs to the violence of power!

In open daylight, two things went before this European waste of life: (1.) The corruptions of the ruling class: one of the most learned men in Christendom declares, that, since the downfall of the Roman State in the fourth and fifth centuries, Europe's controlling men have never been so corrupt, so mean and selfish, as are now the kings, nobles, and priesthood. (2.) The servility of the class next below the high aristocracy, who tolerate and encourage the inflicted wrong, hoping themselves to share the profit that it brings.

Still more, all this wickedness is the work of very few men. If a hundred politicians in Europe had said, "There shall be no war," there would have been no war; nay, if ten men in Europe had distinctly said,

"There shall be no war against Turkey," there would have been none; if two men in the Cabinets of each of the five great powers had said so, all this immense outlay would have been spared.

Such are the causes. On so narrow a hinge turns the dreadful gate of war!

Look now at the results. Some are good. The intervention of France and England has shown that national hatred can be overcome; that difference of religion does not separate the Turk from Christian sympathy. The bloody valor of France and England has checked the westward and southward progress of Russian despotism for the next fifty years; and that filibustering nation is weakened in her purse, her army, and her navy, and restrained from immediate encroachment on other European States. She will now turn her immense power to develop the material resources of her own territory. And let me say, that the Russian people have grand and magnificent qualities; and whoso stands here three hundred years hence will tell a history of them which few sanguine scholars would dare prophesy at this day. The Russian Government is another matter; of that I do not wish to say any thing. That is the first good that has been done; it was done wholly by France and England. You do not forget the perfidious conduct of Austria.

Then, the war has led Russia to open her ports, and establish free trade with all the world; and that will not only increase the material riches of Russia, but it will be in some measure a guaranty against future wars between her and other nations. For those fortresses which at this day most effectually keep war from a nation are not built of stone and earth: they are the warehouses in the great commercial streets,

bales of goods, boxes of sugar, money on deposit in the great cities of the world. Free trade will help that.

Again, Turkey is delivered from her worst foe; and a secret treaty between Austria, England, and France, guarantees the independence of that State. It seems the allies, for once, stole a march on the Russian, and negotiated this treaty in the dark.

Besides, Turkey agrees to respect the Christians who have delivered her from the enemy. She has agreed to set a lesson of toleration; and it is a little striking to see, that, just at the time when Turkey offered freedom of religion to the Christians and all others, California was doubting whether she should allow the Chinese to set up a temple to Buddha, which even Americans think should not be suffered. But I thank God that every form of religion, old as the Buddhistic or new as the Mormon, can find a place in our land. I would not ask the Chinese to let our missionaries into their country, and refuse the Chinese missionary a corresponding privilege. Just now, Christianity is more free in Turkey than in Russia, Austria, or the home of the Reformation itself. Another Arius or Athanasius might teach at Constantinople; while neither would be allowed in a pulpit at Vienna, Moscow, or Wittenberg.

Moreover, the treaty makes a desirable change in the law of nations. Privateering is abolished; a neutral flag protects enemy's goods, while the hostile flag does not imperil neutral goods; there can be no paper blockades. This is a great step in civilization.

But all those things might have been done without drawing a sword or shedding a drop of blood. Had the controlling class been humane men; nay, had the

ten I speak of insisted on these few things, the whole would have been done, and not a bullet fired. But the people must have leaders; and the hereditary rulers in Europe seem hardly wiser than the elected in America. A born deceiver is no better than a deceiver chosen and sworn in; and, if the wicked lead the ignorant, the latter are sure to fall into the ditch. The crimes of statesmen are written in the people's blood.

Some of the effects are only evil. There is a great debt entailed on the nations, to be paid by millions not yet born. The yoke of bondage is more firmly fixed than before, for the standing armies are increased all over Europe; and they are the tools of tyrants.

France and England have become stronger by their union. To balance that increase of power, the Austrian emperor has made a concordat with the pope; and those two are likewise at one. In all the Austrian territory, the Romish priest controls the public worship, the public education, the printing and selling and reading of books. Thus a long step is taken backwards towards the dark ages.

Besides, there has been a considerable demoralization of the people in the greater part of Europe, caused by those deeds of violence, the spectacle and report of such national murder, which it will take years to overcome.

All the good, it seems to me, might have been effected with no war; all the evil saved, had only the leading statesmen of Europe had noble hearts, as well as able heads and high political rank. That vast sum of misery is to be set down to the account of a small number of men. Nicholas of Russia seems most of all to blame; next, mankind must charge this waste of property and life on the corruption and selfishness of

the ruling class in Europe, and the servility of those just below them in social rank and public power. Remember all this when you come to think of America; and this old Hebrew oracle not less: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is the ruin of any people." The sin of the ruler is the destruction of the people.

So much for Europe. Now a word of our own country.

America is now in a state of incipient civil war; in Kansas houses are burned, others are plundered, blood is shed. A few months ago, two worthy men from Kansas, Judge Conway and Gen. Pomeroy, were worshiping here with us. They were often at my house. They have violated no constitutional law, no legal statute. But the newspapers report that both are in jail: if they are at large, it is through their skill in escaping from lawless foes. Governor Robinson, who was also here but a few weeks ago, is now in jail, on the charge of treason. The border ruffians will hang him, if they dare. His crime is obedience to the law of his land, and hatred to slavery. Mr. Tappan, a young man known to many of you, a member of this congregation, went to Kansas with the first company of emigrants: a worthy man, but guilty of respect for the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. If he is not in jail, his freedom is due to his own adroitness, not the justice of the "authorities." The usurping government strikes at those men because they love justice. Lawrence has been sacked; property destroyed, one states to the amount of a hundred and thirty thousand dollars; and I know not how many men have been murdered. I shall not speak of the violence to women. These are acts for which the general government is responsible,

committed by its creatures, who have been set upon the honest inhabitants of Kansas.

We also have a despotic power in the United States. There is a Russia in America, a privileged class of three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, who own three million five hundred thousand slaves, and control four million "poor whites" in the South. This despotism is more barbarous than Russia; more insolent, more unscrupulous, more invasive. It has long controlled all the great offices in America. The President is only its tool. It directs the national policy, foreign and domestic; sympathizes with every foreign tyrant; and at home wages war on all the best institutions of the country. Impudent and consolidated, it governs the American Church and State. It says to the Tract Society: "Not a word against slavery;" and the Tract Society bends its knees,— so limber to men, so stiff against God,— and answers: "Not a word against slavery: we will take a South-side view of all popular wickedness. It is true, the North pays us the money; and so it is proper that the South should tell how it must be spent. Not a word against slavery." It comes up to the Bible Society, and thunders forth: "Don't give the New Testament to the slaves!" And the Bible Society says: "Not a New Testament. Slavery is Christian. If Jesus of Nazareth were on earth, he would open a commissioner's office in Boston, and kidnap men. Judas is the beloved disciple. We never will disturb slavery." It tells the Northern courts, legislatures, governors, "Steal men for us; kidnap your own fellow-citizens of New England, and deliver them up to be our bondsmen for ever, and then yourselves pay the costs!" And the Northern courts legislatures, governors, citizen-soldiers, are ready:

they volunteer to steal men, and then pay the price, not only of blood, but of money, and that "with alacrity."

In Kansas, on a large scale, this Russia in America, this privileged class of despots in a democracy, wages war against freedom. It burns houses, destroys printing-presses, shoots men. There it was Missouri ruffians, some of them members of Congress, an ex-senator or so, United States soldiers, Southern immigrants, whom it furnishes with weapons, adorns with a legal collar, and then sets upon the people. Just now, the House of Representatives asks what force the government has in Kansas, and what instructions have been given. The answer is, There is only a lieutenant-colonel's command there,— half a regiment; the officer is ordered not to enforce the laws of the territorial legislature. This does not tell the whole story. The United States marshal does the bidding of the unlawful legislature which the Missourians elected: he calls out his *posse comitatus*, and the United States Government furnishes them with weapons and authority. They are the provisional army in this civil war which the government wages against the people. Look at this fact: slaveholders have hired immigrants to go from Alabama and South Carolina to Kansas, and fight the battle of slavery. When Col. Buford's party, three or four hundred strong, arrived at Lawrence, they were too poor to pay for their first breakfast. What shall be done with them? They are draughted into the *posse* of the sheriff; and, in the service of the government, they burn the property and shoot the sons of New England! I need not dwell on these things. Every mail brings tidings of fresh wickedness committed in that ill-fated territory.

At Washington, on a small scale, this despotic power wages war against freedom. There it uses an arm of a different form,— the arm of an honorable ruffian, a member of Congress, a (Southern) "gentleman," a "man of property and standing," born of one of the "first families of South Carolina," a nephew (by marriage) of Senator Butler. He skulks about the purlieus of the Capitol, and twice seeks to waylay his victim, honorable, and suspecting no dishonor. But, failing of that meanness, the assassin, a bludgeon in his hand, pistols in his pocket, attended by his five friends, armed also with daggers and pistols, watches in the Senate chamber till his enemy is alone, then steals up behind him as he sits writing, when his arms are pinioned in his heavy chair and his other limbs are under the desk, and on his naked head strikes him with a club loaded with lead, until he falls, stunned and bleeding, to the floor, and then continues his coward blows. South Carolina is very chivalrous! If an Irishman in Cove Place should strike another Irishman after he was down, it would be thought a very heinous offense amongst Irishmen. If Patrick had Michael down, and *then beat him*, (pardon me, forty thousand Irishmen in Boston, that I suppose it possible!) it would be thought a great outrage. Cove Place would hoot him forth with a shout of contemptuous rage. But when a son of South Carolina beats a defenseless man over the head, after he has stunned him and brought him to the ground, it is very chivalrous! South Carolina applauds it, and gets up a testimonial to do it honor. All the South will commend the mode as well as the matter of the deed.

This American oligarchy means to destroy all our Democratic institutions. Russian despotism is not

more hostile to liberty in Europe than the slave power to freedom here. But the slaveholders are not alone. American and Russian despotism have the same allies, — the corruption of many controlling men, such as direct the politics of the North, and to a great extent also its large commerce. Since the settlement of the country, the great mass of Northern men have never been so well educated and so moral. But the controlling class of men, who manage the high commerce and fill the political offices, have never been so corrupt, so unpatriotic, so mean and selfish. Will you say I am mistaken? Then the error is of long standing; a judgment formed after careful study of the past, and a wide knowledge of the present. Look at Massachusetts, the State officials, the United States officials, the United States court in New England: can the past furnish a parallel since Andros was commissioner, and papal James II was king? The Hutchinsons and the Olivers of revolutionary times would blush to be named with men whose brow no wickedness can shame. It would be cruel to Benedict Arnold to compare him with certain other sons of New England now in high official place.

Be not surprised at this attack on Mr. Sumner. It is no strange thing. It is the result of a long series of acts, each the child of its predecessor, and father of what followed, not exceptional, but instantial, in our history. Look with a little patience after the cause of those outrages at Kansas and at Washington. You will not agree with me to-day: I cannot convince four thousand men, and carry them quite so far, all at once. Think of my words when you go home.

Look first at the obvious cause of the blows dealt that fair senatorial head by the Hon. Mr. Brooks, of

South Carolina. It is the ferocious disposition of the slaveholder. I know the cruelty of that despotism only too well, and am not thought very sparing in my words. You know what I utter; God, what I withhold. Much, both of fact and feeling, I have always kept in reserve, and still keep it. What I give is quite as much as any audience can carry or will take.

This ferocious despotism has determined on two things:

First, slavery shall spread all over the land, into the territories, into the (so-called) free States.

Second, freedom of speech against it shall not be allowed anywhere in the territories, in the free States, or in the Capitol, any more than in South Carolina.

Proof of each is only too plentiful and plain. As a sign of the times, look at a single straw in the stream of slavery: it is a poison-weed in a muddy, fetid stream, but it shows which way its pestilential waters run. A few days since, a man, holding an important office under the United States Government in Boston, told one of my friends, "It won't be three years before a man will be punished for talking Nigger (speaking against slavery) in Boston, as surely as he now is in Charleston, S. C." This "unterrified Democrat" has now gone to the Cincinnati Convention, whereof he is a worthy member, to organize means to attain that end. I shall not tell you his name,— that is hateful enough already; but turn your wrath against the ferocious despotism which uses him to bark and bite.

That is the obvious cause, the cause initiative, of which I have much more to tell, only not now.

Look next at the secondary causes, not quite so plain, but as fertile in results.

The North allows the South to steal black men, and men not much darker than you and I, if born of swarthy mothers; it allows the South to sell them at will, brand them as cattle, mutilate them as oxen, beat them, not seldom to death, burn them alive with green fagots, for the sport of a mob of "very respectable gentlemen," a "minister of the Gospel" looking on and justifying the deed as "Christian." The North allows all this: it is only "an incident of slavery," the shadow of the substance. New England allows it. Boston has no considerable horror at any of these things,— I mean a part of Boston. Up to this time, Boston has defended slavery with her "educated intellect," and by means of many of her "citizens of eminent gravity." Hitherto the controlling men of Boston have been the defenders of slavery; this day they are not its foes.

Now, if the South may thus ruin one black man, so it may all white men whom it can master. Color is an accident to man as to these roses; it determines neither genus nor species; it is of the dress, not the person. There is only one genus of man, one species, — the human genus, human species. The right to enslave one innocent man is the right to enslave all innocent men. One-seventh part of the Federal House is painted black, the rest white: do you believe you can set the black part on fire, and not burn down the white, not scorch it, not crack the boards, nor smoke the paint? You may say, "Thus far, but no farther:" will the fire heed you? I rather think not: I believe the experience of mankind tells another story. If you sustain the claim of South Carolina to beat black

men at Charleston, you need not be surprised if she is logical enough to beat a white man at Washington, as soon as she dares. And her daring will be just in proportion to your forbearance. It is a very courageous State, its chivalry bravely attacking defenseless persons.

A portion of the North — of New England, Massachusetts, Boston, those portions deemed best educated, and, in general, most "orthodox" and "Christian" in the Church, most respectable in society — have all along made mouths at everybody who complained that slavery was wicked, was cruel, even that it was unprofitable. We were told, "It is none of your business; you have nothing to do with slavery: let it alone. Besides," they said, "it is not cruel nor unprofitable. It is true, we should not like it for ourselves; but it is good enough for black men: it is a very Christian thing." You do not forget, surely, that there is a doctor of South-side divinity in the city of Boston, a most thoroughly "respectable man." He has not lost a hair of "respectability" from his clerical head by perverting the Bible to the defense of slavery. When the United States court opens its session, it asks him to come and pray for a blessing on the Court of Kidnappers in the city of Boston. It is very proper. And he represents the opinion of a large class of men, who are bottomed on money, who have a good intellectual education, and very high social standing.

When South Carolina shut up colored sailors of Massachusetts in her jails at Charleston, and made the merchants of Boston pay the bill, the State sent one of her eminent men to remonstrate, and take legal measures to secure the constitutional rights of her citi-

zens. But Mr. Hoar was ignominiously driven out of the State; and it was only the handsome presence of his daughter that saved him from a fate far worse than what befell Mr. Sumner. Massachusetts bore it all. Boston capitalists were angry if a man complained above his breath at this indignity; but, when they came to be tired of paying the bills, they got up a petition to Congress, very numerously signed, asking Congress to abolish that nuisance, and secure the constitutional rights of Massachusetts men. The petition was put into the hands of the senator from Boston *; but he "lost it;" he "put it into his hat, and, some way or other, it fell out." But the sagacious merchants had kept a duplicate, and the senator had an attested copy sent him. He lost that too. He never dared to offer the petition of Boston merchants against an outrage which had no color of constitutional plea to stand under. Freedom of speech was struck dumb on the floor of the Senate more than ten years ago. Even the almighty dollar could not find a tongue. But, when Rufus Choate returned to Boston, his "respectability" was not harmed in the least: he was still the "Hon. Mr. Choate." Suppose it had been a petition to increase the duty on cottons and woolens fifty per cent, and he had "lost *that* out of his hat"? Why, when he returned to Boston — I will not say he would have lost his head from his shoulders, but it would have been worth very little upon them.

Long ago, the South said the North should not discuss the morality of slavery; that was their business. Well, the controlling men of Boston obeyed. They said, "No: the North shall not discuss the subject of slavery." The lips of yonder college were sewed up

* Rufus Choate.

with slavery's iron thread: I hope they will open now. Slavery put its thumbs into the ears, and its fingers over the eyes, of Boston respectability; and it sewed up the mouth of commerce, fashion, politics,— I was going to say religion; but it did not: it sewed up the mouth only of the ministers and churches,— a quite different thing.

It is not twenty-five years since the governor of Virginia asked Mayor Otis, of Boston, to put a stop to the efforts of the abolitionists; and, after three days' search, the police of Boston found the "Liberator" who was making all this mischief. His office was in a garret; and his "only visible auxiliary," quoth Mr. Otis, "was a negro boy." Mr. Otis wanted to ferret out anti-slavery and put the heel of the Hartford Convention upon it.

It is not twenty-one years since a governor of Massachusetts, in his annual message, recommended the legislature to inquire if some law should not be made to suppress the freedom of speech. It is not yet quite twenty-one years since there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall to denounce the discussion of this very matter. Here is what a distinguished man said; he was not a young man then: "I would beseech them" [the abolitionists] "to discard their dangerous abstractions," [the abstractions that "all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"] "which they adopt as universal rules of conduct, . . . which darken the understanding, and mislead the judgment." He would advise them to consider the precepts and example of their Divine Master. He found slavery, Roman slavery, an institution of the country in which he lived. Did he denounce it? Did he attempt

its immediate abolition? Did he do any thing, or say any thing, which could, in its remotest tendency, encourage resistance and violence? No: his precept was, SERVANTS (SLAVES), OBEY YOUR MASTERS! It was because he *would not interfere with the administration of the laws of the land.* If the "Divine Master" was Jesus of Nazareth, then no such word is given to us in this Bible. It was only the gospel according to Peleg Sprague. Boston honored it. The hall rang with applause when he invented a Bible to suppress discussion. Since that time he has had his reward: he is a judge of the court of the United States.

It is not twenty-one years since a mob of well-dressed "gentlemen of property and standing," in this very city, broke up a prayer-meeting of women, where a Quaker lady presided, because they came together to discuss slavery. It is not quite twenty-one years since the great advocate of freedom for all men was forced to take shelter in the stone jail of Boston, to secure him from the fury of a mob,— the only place in Boston where he could be secure from the hands of the property, the education, the fashion, the respectability, of this town. It is not twenty-one years since, at night, a gallows was erected before his house, with an appropriate motto on it, meaning, "If you don't hold your peace, we will take your life!" You know what insults, private as well as public, were heaped upon Dr. Channing, as soon as he spoke in behalf of freedom. He lost his influence; he hurt his reputation. If a minister said a word in behalf of the slave, that minister was an object of scorn in his own parish, and in the whole town also. No man took an interest in promoting the cause of humanity but he lost all his "respectability." Personal qualities stood him in no

stead; birth from a distinguished line was of no consequence; even money did not save him. "Decency" dropped him out of its ranks. Freedom of speech was assaulted with violence in Boston long before the experiment was tried on the senatorial head of Mr. Sumner. Mr. Brooks, in Washington, only does in 1856 what Mr. Sprague, in Boston, encouraged twenty years before,— he puts down discussion.

When the slave power wanted Texas annexed, to spread bondage over two hundred and thirty-seven thousand square miles of land, the controlling men of Boston were anxious for that measure. Even the indignant voice of Mr. Webster could not make a public opinion against that extension of wickedness. "However bounded" was the cry!

When the Mexican War broke out, by the act of the slave despotism, how feebly did Boston oppose the crime! Nay, its representative voted for the war and the falsehood which laid the blame on the feebler nation. How few ministers dared speak against the evil deed! The Peace Society turned its secretary out of office because he spoke against that war. It struck its own flag as soon as slavery gave command.

Alas! how sad a gift is memory! You cannot forget the year 1850, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the discussions on it at Boston and at Washington. It is dreadful to bring up the terrible speech in the Senate House on the 7th of March, when that mighty power of eloquence shook the land, so loud did it cry for the extension and perpetuation of slavery! You remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston, who thanked the recreant son of New England for his treason to humanity, told him he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and

touched the conscience, of a nation;" nay, expressed their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and gave him their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union." You cannot forget the speech from the steps of the Revere House on the 29th of April,— the declaration from those senatorial lips that "discussion" on the subject of slavery, in Congress and out of it, must "in some way be suppressed." You remember that Massachusetts was to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of justice and the law of God, to "do a disagreeable duty," and kidnap her own citizens. How many controlling men of Boston said "Aye," we will conquer those "prejudices," do that "disagreeable duty"! Political and commercial journals, ministers in their pulpits,— they went for the Fugitive Slave Bill! I wish I could forget it all. May God forgive them for the atheism they preached, and the dreadful woe springing up in our future path from the seed they cast abroad! But there were honorable exceptions, commercial and ecclesiastical,— a few!

Mr. Eliot voted for the bill (I had hoped better things from a man with so much good in him, which no wickedness, past or future, shall blot from my book); and, when he returned, the prominent citizens of Boston called upon him, and one by one, in public places, they grasped his hand, and said, "We thank you for all this; it was just what we wanted you to do; you have represented the feeling, not of all Boston, but of the property, the talent, the piety, of Boston."

When the first kidnappers came here, you will easily call to mind the indignation of the controlling men, because William and Ellen Craft could not be taken and made slaves. You will not forget the Union meet-

ing in Faneuil Hall, the resolutions, the speeches of Mr. Hallett and Mr. Curtis. From the senator who had lost the petition out of his hat came the triple admonition, "REMEMBER, REMEMBER, *Remember.*" Let us keep it in recollection.

When the country towns, like Lynn and Worcester, said, "We will not kidnap men," what did the great political and commercial journals say? "We will cut off their trade; we will starve them out. If they do not mean to sustain that law, Boston will not deal with them: it won't sell West India goods and calicoes to Lynn and Worcester." You know what the most distinguished men of Boston said of the Free-soilers about that time. Some men of high social standing, large talent, great character, inherent nobleness of spirit, said: "We will have nothing to do with slave-hunting. That bill is a bill of abominations: we tread it under our feet." One of the most conspicuous men of Boston called these men "a nest of vipers," [1] — said they "broke their teeth gnawing a file:" how many echoed the word all round the town! Charles Sumner belonged to this "nest of vipers" in 1851.

When Shadrach was rescued, you know how the newspapers mourned over it, and the ministers of Boston made public lamentation.

When the mayor of Boston was kidnapping Thomas Sims, to gratify the desire of a certain family of Boston, Marshal Tukey drilled the police in Court Square, teaching them "military duty." A man laughed at the evolutions of the "awkward squad," and, for that offense, was imprisoned in the lockup. A woman was threatened with the same punishment, for the same offense; but the Quakeress laughed it down. "Fifteen hundred gentlemen of property and stand-

ing" volunteered their armed help to deliver the poor boy into the bondage which now wears his wretched life away. What respectable and affluent joy lit up both the parlors and the churches of commerce and politics when Boston bore the first-fruits of the Fugitive Slave Bill! How blessed was the brig "Acorn," which cradled Thomas Sims in its shell!

Men of shortest memory can reach back to Anniversary Week, 1854, and recollect Anthony Burns, a Baptist minister, "ordained" a slave by Commissioner Loring,— *fore*-ordained, as the sentence was given without waiting for the "trial." I hope you remember the kidnapper's counsel on that occasion. I know you will recall the soldiers in Court Square, who loaded their muskets with powder and ball. I think you have not forgotten the cannon, filled with canister-shot at that time, in Court Square. I am sure some of you remember the charge of the United States judge on the 7th of June, 1854; the indictment, in October, 1854, against Wendell Phillips. He had made a fatal mistake; he did not know that freedom of speech was to be "crushed out" of Massachusetts. So, in the "Cradle of Liberty," he had spoken such words as he always speaks, straight out from the heart of humanity, and with a tongue of such persuasion as never before his time has rung through New England; and, depend upon it, when that ceases to be mortal, God will not create such eloquent lips again in any haste. He had spoken, at Faneuil Hall, against kidnapping. Messrs. Hallett and Curtis had him indicted for a misdemeanor; and he was held to bail in fifteen hundred dollars. The punishment was to be a fine of three hundred dollars, and imprisonment in jail for twelve months. That was the state of things at that time.

Look at Boston now. The judge of probate, who sent Anthony Burns into bondage, is still the guardian of orphans. He holds the same office he held before, though a law of Massachusetts has been made expressly forbidding it. That law of Massachusetts is trodden under foot; the governor treads it under his feet; the judge of probate, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the press of Boston, tread it under their feet. The city authorities of Boston must have some one to deliver an oration on the birthday of American independence. Do they invite Mr. Sumner? Not at all. Mr. Phillips? They would sink the State rather than have him. No: it must be one of the kidnapper's counsel in 1854. A very proper man to preach a sermon to the people on the Fourth of July, with the Declaration of Independence for a text! He can go back two years, and find an illustration of it. The argument he used in the kidnapper's court, in May, 1854, would be very convenient for him to introduce on the Fourth of July, 1856. The Declaration of Independence must be read. I suppose that will be done by George Ticknor Curtis, Benjamin Franklin Hallett, or some other of that excellent fraternity of kidnappers who are appointed to rule over us.

The legislature of last winter (1855) was the greenest legislature we ever had: it had less legislative experience than any other. It was the poorest in point of property: none ever represented so small a ratio of the wealth of Massachusetts. It was the most uneducated: none ever had so little of the superior culture which falls to the lot of lawyers, doctors, and ministers. But no legislature, since I have known lawmakers, ever showed so much honesty, humanity, and justice. It cleared the Massachusetts statute-book of obnoxious

laws, and passed an excellent law, making kidnapping impossible on the soil of Massachusetts. That was a legislature which contained the better portion of what is called the "American party." The present legislature contains a large portion of that other part of the American party, which is more properly called Know-nothing, which required no inauguration for membership; and you know what this legislature proposes to do. It would repeal the Personal Liberty Law. Nothing but the assault on freedom in Washington will save it. It is laid over until next Tuesday, when it receives its final judgment. What that judgment shall be, I will not now say.

Now put all these six or seven things together, and see what they amount to. The slaveholders understand this perfectly well. They know that when they strike at the head of Charles Sumner in the Senate of the United States, they attack a man whom the "respectability" of Boston called one of a "nest of vipers," whom it seeks to put down.

Put all these things together, and you see the secondary cause of this wickedness,— the cause co-operative. Corrupt men at the North, in New England, in Boston, have betrayed the people. They struck at freedom before South Carolina dared lift an arm. The slaveholders know these things,— that, as often as they have demanded wickedness, Boston has answered the demand: they piece out their small bit of lion's skin with the pelt of many a Northern fox. They are in earnest for slavery: they think New England is not in earnest for freedom. Do you blame them for their inference? A few years ago, Mr. Sumner spoke in Boston on "The True Grandeur of Nations," a lofty word before the City Fathers, on the Fourth of July,

1845. An argument against war, a plea for peace. As two of our most distinguished citizens came from listening, one said to the other, "Well, if this young man is going to talk in that way, he cannot expect Boston to hold him up." Since then, this young man has spoken even nobler words. Boston has not held him up; nay, the controlling part of it has sought to strike him down,— counted him one of "a nest of vipers,"— done nothing to support, all to overthrow him. Why? Because he was the continual defender of the inalienable rights of man. Slaveholders are not fools: they know all this. The South never struck a Northern advocate of a tariff, or a defender of the Union. She knew the North would "hold up" the champions of the Union and the tariff. It attacks only the soldiers of freedom, knowing that the controlling power of the North also hates them. I know men in Boston to-day who would long since have struck Mr. Sumner, had they only dared,— nor him alone.

Last week, there were two remarkable spectacles in the United States. One at the State House, in Boston: it was the legislature, stimulated by the enemies of freedom, proceeding to repeal the Personal Liberty Law, and seeking to restore kidnapping to Massachusetts. I need not tell here who it was — a very few men — that plotted the wickedness, nor how much they expected to gain by it. On the same day, not far from the same hour, in the nation-house at Washington, there was another spectacle. A representative of slavery, with a bludgeon, knocks our senator to the ground,— strikes him twenty or thirty blows after he is down. They are two scenes in the same tragedy. Both blows were dealt by the same arm,— the slave

power; both aimed at the same mark,— the head of freedom; each came from the same motive, which I need not name.

My friends, I am not sorry to see you thus excited. I am too old to look on such scenes with astonishment. I entertain no sudden heat. Pardon me that I am cool to-day.

To me, Massachusetts is the twelve hundred thousand persons in it; or, more emphatically, it is the thoughtful, it is the moral, it is the religious, people of Massachusetts. To me, Boston is the one hundred and sixty thousand men within her limits; or, more properly speaking, it is the moral and religious part of them. I am proud of Massachusetts: it is the grandest State in the world, I think. I am proud also of Boston. I respect and venerate her manifold excellence. I know her past history, and look for a future far more glorious than the deeds of Pilgrim or Patriot Fathers have rendered days gone by. For this reason, I tell Boston her faults; whereof the noble city is not conscious, else had she never done those deeds of shame. I do not hesitate to expose this wickedness to you, who easily understand it all; and even to men not familiar with such thoughts, whose disapproval was most grateful unto me,— such men could not believe that our Boston was an accomplice with Carolina in this foul work. I say I am proud of Boston,— not of those controlling men, who darkly misrule its politics, whose Machiavelian craft is like the Venetian poisons of old time, which destroyed sight, hearing, feeling, every noblest sense, and only left the vegetative life: I am ashamed of them. I do not hate them; I shall never belittle their excellence; I do not scorn them. I may be allowed to have pity for them,

— not the pity of contempt, but the pity of charity and love. I am not proud of them; but of the sober, moral part of Boston, I am proud,— thereof is New England proud. It is the grandest city in this world; it is the humanest city, the most thoughtful city, on this continent; it is the furthest advanced in its humanity.

But the Boston which the South knows, listens to, and respects, is a very different city. It is a Boston that consists of some twenty or thirty persons, perhaps a hundred, "men of property and standing;" and some two or three thousand flunkies,— I do not know exactly how numerous they are. That is the Boston which the South knows. Now, that Boston, which the South knows, hates freedom, hates democracy, hates religion. In 1835, it put down a woman's prayer-meeting. In 1844, it annexed Texas. In 1846, it liked the Mexican War. In 1850, it indorsed the Fugitive Slave Bill. In 1851, it sent back Thomas Sims to bondage. In 1854, it "restored" Anthony Burns. In 1856, it chooses the kidnapper's counsel to discourse to the people on the Fourth of July. The South understands that that Boston hates Mr. Sumner,— hates him because he loves liberty; hates Mr. Wilson and Mr. Banks; and hates the memory of Washington, and, whenever it mentions him, it dissembowels him of his noblest humanity before it dares to praise. Last night, at Faneuil Hall, there was much official talk about freedom of speech. Some of it was honest; but how much of it was only "sound and fury, signifying nothing"? Study the history of the speakers,— it is not a long task,— and then judge.

The ghastly evils which Southern despotism has brought on us in ten years' time are to be charged to a

few persons. I could mention ten men in Boston who might have saved us all this woe. In 1844, if they had said, No such annexation of Texas,— her hand red with Mexican blood, her breath foul with slavery, — the slave power would have yielded before us. In 1850, had they said, There shall be no Fugitive Slave Act, Mr. Mason's Bill had slept the sleep of death. Even after Mr. Webster had spoken against the best instincts of his nature, which I still love to think was generous, they might have forbid the evil which came. Had they said the word, no kidnappers had profaned the grave of Hancock and Adams. In April, 1851, if they had said, Mr. Sims is not to be a slave henceforth, the family of man-stealers would suddenly have " caved in." In the winter of 1854, when Mr. Douglas wished to spread slavery into Nebraska, had these men heartily said, It shall not be, it would not be. In the May of that year, if they had declared, We have had enough of man-stealing for Boston; nay, if only four of them had entered the court-house, and spoken to Mr. Burns, given him the public sign of their sympathy,— depend upon it, we should not have been a second time tormented with that hideous sin. Commissioner Loring was not born for a kidnapper: that once kindly and now suffering heart took such wickedness by collateral infection, not hereditary taint. But those ten men wanted this iniquity brought about, wanted slave-ridden Texas in '44, wanted the Fugitive Slave Bill in '50, kidnapping in '51, and again in '54. They protested against the " abrogation of the Missouri Compromise," but in such language that the South knew it meant, " Do as you like; we will not prevent you." So it has been continually, " On the side of the oppressor there was power."

Where are such men now? Recall the platform of last night. Where were the citizens of most "eminent gravity," where the great fortunes, the great offices, the judges of the courts, the great "reputations"? Not one of them was there. Of the Boston which the South cares for, I saw not a man. Why not? You shall answer that question.

In Boston, there are three men of senatorial dignity: they have been in the Senate of the United States, and have all left it. They are men of large talent, good education, high social standing. They are all public orators, and seek occasions on which to address the people; and, to one of them, speech is as the breath of his nostrils. Last night, there was a meeting to express the indignation of Boston at the outrage on Mr. Sumner. These three men were asked to go and speak: not one of them was there. *Twice* the committee waited on Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Everett, and *twice solicited* the ex-senators to come and speak; and twice was the labor thrown away. Did Mr. Everett, once a minister of this city, remember that he refused to present in the Senate the petition of three thousand New England ministers against the enslavement of Kansas? Did he recollect that a whole generation since, he volunteered to shoulder his musket, and march from Bunker Hill to Virginia to put down any attempt of the slaves to regain their natural and inalienable right to liberty? At a generous word, Massachusetts, who never forgets, would have rejoiced anew in the bounteous talents, in the splendid scholarship, of the man,— would have recalled every public service he has done, and dropped a tear on his failures and evil deeds. But it was not in him! Mr. Winthrop inherits a name dear to all New England,—

connected with her earliest history, stitched into the cradle-clothes of American liberty. Could not he add a personal leaf to the ancestral bough,— a merit to an accident? Or did he, who called Mr. Sumner one of a "nest of vipers," think Mr. Brooks was that prophetic "seed of the woman," who was to "bruise the serpent's head"? Let us honor every public service of such men with generous gratitude, but not forget how they fail us in an hour of need,— never, till they repent: then let the dead bury their dead, and let us manfully forgive.

There is great talk about the freedom of speech: how much of it is sincere? Last night, at the indignation meeting,— which had a low platform,— there were two speakers, who, as a hearer said, "had got the hang of the school-house," and knew what to say; but, with these exceptions, the speaking was rather dull, and did not meet the feelings of the people. Towards the end, the audience, seeing the well-known face of that man whose eloquence never fails him, because it is eloquence that comes out of so brave a heart, called for him: "Phillips! *Phillips!* PHILLIPS! PHILLIPS!" What said the platform? "Phillips shan't be heard;" and they dismissed the meeting,— a meeting called to vindicate freedom of speech in Massachusetts; and the one speaker of Massachusetts — who would have gathered that audience as I hold up in my hand these sweet lilies-of-the-valley, and have raised them towards heaven, and then brought them down for common duty — must not speak, though the audience calls for him! The South understands us perfectly well.

Blame me as much as you please for what I say: ten years hence you will know that I am right. But,

ere I go further on, let me do an act of gratitude and justice. In all those dark days behind us, there have been found faithful men, who risked their political prospects, the desires of honorable ambition, their social standing, nay, the esteem of their nearest relatives, and were faithful to truth and justice. What treatment have they met with in the parlor, in the forum, in the market, in the church? One day, their history must be writ; and some names now hated will appear like those which were the watchwords of the Revolution, and are now the heavenly sounds that cheer the young patriot in this night of storms. In such men, no city is so rich as this. Daughter of nobleness, she is its mother too. I hope to live long enough to do public honor to their high worth.

Be not surprised at the attack on our senator. Violence at Washington is no new thing. You have not forgot the threat to assassinate John Quincy Adams. I knew men in Boston who said they wished it might be executed. But, not to go back so far, see what has happened this present year. Mr. William Smith, formerly governor of Virginia (Extra Billy), knocked down an editor in the House of Representatives. Mr. Rust, of Arkansas, with equal cowardliness, attacked another editor in the street,— Mr. Greeley. Some Boston newspapers justified the outrage: a man who ventures to say a word against a "distinguished slaveholder must expect to be knocked down." Alabamian Mr. Herbert shoots a waiter; the House takes the matter into consideration, and will not expel him: the Democratic party vote against it; not a Southern Democrat, and but one Northern Democrat, I think, saying otherwise. The Know-nothing part of the American party go in the same direction: all the South

justify the deed. It is a country in which there is only one class of men, and freedom of religion is secure! But it is of no consequence if an Irish Catholic, who is a waiter, is shot down by an Alabamian!

Charles Sumner is the next victim. One thing I must tell you, which you do not understand. There was a plot laid among these "chivalrous gentlemen" to do the deed. When the Senate adjourned, several distinguished Southern senators staid: it was noticed by some persons, and one said, "I wonder what is in the wind now." Mr. Wilson has not the reputation of a non-resistant; he is a mechanic, and a soldier,—a general. He carried his pistols to Washington, and caused it to be distinctly understood that he had not the common New England prejudice against shooting a scoundrel. He has not been insulted, and he will not be. That day he had some business with Mr. Sumner. He came and spoke a word to him as he sat and wrote at his desk. Those ruffians, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Keitt, had come into the Senate: they did not advance, but sat down and waited until Mr. Wilson had withdrawn. The only ally of Mr. Sumner was then gone; not a friend stood near him. Then the Southern "chivalry" gathered around, and Mr. Brooks came and assaulted him.

Now, do you know the seed whence came the bludgeon which struck that handsome and noble head? It was the "Acorn," in whose shell Boston carried back Thomas Sims in 1851; and on the 19th of April, on the seventy-sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, she took him out of that shell and put him in a jail at Savannah, where he was scourged till a doctor said, "You will kill him if you strike him again!" and the master said, "Let him die!" That was the

Acorn whence grew the bludgeon which struck Charles Sumner.

Here is a letter from him, written but a day before beginning his speech: "Alas! alas!" he says, "the tyranny over us is complete! Will the people submit? When you read this, I shall be saying in the Senate, they will not. I shall pronounce the most thorough philippic [against slavery] ever uttered in a legislative body." He kept his word: it was the most thorough philippic against slavery ever uttered in an American Parliament. Nay, Wilberforce and Brougham, and their famous peers, never surpassed it in the British House. The talent, the learning, the eloquence of Mr. Sumner never went further. The composure, the respectful dignity, of this man, who is a gentleman amongst gentlemen, was never more decorous and manly than at that time. He gave an argument: the South has answered it with a bludgeon cut from a tree whose seed was sown in Boston,— Mr. Pearson's Acorn. Two years before this assault, Judge Loring was kidnapping Mr. Burns. That very day, the Know-nothing legislature, stimulated thereto by men well known, was attempting to re-establish kidnapping in Boston, by destroying the Personal Liberty Law. It was not my Boston that wanted such wickedness; it was the slave-hunter's Boston that wanted it,— a few men, idiotic in conscience, heart, and soul.

I keep the coat of Thomas Sims; it is rent to tatters. I wish I had also the bloody garment of Charles Sumner, that I might show it to you; and I would ask Boston, "Knowest thou whether this be thy son's coat or no?" And Boston would answer, "It is my son's coat: an evil beast hath devoured him." And I would say, "The evil beast is of your own training."

When Mr. Phillips was indicted for freedom of speech, the bail was fixed at fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Brooks is arrested for beating a man to an extent which may cause his death: the bail was fixed at five hundred dollars. The crime is only one-third so great. In 1851, when a Pennsylvania Quaker, a miller with a felt hat, rides to his neighbor's house on his sorrel horse, and the colored people, resisting a kidnapper, cheer him, he is indicted for high treason against the United States, and spends months in jail; but Mr. Brooks goes at large. Passmore Williamson was charged with contempt,— not for the United States, not for its laws, but only for Judge Kane; and he spends months in jail; and Mr. Representative Brooks goes at large all this time.

Now, I am not surprised at this. They who sow the wind must expect to see the whirlwind come up in time. It is very pretty work sowing the wind broadcast; light and clean to the hand, very respectable: but when you come to eat the harvest of whirlwinds, when the bread of storms is broke on your table, then you remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the ruin of any people." When the vilest of men are exalted, you must expect the wicked will "walk on every side." Remember the cause of this wickedness in Washington, Kansas, all over the land,— the ferocious disposition of the slaveholders, their fixed determination to spread bondage over the whole country, to "crush out" all freedom of speech. Remember the allies of that ferocity,— corrupt men in the midst of us who have promoted this wickedness, who still encourage it. Remember the general servility of the Northern people, who tread down the black man that the white might gain money from the oppressor.

Do not think this is the act of a single person. Mr. Brooks is a representative man, more decorous and well-mannered than most men of his section or his State. He was but the agent of the slave power: all the South will justify his deed. Already South Carolina sends him a "testimonial" of its gratitude,— a pitcher and a cane. Of course, there are honorable men in the South, who abhor this cowardly violence; but they will not dare to speak aloud.

Do not think the blow was struck at Mr. Sumner alone. It was at you and me and all of us,— a blow at freedom of speech. Violence must begin somewhere, and he happened to be there. Now threats are uttered against all others who oppose the enslavement of the people: your masters say that Seward, Wilson, Wade, and Hale shall next take their turn.

It is encouraging to see the effect of this outrage on the people at the North. Nothing has so stirred men before. Each new stroke of the slave-driver's whip startles some one. Whenever slavery is driven through our Northern cities, it breaks up the pavement a little; the stones are never replaced: by and by, the street will be impassable for that tumbril. The Fugitive Slave Bill opened some Northern eyes; others were unstopped by its enforcement here. Some recovered their conscience when the Nebraska iniquity was first proposed; the blows in the Senate House waken yet more; the fall of the buildings at Lawrence startle other men from deadly sleep. "Let bygones be bygones:" if a man comes into the field at the eleventh hour, to honest work, let not those who have borne the burden and heat of the day grudge him his place and his penny. If a man stand with his back leaning against the public whipping-post in Charleston, South

Carolina, but looks Northward, and loves freedom, and will do any thing for it, let us give him our thanks and our help.

The crime which the slaveholders have now committed against our senator is very small compared to the sin of Boston against two of its inhabitants. Which is worse, for Mr. Brooks at Washington to beat an unarmed senator with a heavy bludgeon, taking him unawares, or for Commissioner Curtis and Commissioner Loring to kidnap Mr. Sims and Mr. Burns? What are a few blows, to slavery for life? what the Southern "testimonial," compared to the "fifteen hundred *gentlemen*" who volunteered for the first kidnapping, and the citizen soldiers who so eagerly took part in the last one? Will Massachusetts ask the House of Representatives to expel the assassin? Who is judge of probate in Suffolk county? Two years ago, with the sword of Boston, the slaveholders cut and wounded peaceful citizens of our own town, and in vain do they besiege the courts of our own State for redress! Mr. Brooks obeys the law of honor among ruffians, Messrs. Curtis and Loring the Fugitive Slave Bill: which is the better of the two,— the law of bullies, or of kidnappers? If Mayor Smith had a right to tread down the laws of Massachusetts, and smite and stab men with the sword, that he might steal a negro, why may not Mr. Brooks beat a senator who speaks against the great crime of the nation?

I rejoice in the indignation which this outrage has caused. Boston is stirred as never before. Does she know that Mr. Sumner was wounded for *her* transgression, and bruised for *her* iniquity? Let us lay these things sorrowfully to heart. The past cannot be recalled; but we may do better in the future,— remove

the causes of this evil; may root slavery out of the land, "peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must."

In the country, I expect great good from this wickedness. New England farmers cover the corn they plant with a prayer for God's blessing: this year they will *stamp* it also with a curse on slavery. The matter will be talked over by the shoemakers, and in every carpenter's and trader's shop. The blacksmith, holding the horse's hoof between his legs, will pause over the inserted nail, and his brow grow darker while the human fire burns within. Meetings will be held in fifty towns of Massachusetts, nowhere with a platform so tame as that last night.

There is a war before us worse than Russian. It has already begun: when shall it end? "Not till slavery has put freedom down," say your masters at the South. "Not till freedom has driven slavery from the continent," let us say and determine.

I have four things to propose: First, ask Mr. Sumner to come to Boston on the 4th of July, and, in this place, give us an oration worthy of the day, worthy of Boston, and worthy of himself. If he is too sick, ask Wendell Phillips; and, depend upon it, he will be well. Second, make Mr. Sumner senator next time, and let those men who talk about a "nest of vipers" understand that Massachusetts knows who has got poison on his tongue.[1] Third, make a man President who is not a knave, not a dunce. Fourth, reverence the higher law of God in politics and in every thing else; be not afraid of men; do not be *afraid* of God, but afraid to violate any law which He has writ on your soul; and then His blessing will be upon you, and His peace will be with us for ever and ever.

XI

THE ASPECT OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA [1]

1858

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I shall not hold you long to-night. There are others to speak after me who have better claims to your attention — the one (Mr. Remond) for his race, the other (Mr. Phillips) for the personal attributes of eloquence which, in America, have never reached a higher height, or exhibited themselves in so fair a form. The hand of the dial shall pass round once, and I leave this spot, to be filled more worthily. During these sixty minutes, I ask your attention to some thoughts on the present aspect of slavery in America, and the immediate duty of the North.

In some respects, our experiment is simpler than the great attempts at freedom made before us in the Old World; in some others it is more complex and difficult. All the old forms of civilization were based on unity of race. It was so with the Romans, Greeks, Persians, Hebrews, Egyptians, East Indians. The same holds good of the Moors, who mark the transition from ancient to modern times. All the medieval attempts at improvement had the same character — in Spain, Italy, France, Germany, England itself. Civilization hitherto has belonged only to the Caucasian race. The Africans have remained strangers to it in all times past; they could not achieve it for themselves at the time, hitherto never rising above the sav-

age or the barbarous state; no other people brought it to them, or them to it, save in small numbers.

It was left for America to begin a new experiment in the history of civilization — to bring divers races into closest contact. The Catholic Spaniard began the experiment: he mixed his blood with the red man, whose country he subdued; he brought hither also the black man. Thus the African savage, the American barbarian, and the civilized Caucasian of Spain, became joint stockholders in this new coparceny of races. The Protestant Briton continued what his Catholic predecessor had begun; and, while the Puritan was painfully voyaging to Plymouth, in the wilderness seeking an asylum where the apocalyptic woman might bear her manchild to grow up in freedom, other Saxons were bringing a ship-load of negroes to the wilderness, to become slaves for ever. Thus the African came to British and Spanish America. Out of the 60,000,000 inhabitants of this continent, I take it about 9,000,000 are of this unfortunate race.

In the United States to-day, four of the five great races live side by side. There are some 60,000 or 80,000 Mongolian Chinese in California, I am told; there are 400,000 American Indians within our borders; perhaps 4,500,000 Africans; and 26,000,000 Caucasians. The union of such diverse ethnological elements makes our experiment of democracy more complex, and perhaps more difficult than it would otherwise be.

The Mongolians are few in numbers, and so transient in their stay that nothing more need now be said of them.

It is plain where the red man will go. In two hundred years, an Indian will be as rare in the United

States as now in New England. Like the bear and the buffalo, he perishes with the forest, which to him and them was what cultivated fields, towns, and cities are to us. Our fathers tried to enslave the ferocious and unprogressive Indian; he would not work — for himself as a freeman, nor for others as a slave: he would fight. He would not be enslaved — he could not help being killed. He perishes before us. The sinewy Caucasian laborer lays hold on the phlegmatic Indian warrior; they struggle in deadly grasp — naked man to naked man, hand to shoulder, knee to knee, breast to breast; the white man bends the red man over, crushes him down, and chokes him dead. It is always so when the civilized meets the savage, or the barbarian — naked man to naked man: how much more fatal is the issue to the feeble when the white man shirted in iron has the smallpox for his ally, and rum for his tomahawk! In the long run of history, the race is always to the swift, and the battle to the strong. The Indian will perish — utterly and soon.

The African is the most docile and pliant of all the races of men; none has so little ferocity: vengeance, instantial with the Caucasian, is exceptional in his history. In his barbarous, savage, or even wild state, he is not much addicted to revenge; always prone to mercy. No race is so strong in the affectional instinct which attaches man to man by tender ties; none so easy, indolent, confiding, so little warlike. Hence is it that the white men have kidnapped the black, and made him their prey.

This piece of individual biography tells us the sad history of the African race. Not long since, a fugitive slave told me his adventures. I will call him John — it is not his name. He is an entire negro — his

grandfather was brought direct from the Congo coast to America. A stout man, thick-set, able-bodied, with great legs and mighty arms, he could take any man from this platform, and hurl him thrice his length. He was a slave — active, intelligent, and much confided in. He had a wife and children. One day his master, in a fit of rage, struck at him with a huge club, which broke both of his arms; they were awkwardly set, and grew out deformed. The master promised to sell the man to himself for a large sum, and take the money by instalments, a little at a time. But, when more than half of it was paid, he actually sold him to a trader, to be taken further South, and there disposed of. The appeals of the wife, the tears of the children, moved not the master whom justice had also failed to touch. As the boat which contained poor John shot by the point of land where he had lived, his wife stood upon the shore, and held her babies up for him to look upon for the last time. Descending the Mississippi, the captain of the boat had the river fever, lost his sight for the time, and John took the command. One night, far down the Mississippi, he found himself on board a boat with the three kidnappers who had him in their power, and intended to sell him. They were asleep below — the captain still blind with the disease — he watchful on deck. "I crept down barefoot," said John. "There they lay in their bunks, all fast asleep. They had money, and I none. I had done them no harm, but they had torn me from my wife, from my children, from my liberty. I stole up noiselessly, and came back again, the boat's ax in my hand. I lifted it up, and grit my teeth together, and was about to strike: and it came into my mind, 'No murderer hath eternal life.' I put the ax back

in its place, and was sold into slavery. What would you have done in such a case?" I told him that I thought I should have sent the kidnappers to their own place first, and then trusted that the act would be imputed to me for righteousness by an all-righteous God! I need not ask what Mr. Garrison would do in like case. I think his Saxon blood would move swift enough to sweep off his non-resistant creed, and the three kidnappers would have started on their final journey before he asked, "*Where shall I go?*"

John's story is also the story of Africa. The stroke of an ax would have settled the matter long ago. But the black man would not strike. One day, perhaps, he will do what yonder monument commends.

At this moment, we have perhaps 4,500,000 men of African descent in the United States; say 4,000,000 slaves, 500,000 free. They are with us, are of us; America cannot be rid of them if she would. Shall they continue slaves, or be set free? What consequences will follow either result? This is the great question for America. It is the question of industry, of morals, of religion; it is the immediate question of politics. It does not concern the 4,000,000 slaves alone, but also each of the 26,000,000 Caucasian freemen. On it depends the success or the failure of our experiment of democracy. The bondage of a class may continue in a despotism; there it is no contradiction to the national idea. It is different in a democracy which rests on the equality of all men in natural rights. So here the question of slavery is this: "Shall we have an industrial democracy, or a military despotism?" If you choose slavery, then you take the issue of slavery, which can no more be separated from it than cold from ice. No nation can

escape the consequences of its own first principle of politics. The logic of the idea is the "manifest destiny" of the people. If slavery continues, democracy goes down; every form of republicanism, or of constitutional monarchy, will perish; and absolute military despotism take their place at last. From despotism, as seed reared in the national garden, comes despotism, as national crop, growing in the continental field.

This question of slavery does not concern America alone; all Christendom likewise is party to the contest. To all men it is a question of industry, commerce, education, morals, religion; to the civilized world, it is the great question of civilization itself. Shall this great continent be delivered over to ideas which help the progress of mankind, or to those which only hinder it?

Every year brings America into closer relations with the rest of mankind. Our slavery becomes, therefore, an element in the world's politics. See, then, for a moment, how the various Christian nations stand affected towards it.

Just now, there are but five great national powers in the civilized or Christian world. Spain, Italy, and Greece pass for nothing — they have no influence in the progressive movements of mind, are no longer a force in the world's civilization. They are not wholly dead; but so far as they affect other peoples, it is only by the thought of past generations, not the present. I pass those three decaying nations by, and look at the live peoples. There is (1) the Russian power — a great Slavic people holding Mongolians in subjection; (2) the French power — a great Celtic people variously crossed with Basque, Roman, and

Teutonic tribes; (3) the German power — a great Teutonic people, in many nations or States, with Slavic and Celtic elements mixed in; (4) the English power — a great Saxon-Teutonic people, with Celtic annexations; and (5) the American power — a great English-Saxon-Teutonic people, with diverse mixtures from the rest of mankind. All the four act on the fifth, and influence our treatment of this question of slavery.

I. Russia is mighty by its vast territory, its great natural resources, its immense population, its huge army — appointed and commanded well — its strong central government, its diplomatic talent, and the people's ability to spread. The government is despotic, but yet one of the most progressive in Christendom. With the bondage of Africans, Russia has no direct concern; she has much to do with that of white Caucasians. She is rapidly putting an end to slavery in her own borders. Not many years ago, the late Emperor Nicholas emancipated the serfs he had inherited as his own private property. They amounted to more than 7,500,000 men; he established over 4,000 schools for the education of their children. Alexander, his son, had not been in the imperial seat three years before he published a decree for the gradual and ultimate emancipation of all the serfs in the empire. Their number must exceed the entire population of the United States. Here is the decree, dated the 20th of last November — the 2nd of December by our New Style calendar. The proprietors of two large provinces — St. Petersburg and Lithuania (containing nearly three million souls) some weeks since asked permission to emancipate their serfs at once. Yesterday's steamer brings also the welcome news that the proprietors of Nishni-Novogorod have just done the same. This

province is as large as Virginia, with a population of 1,500,000, and, with the exception of the capital and its environs, is the richest and most intellectual part of the empire. It abounds with manufactories; every year, 300,000 strangers from Asia and elsewhere trade in its fairs. You would expect the most enlightened population to demand the immediate freedom of the serfs. Russia has become an ally on our side. Her example favors freedom.[2] So you will find a change in the Southern newspapers, and in the American Government, which they direct and control. In the Crimean war, when Russia fought for injustice, they sustained her as the ally of their own despotism, and fought against England as their foe. All that will soon change; and already Southern papers denounce the enfranchisement of the Russian serf: "The example is dangerous;" "the condition of the British West Indies, and of Hayti, might have taught Alexander a better lesson."

II. The French are powerful through the character of the people — the most military in the world — their science, letters, art, the high civilization of the land. France has had a long and sad connection with African slavery. Once she was the most cruel of cruel masters. In her first Revolution, of 1789, the chain was broken, but its severed links united again. In the last Revolution, of 1848, at the magic word of Lamartine, expressing the revolutionary thought of the people, the fetters were not only broken off, but cast into the sea. France, for a moment, was the ally of freedom — and of course encountered the noisy wrath of the Southern States. But the Celtic French, the most fickle people in the world, revolution their normal state, perpetually turning round and round, have

elected a tyrant for their master, and now worship the emperor. He has "crushed out" freedom from the French press as completely as our own Mr. Cushing wished to do in America. The new tyrant attempts to revive the African slave trade, and has already made arrangements for kidnapping 5,000 savages in Africa, and sending them as missionaries to Christianize the West Indies![3] What will come of this scheme, I know not. But just now the political power of France is hostile to freedom everywhere. When the emperor has padlocked even the French *mouth*, no wonder he finds it easy to chain the negro's hands. No doubt the intellectual and moral power of France are on our side as before; but both are silent and of no avail. The French emperor is the "little Napoleon" of the African slave trade. Great is the joy thereat in the Southern States; already their newspapers glorify the "profound policy," "the wise and humane statesmanship of the great emperor."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

III. The Germans are of our blood and language — bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh — with the same blue eyes, the same brown hair and ruddy cheek, and instinctive love of individuality. The people which began the civilization of modern times by inventing the press, and originating the Protestant Reformation, can it ever be false to freedom? Germany acts on mankind by thought — by great ideas. What France is for war, England for commerce, and Russia for the brute power of men, that is Germany for thought. The Germans have had connection with African slavery, but have ended it. Sweden began the work some years ago; then Denmark followed;

now, within the last few months, Holland has finished it. Here are the documents. Soon the last footsteps of German oppression will be covered up by the black man rejoicing in his freedom. Though their rulers are often tyrants, our German kinsfolk are on our side — God bless them!

IV. England has great influence by her political institutions, her army and navy, her commerce and manufactures, her power of practical thought, her large wealth, her mighty spread. She and her children control a sixth part of the globe, and nearly a fourth part of its people. No tribe of men has done such service for freedom as the Anglo-Saxons, in Britain and America. England has had connection with African slavery, her hand has been dyed deep in the negro's blood. She planted it in her provinces throughout the Continent and its many islands; the ocean reeked with the foul steam of her slave-ships. She was a hard master, and men died by millions under her lash. But nobly did the dear old mother put this wickedness away. She abolished the slave trade, making it piracy; at length, she repudiated slavery itself, and in one day threw into the sea the fetters of 800,000 men. Well did Lord Brougham say — it was "the greatest triumph ever won over the foulest wrong man ever did against man." England need not boast of Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers, and many another victorious fight, at Waterloo, Sebastopol, or Delhi; the most glorious victory her annals record was achieved on the 1st of August, in the first year of Victoria, when justice triumphed over such giant wrong. Nobly has she contended against the slave trade, rousing the tardy conscience of Brazil, and not quite vainly galvanizing Spain into some show of hu-

manity. She has shamed even the American Government — and I think we have a sloop-of-war on the African coast, which we yearly hear of in the annual appropriation bill!

But this nobleness is exceptional even in England; the world had seen no such example before. That emancipation was not brought about by the privileged class, the royal and nobiliary, who officially reign, or the commercial class, who actually govern the nation; but by the moral class, whose conscience stirred the people, and constrained the government to do so just a deed. Of course a reaction must follow. We see its effect to-day. There is a party which favors African slavery. Mr. Carlyle is the heroic representative thereof. Personally amiable, in his ideas he is the Goliath of slavery.[4] Just now, the London *Times* appears to favor this reactionary movement, and its powerful articles are reprinted with great jubilation in the American newspapers, which hate England because they love the slavery which she has hated so long.[5] There is no time to inquire into the cause of this reaction. It affects the political class, and still more certain commercial classes to whom "Cotton is king." Great is the delight of the South; the slave power sings *Te Deums* to *its* God. A bill was before the Senate, not long since, appropriating $3,750 to pay the masters for twelve slaves who ran away and were carried off by the British in the War of 1812, whom the captors, even then, refused to deliver up to "democratic bondage." Mr. Hale opposed the bill, because it recognised the doctrine that there may be property in human beings, declaring that neither by vote nor by silence would he ever recognise so odious and false a doctrine. Mr. Seward

joined in the opposition. But Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason came to the rescue; and after referring to the anti-slavery opinions of the British, declared he was "*gratified to see those opinions are rapidly undergoing a change.*" What signs of such a rapid change he may have seen, I know not; nor what sympathies with the slave power the accomplished British minister, new in this field, may have expressed to him: "Diplomacy is a silent art." But I think Mr. Mason greatly mistakes the British public, if he believes they will be fickle in their love of right. The Anglo-Saxon has always been a resolute tribe. I believe John Bull is the most obstinate of all national animals. When his instinctive feelings and his reflective conscience command the same thing, depend upon it he will not lack the will.

There may have been a change in the British Government, though I doubt it much; there has been in the London *Times*. In the "cotton lords," I take it, there is no alteration of doctrine, only an utterance of what they have long thought. The opinion of the British people, I think, has only changed to a yet greater hatred against slavery. The anti-slavery party in England has immense power — not so much by its numbers, or its wealth, as by its intelligence, and still more by that justice which, in the long run of time, is always sure of the victory. At the head of this party I must place Lord Brougham,[6] now drawing near the end of a long and most laborious life, not without its eccentricities, but mainly devoted to the highest interests of the human race. Within the four seas of Britain, I think there lives no man who has done so much to proclaim ideas of justice and humanity, and to diffuse them among the people. If

he could not oftener organize them into law, it was because he took too long a step in advance of public opinion; and he that would lead a child must always keep hold of its hand. Nearly fifty years ago (June 14, 1810) he fought against the slave trade, and drew on him the wrath of men "who live by treachery, rapine, torture, and murder, and are habitually practising the worst of crimes for the worst of purposes." Long ago he declared — "There is a law above all the enactments of human codes — the same throughout the world, the same in all times; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man." When the little tyrant of France revives the slave trade, the great champion of human right roused him once more for battle, and the British Government has taken the affair in hand. The British love of justice will triumph in this contest. Why, the history of England is pledged as security therefor.

Such to-day is the opinion of the four great nations of Christian Europe. What if the despotic power of the French emperor be against us; what if, for a moment, the cotton lords of England lead a few writers and politicians to attempt the restoration of bondage? The conscience of England and her history, the intelligence of France and Germany, the example of Russia are on our side. Yes, the teachings of universal human history. All these come with their accumulated force to help the moral feeling of America sustain the rights of man.

Since we met last the Federal Government has committed two outrages more.

I. The first is the Dred Scott decision. The Supreme Court is only the dirty mouth of the slave power, its chief function to belch forth iniquity, and name it law. Of the decision itself, I need not speak. It is the political opinion of seven partisans appointed to do officially that wickedness which their personal nature also no doubt inclined them to. That court went a little beyond itself,— out-Heroding Herod.

Two Northern judges, only two, McLean and Curtis, opposed the wrong. I think nobody will accuse me of any personal prejudice in favor of Judge Curtis, or any undue partiality towards him. His conduct on other and trying occasions has been justly condemned on the anti-slavery platform, and is not likely to be soon forgot, nor should it ever be. But I should do great injustice to you and him, and still more to my own feelings, if I let this occasion pass without a word of honest and hearty praise of that able lawyer and strong-minded man. He opposed the "decision," with but a single Northern judge to support him, with two Northern judges to throw technical difficulties in his way and oppose him by coward treachery. With five Southern judges openly attacking and browbeating him, with both the outgoing and incoming administration to oppress and mock at him, with subtle and treacherous advisers at home to beguile his steps and watch for his halting, did Judge Curtis stand up at Washington, amid those corrupt and wicked judges, and in the name of history which they falsified, of law which they profaned, of justice which they mocked at, with a manliness which Story never showed on such occasions, he pronounced his sentence against the wicked court. I remember his former conduct with indignation and with shame; but no

blackness of the old record shall prevent me from turning over a new leaf, and with golden letters writing there — *In the Supreme Court* JUDGE CURTIS DEFENDED ONCE THE HIGHER LAW OF RIGHT.

I am truly sorry his manhood did not stay by him and continue his presence in that court. The defense of his resignation is found in the inadequacy of the salary. It was $4,500 when he took it, $6,000 when he left it. A pitiful reason — by no means the true one. Samuel Adams was a poor man; I do not think he would have left his seat in the revolutionary Congress because more money could be made by the cod-fishery or by privateering.

II. The Dred Scott decision was the first enormity. The next is General Walker's filibustering expedition.[7] I regard this as the act of the government. "What you do by another, you do also by yourself," is a maxim older than the Roman law which preserves it. I am not inclined generally to place much confidence in Walker's word, but he sometimes tells the truth. In a recent speech at Mobile, he says he had an interview with the President, last summer, and declared his intention of returning to Nicaragua: his (filibustering) letter was published with the President's consent. A member of the Cabinet sought a confidential interview with him, told him where he might go with safety, and added, "You will probably sail in an American vessel, under the American flag. After you have passed American limits, no one can touch you but by consent of this government." A cabinet minister told one of Walker's friends, if he made an alliance with Mexico, and *attempted the conquest of Cuba*, "*means shall not be lacking to carry out the enterprise.*" Walker says the government arrested him, not because

he attacked Nicaragua, but because he did not attack Mexico! I hold the Federal Government responsible alike for the conduct of Walker and the Supreme Court. But omitting particulars, looking only at the general course of the government, you find it favors slavery with continued increase of intensity.

Let not this rest on my testimony alone, or your judgment. Here is "An Address delivered before the Euphemian and Philomathean Literary Societies of Erskine College, at the Annual Commencement, Wednesday, August 12th, 1857, by Richard Yeadon,[8] Esq., of Charleston, S. C." Mr. Yeadon is a representative man, editor of the *Charleston Courier*, and a stanch defender of the peculiar institution. He tells us he comes "rather to sow the good seed of truth, than to affect the arts or graces of oratory; to teach the lessons of history, and impress the deductions of reason, than to twine the garlands of science, or strew the roses of literature;" he would "combine the didactic in large measure with the rhetorical." He discusses the character of the Federal Government and its relation to slavery, "on which rest the pillars of the great social fabric of the South." He attempts to show that the Constitution was so framed as to uphold slavery and check freedom; and that the Federal Government has carried out the plan with such admirable vigor, that now slavery can stand by its own strength. But you must have his own words: —

"The new Constitution not only recognised, sanctioned, and guaranteed it [slavery] as a State institution, sacred within State limits from Federal invasion or interference, but also so far as to foster and expand it, by Federal protection and agency, wherever it was legalized, within State or territorial limits; to uphold it by Federal power, and the Federal arm against domestic violence or foreign invasion; and, to make

it an element of Federal organization and existence, by adopting it as a basis of Federal representation, and a source of Federal revenue."

"From that day to this, the institution of domestic slavery, within the several States, has been regarded and held sacred as a reserved right, exclusively within State jurisdiction and beyond the constitutional power of Congress or of the general Government, except for guarantee, protection, and defense; it being one and the chief of those 'particular interests' which the Convention had in view, as enhancing the difficulty of their work.

The wildest fanatics of abolitionism, of the Parker and Garrison school, acknowledge that their atrocious crusade against the South can only achieve its unhallowed aims by trampling as well on the Constitution of their country, as on the oracles of God."

He has admiration for one Northern man who has been remarkably faithful to the ideas and plans of the slave power. He says it is the duty of the General Government to protect slavery by suppressing insurrectionary movements, or attempts at domestic violence, and to turn out the whole force of the Republic, regular and militia: —

"It was in contemplation of such a contingency, such a *casus fœderis,* that the eloquent, accomplished, and gifted Everett in his maiden speech as the representative in Congress of the city of Boston, in 1826, then fresh from the pulpit, in honorable contrast with the dastardly Sumners and bullying Burlingames of the present day, thus patriotically and fervently spoke —'Sir, I am no soldier. My habits and education are very unmilitary; but there is no cause in which I would sooner buckle a knapsack on my back, and put a musket on my shoulder, than that of putting down a servile insurrection in the South.'"

The newspapers say, with exquisite truth, that Mr. Everett is "the monarch of the platform," the "greatest literary ornament of the entire continent of America." So he is: but to Mr. Yeadon, he is also a great hero, the iron man of courage, unlike the "*dastardly*

Sumners," and "*the dishonored and perjured miscreants, Seward, Sumners, et id omne genus,* who advocated the 'higher law doctrine.'"

He thus sums up the whole of our history: —

"The American Union . . . has been the great bulwark of . . . Southern slavery, and has, in fact, nursed and fostered it, from a feeble and rickety infancy, into a giant manhood and maturity, and self-sustaining power, able to maintain itself either in the Union or out of the Union, as may best comport with the future policy and welfare of the Southern States."

"Finally, to crown all, comes, in august majesty, the decision of the Supreme Judicatory of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, pronouncing the Missouri restriction unconstitutional, null and void, and declaring all territories of the Union, present and future, when acquired by purchase or conquest, by common treasure or common blood, to be held by the General Government, as a trustee for the common benefit of all the States, and open to every occupancy and residence of the citizens of every State, with their property of every description, including slaves, reposing under the ægis of the Constitution."

"The cheering result, then, is, that the Southern States stand now on stronger and higher ground than at any previous period of our history; and this, under the progressive and constitutional action of the General Government, blotting out invidious lines, establishing the broad platform of State equality, demolishing squatter sovereignty, retrieving the errors of the past, and furnishing new securities for the future."

"The number of slave-holding States has been increased to fifteen, out of an aggregate of thirty-one States, with a fair prospect of further increase in Texas, and in other territory, acquired or to be acquired from Mexico, in the Carribean Sea, and still further South."

The slave States, he says, are no longer "conceding domestic slavery to be a 'moral, social, and political evil,' any more than any other system of menial and prædial labor, but able . . . to defend it as consistent with scriptural teachings, and as an *ordinance of Jehovah for the culture and welfare of the staple States,* and the civilization and Christianization of

the African." To them he says, "Cotton is king, and destined to rule the nations with imperial sway."

The slaveholders feel stronger than ever before. This privileged class, the "Nobility of Democracy," counts only 350,000 in all. Feeble in numbers, the slave power is strong in position — holding the great federal offices, judicial, executive, and military, stronger in purpose and in will. "The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than that of those who act merely on the defensive." At the South, it rules the non-slaveholders, as at the North it has had also the Democratic party under its thumb. There is a secret article in the creed of that party which demands unconditional submission to the infallibility of the negro-driver. Senator Toombs has no slaves in Georgia who yield to his will more submissively than to the whim of the Southern master crouches Hon. Mr. Cushing, whose large intellectual talents, great attainments, and consummate political art, in this hall, so fitly represent the town of Newburyport. It is the glory of the Northern Democratic party that it has been the most cringing slave to the haughtiest and unworthiest master in the world. All individuality seemed "crushed out," to use Mr. Cushing's own happy phrase. Within eight months every Northern State has had a State Democratic Convention, each of which has passed resolutions endorsing the Dred Scott decision. This act implies no individuality of thought or of will. The Southern master gave command to each Northern squad of Democrats —"Make ready your resolutions in support of the Dred Scott decision!" They "make ready." "Consider resolutions!" They "consider." "Vote aye!" They "vote aye."

The slave power, thus controlling the slaves and slaveholders at the South, and the Democratic party at the North, easily manages the government at Washington. The Federal officers are marked with different stripes — Whig, Democrat, and so on. They are all owned by the same master, and lick the same hand. So it controls the nation. It silences the great sects, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Nullitarian: the chief ministers of this American Church — threefold in denominations, one in nature — have naught to say against slavery; the Tract Society dares not rebuke the "sum of all villanies," the Bible Society has no "Word of God" for the slave, the "revealed religion" is not revealed to him. Writers of schoolbooks "remember the hand that feeds them," and venture no word against the national crime which threatens to become also the national ruin. In no nation on earth is there such social tyranny of opinion. In Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Italy, and Spain, the despotic bayonet has pinned the public lips together. The Democratic hands of America have sewed up her own mouth with an iron thread — that and fetters are the only product of the Southern mine. In Washington not a man in the meanest office dares open his lips against the monster which threatens to devour his babies and his wife. No doctor allows himself a word against that tyrant — his business would forsake him if he did. In Southern States, this despotism drives off all outspoken men. Mr. Underwood, of Virginia,[9] made a speech against the extension of slavery into Kansas,— he must take his life in his hand, and flee from his native State. Mr. Helper, of North Carolina, writes a brave, noble book, ciphering out the results of freedom and of

bondage,— even *North* Carolina is too hot to hold him. Mr. Strickland, at Mobile, sells now and then an anti-slavery book,— the great State of Alabama drives him out, scares off his wife, and will not allow him to collect his honest debts! At the North, you know the disposition of men who hold office from the Federal Government, or who seek and expect it: the Federal hand is raised to strangle Democracy. They never give the alarm: it would be to "strike the hand that feeds them." Nay, they crouch down and "lick the hand just raised to shed *our* blood." Even at Washington, slavery has sewed up the delegated Northern mouth, else so noisy once. It is nearly two years since a Southern bully, a representative man of South Carolina, stole upon our great senator, with coward blows felled him to the ground, and with his bludgeon beat the stunned and unconscious man. He meant to "silence agitation:" he did his work too well. Excepting the discussion which followed that outrage, do you remember an anti-slavery speech in the Senate since Charles Sumner's, in May, 1856? Can you think of one in the House? If such have been spoken, I have not heard either, though I have listened all the time. Now and then some one has made an apology for the North, promising not to touch slavery in the part most woundable. But I believe there has been no manly anti-slavery speech in House or Senate till Mr. Hale broke the silence with a noble word. The slave power dealt the blows upon one Northern man, and nearly silenced all the rest! "The *safer* part of valor is discretion!" The South has many slaves not counted in the census. Ought they to represent the North?

The slave power is conscious of strength, and sure

of victory. It never felt so strong before. Look at this: the Treasury Department has just instructed the collectors not to permit a free negro to act as master of a vessel,— he is not a citizen of the United States! See what the Southern States are doing. A bill has been reported in the Senate of Louisiana, authorizing that State to import five thousand African slaves. If it becomes a law the government will not prevent the act; our worst enemy, the Supreme Court, is ready to declare unconstitutional the law which forbids the African slave trade. The South may import as many slaves as she likes; the government is for her wickedness, not against that — only against justice and the inalienable rights of man. Another bill is pending before the Virginia legislature to banish or enslave all the 75,000 free colored persons in that State, where more than one President has been the father of a mulatto woman's child. The law to enslave them all may pass; the Federal Government cares nothing about it. African Rachel may mourn in vain for her first-born, and refuse to be comforted, because the Virginian Jacob chains the parti-colored Joseph that she bore to him; let her mourn! What does the Federal Herod care that in all Virginia there is a voice heard of lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning from the poor Rachel of Africa?

Stronger than ever before, at least in fancy, and yet more truly impudent than fancied strong, the slave power proposes two immediate measures: —

I. To pass the Lecompton Constitution through Congress, and force slavery into the laws of Kansas, against the oft-repeated vote of the people.

II. To add seven thousand men to the standing army of the United States. They are nominally to

put down the polygamous Mormons in Utah — Satan contradicting the lies he is the father of! — but really to support the more grossly polygamous slaveholders; to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas with the bayonet; in all the North, to execute the Fugitive Slave Bill, and the Dred Scott decision, already made, and the Lemmon decision, about to be made, and establish slavery in each free State; and also to put down any insurrection of the colored people at the South. The Mormons are the pretense no more; the army is raised against the Democracy of Massachusetts, not the polygamy of Utah.

Ladies and gentlemen, both of these measures will pass the Senate, pass the House. If it were the end of a presidential term, I should expect they would be defeated. But men worship the rising sun, not the setting, who has no more *golden* light for them. A Boston merchant, with but $87,000, could bribe men enough to pass his tariff bill! The new President has more than $87,000,000 — offices for three years to come. The addition to the army will cost at least $5,000,000 a year, and the patronage that gives will command votes enough. I know how tender are the feelings of Congress; I know how politicians reject with scorn the idea that money or office could alter their vote; but we all know that a President, his pocket full of public money, his hands full of offices, can buy votes of honorable senators and honorable representatives just as readily as you can buy peanuts of the huckster down stairs. I need not go from this hall, or its Eastern neighbor, I need not go back seven years to find honorable members of the "Great and General Court of Massachusetts" who were bought with a price. I shall tell no names, though I know

them only too well. Peter did repent and Judas may — I will give him a chance. I expect, therefore, that both these measures will pass. Then you will find the Northern "Democracy" supporting them; future conventions will ring with resolutions in favor of the Lecompton Convention, and *a great standing army* will be one of the acknowledged "principles" of the Democratic party — a toast on Independence Day.

When the two immediate measures are disposed of, there are three others a little more remote, which are likewise to be passed upon.

I. The first is to establish slavery in all the Northern States — the Dred Scott decision has already put it in all the territories. The Supreme Court will make a decision in the Lemmon case, and authorize any one of the Southern masters of the North to bring his slaves to any Northern State, and keep them as long as he pleases. Colored men "have no rights which white men are bound to respect" — so says the Supreme Court, which is greater than the Constitution; and if that be true generally, everywhere, then it will be true specially in Massachusetts. I have no doubt the Supreme Court will make the decision. We have no Judge Curtis to sit in that Court, and give his verdict for law and justice; his place is occupied by Hon. Nathan Clifford — a very different man, if I am rightly informed. When his nomination was before the Senate, Mr. Hale opposed it, and said Mr. Clifford was not reckoned a first class lawyer in his own district — which comprises the greater part of New England; nor in his own State — the State of Maine; nor in his own county; nor even in his own town!

Then, after Mr. Hale had reduced this vulgar frac-

tion of law to his lowest terms, the Senate added it to the sum of the Supreme Court. He is strong enough for his function — to create new law for slavery. His appointment must needs cause a judgment against him, but let us give him a fair trial. When the court has given the expected decision in the Lemmon case, then this new article will be voted into the apostolic creed of the Democratic party, published by authority, and appointed to be read in caucuses and conventions. It may be "said or sung," as follows: — "I believe in the Fugitive Bill; I believe in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; I believe in the Dred Scott decision; I believe in the Lemmon decision. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

II. The next measure is to conquer Mexico, Central America, and all the Northern continent down to the Isthmus; to conquer Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, all the West India Islands, and establish slavery there. This conquest of the islands might seem rather a difficult work — it might require some fighting; but the late Hon. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, was very confident it would be done. You remember how he spoke of those islands in a rambling speech that he once made, which was truth-telling, because drunken. You smile; but if *in vino veritas* be good Latin, *à fortiori* is it good American to say, *there is more truth in whisky, which is stronger.* In one of his fits of "loose expectoration," that distinguished senator, a representative man, like Bully Brooks, instantial and typical of his State, spoke of "*our* Southern Islands," meaning Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, Trinidad, St. Thomas, and the rest. He called them *our* islands, not that they were so then, or because he

had any personal knowledge that they ever would be; but "being in the spirit" (of slavery), and the spirit (of whisky) being also in him — *imperium in imperio* — by this twofold inspiration (of slavery from without and whisky from within), and from this double consciousness (out of the abundance of the stomach the mouth also speaking), he prophesied (this medium of two spirits), not knowing what he said.

That is the second measure,— to re-annex the West Indies and the Continent.

III. The third measure is to restore the African slave trade.[10] Now and then the South puts forth a *feeler*, to try the weather; the further South you go the more boldly are the feelers put out. South Carolina and Louisiana seem ready for this measure; and of course the Supreme Court is ready. You must not be surprised if yet another article be added to the Democratic creed, and we hear Mr. Cushing, deacon off this new Litany of Despotism, with — "I believe in the African slave trade."

To carry all these measures, the slave power depends on the Federal Government. But it never pesters the government with petitions on paper; it sends its petitions in *boots*. They are not referred to committees in House or Senate; the petitions in boots are themselves the committee of House and Senate. Gentlemen, the slave power has got the Federal Government, especially the Supreme Court — a constant power.

It relies also on the Democratic party North for its aid in this destruction of Democracy. Gentlemen, it has got that party — will it keep it? Heretofore the two have seemed united, not for better but for worse, "so long as they both do live." Witness the arguments

of Mr. Cushing, yesterday, in this hall, against the personal liberty law; and he faithfully and consistently represents the Northern Democratic party as it was.

The slave power depends on the four great commercial cities of the North — Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Gentlemen, it has the support of these four cities, and will continue to have it for some time to come. If the two immediate and the three remote aggressive measures I have just mentioned were to be passed on by the voters of these four towns, I think they would vote as the slave power told them. They did so for the Fugitive Slave Bill, for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; — they will vote for the Lecompton Bill, the Army Bill; and when their help is wanted for the *Americanization* of the rest of the continent, by filibustering; for the *Southernization* of the North, by the Lemmon decision; for the *Africanization* of America, by restoring the African slave trade, they will do as they are bid.

If these five measures were left to the voters of Boston alone, the result might be doubtful,— nay, I think it would be adverse to the South. But look at the matter a little more nicely. Divide the Boston voters into four classes: — the rich — men worth $100,000 or more; the educated — men with such culture as pupils get at tolerable colleges; the poor — the Irish, and all men worth but $400 or less; the middling class — the rest of the male citizens. If the question were submitted to the first three, I make no doubt the vote would be for the South, for the destruction of Democracy. The educated and the poor would do as the rich commanded them — they would not "strike the hand that feeds them," for they know how

> "To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning."

I speak of the general rule, and do honor to the exceptions. I hope you think me harsh in this judgment. Many of you, I see, are members of this House, and do not know exactly the city you are strangers in. I believe it the best city in the world; but it has some faults which warrant my conjectural fear. Two things have happened, Mr. President, since our last annual meeting, which show the proclivity of the controlling class in Boston to support slavery. The first took place on the 17th of June. One or two haberdashers and the hotel-keepers of Boston were anxious to celebrate the eighty-second anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The State and the city united in that good work. There was a Committee of the Massachusetts legislature, joined with a Committee of the City Council. Here is the book, "printed by authority," giving an account of some of the proceedings. The Committee invited distinguished champions of slavery to come and consecrate the statue of Warren. Here is the reply of Governor Wise, of Virginia. It contains an admirable hint. He hopes *the Revolutionary times will return.* So do I.

The Committee invited the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill to partake of their festivities. Yes, they invited the Hon. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, the most insolent man in the American Senate, the most bitterly and vulgarly hostile to the Democratic institutions of the North, the man who had treated your own senator with such insolence and abuse; Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, also should have been included! I shall not now speak of the men who

outraged the decency of New England by asking such a man to such a spot on such a day,— they were types of a class of men whom they too faithfully serve. But on that occasion, "complimentary flunkeyism" swelled itself almost to bursting, that it might croak the praises of Mr. Mason and his coadjutors.

When the coward blows of Mr. Brooks — one of that holy alliance of bullies who rule Congress — had brought Charles Sumner to the ground, and he lay helpless between life and death, you know the people of Boston proposed to have a meeting in Faneuil Hall to express their indignation. A committee, appointed at a previous meeting, had the matter in charge. They invited Hon. Mr. Winthrop to attend. "No," he "could not come." They asked Mr. Everett. "No," he too was "unable." [11] It was reported at the time, and I thought on good authority, that when the committee asked Hon. Mr. Choate, he asked "if blows on the head with a gutta-percha stick would hurt a man much?" These three were ex-senators. They all refused to attend the meeting and join in any expression of feeling against the outrage upon Mr. Sumner. Gentlemen, I respect sincerity, and I was glad that they were not hypocrites on that occasion. Twice the committee waited on the first two gentlemen, offering the invitation, which was twice refused. But Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Everett were both at Charlestown to pay that feudal homage to Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason, which Northern vassals owe the slave power. With their "flunkeyism," they tainted still worse the air of that town which has a proverbial repute and name.

Then was fulfilled that celebrated threat of Senator

Toombs, of Georgia. On the eighty-second anniversary of New England's first great battle, at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the most offensive of all his tribe, called over the roll of his slaves; and men, their names unknown to fame, their personalities too indistinct for sight, at least for memory, with the City Government of Boston, the authorities of Harvard College, two ex-senators, one ex-governor, the governor of Massachusetts (spite of the "certainty of a mathematical demonstration," now also an ex), answered to their names![12]

That was not all. The next day, at the public cost, in a steamboat chartered expressly for the purpose, the City Government took Mr. Mason about the harbor, showing to him the handsome spectacle of Nature, the green islands, then so fair; and you saw, a hideous sight, the magistrates of this town doing homage to one of the foulest of her enemies, who had purposely incited a kindred spirit to deal such blows on the honored head of a noble senator of this State.

Nor was that all. The next night, one of the professors of Harvard College, both a learned and most genial man, but at that time specially representing the servility of his institution, better even than his accomplishments generally represent its Greek scholarship, invited the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill to an entertainment at his house.

So the magistrates of Boston, the authorities of Harvard College, the "respectabilities of the neighborhood," the Committee of the Legislature, the Governor of the Commowealth, and its ex-senators said in their acts, and their words too, "Thus shall be done unto the man whom the slave power delighteth to honor."

Here is the other act. Mr. Alger, a young Unitarian minister of this town, had been invited to deliver the annual Fourth of July address before the city authorities; and he, good honest man, in the simplicity of his heart, like Horace Mann and Charles Sumner, long before, thought that one day in the year was consecrate to Independence, and an orator might be pardoned if, on Independence Day, he said a word in behalf of the self-evident truths of the old Declaration, and spoke of the natural and inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Mr. Alger's grandfather fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, and it was not surprising that the "spirit of '75," speaking through such a "medium," should be a little indignant at the *spirit of* '57! He spoke as he ought. The city government refused to print his speech — which, however, printed itself. The act was consistent. They who had crouched to Senator Mason, and answered at the roll-call of his slaves, how could they publish a manly speech rebuking their "complimentary flunkeyism!"

These two acts may make you doubt what would be the fate of the slave power's measures if left to Boston alone; but they make me sure what it would be if left to the three classes I have just now named.

But will these measures succeed, even with such help? If I had stood in this spot on the 29th of January, 1850, and foretold as prophecy what is history to-day, would you have believed me, Mr. President? Ladies and gentlemen, *you* could not credit it: that Mason's Bill, proposed the week before, would become a law; that Boston would ever be the haunt of man-stealers, her court-house a barracoon, Faneuil Hall crammed with soldiers hired to steal a negro boy; that her judge

of probate would forego the benevolence of his nature, or at least of his office, and become a kidnapper, and even a pretended anti-slavery governor keep him in office still! No, you could not believe that Wendell Phillips would ever be brought to trial for a "misdemeanor," because, in the "Cradle of Liberty," he declared it wrong for a judge of probate to turn kidnapper! No, you would not hear the prediction that the Missouri Compromise would be repealed, the Kansas-Nebraska Act be passed, and the military arm of the United States, lengthened out with border ruffians, would be stretched forth to force slavery into Kansas with the edge of the sword. You would have said, "The Dred Scott decision is impossible; the Supreme Court cannot declare that no colored man is a citizen of the United States,— that the Constitution itself puts slavery into every territory, spite of local legislation, spite of Congress itself, spite of the people's will! Should they attempt so foul a wrong, the next convention of the Northern Democrats would rend the court asunder! Caleb Cushing would war against it!" What have we seen abroad; what do some of you hear in this hall, day out, day in? On the 29th of January, 1858, is it more unlikely that the Federal Government will decree these three new measures,— to establish slavery in all the North, to conquer and enslave the Southern part of the continent, to restore the slave trade? The past is explanation of the present, as the present also of the past.

There are two things you may depend on: the impudent boldness of your Southern masters; the thorough corruption of their Northern slaves. These two are "sure as death and rates."

But opposition is made against slavery,— some of it

is quite remarkable. I begin with mentioning what comes from quarters which seemed least promising.

1. A Northern Democrat enters on the stage,— an unwonted appearance. But it is no "infant phenomenon," no stripling, "who never appeared on any stage before," making his first essay by venturing on an anti-slavery part. It is an old stock actor — the little giant of many a tragedy. Mr. Douglas has broken with the administration; the author of the Kansas-Nebraska Act is now undoing his own work; the inventor of "squatter sovereignty" (or, if Cass be the inventor, Douglas has the patent) turns round and *strikes the hand that fed him* with honors and applause. He has great personal power of work, of endurance, immense ability to talk; all the arts of sophistry are at his command; adroit, cunning, far-sighted, for an American politician — no man, I think, better understands the strategy of politics, and no man has been more immoral and shameless in its use. He has long been the leader of the Northern Democracy, and knows its instincts and its ideas; his hand is familiar with the strings which move the puppets of the party. Amongst men not clerical, I have heard but one speaker lie with such exquisite adroitness, and make the worse appear the better reason. He is a senator, still holding his place on important committees; he is rich, in the prime of life, ambitious of power: he has abandoned drunkenness, and his native strength returns to his stout frame once more. Let us not disguise it,— no mere politician in America can do the slave power such harm.

But I have no more confidence in Mr. Douglas [13] now than in 1854. The nature of the man has not changed, nor can it change; even his will is still the

same. No man has done us such harm. You know his public measures, his public speeches — the newspapers report all that; but his frauds, his insolent demeanor, his brow-beating and violence towards the Republican senators, you do not know — only the actual spectators can understand such things. Do you remember that, after Mr. Sumner had made his last great speech, Mr. Douglas said,—"Does the senator want us to kick him?" You have not forgot that when Brooks made his attack upon Sumner, Douglas also was there, and did not interfere to prevent a continuance of the blows. He also was a part of that outrage. The man has not changed. If he were President, he would do as Buchanan does, only more so. If he were sure of his senatorial office for six years to come, I think we should hear no words from him in behalf of Kansas. But his term expires in March, next year. He knows he cannot be re-elected, unless he changes his course. So he alters his measures, and provisionally favors freedom; not his principles, which are the loaves and fishes of power. I am sorry to hear Republicans express their confidence in him, and give him praise which leaves nothing to add to such men as Hale, Seward, and Chase. I know it is said, "Any stone is good enough to throw at a dog;" but this is a stone that will *scale* in its flight, veer off, and finally hit what you mean not to hurt, but to defend. Yet it is unexpected to find any individuality of conduct or opinion in the party. It is pleasant to see what a train of followers he has already, and to think that Democracy is not quite dead among Democrats. He is fighting against our foes — that is an accident; he is not fighting for us, but only for Stephen A. Douglas, and if he wins that battle, he cares not who his allies are, nor who his foes.

2. The next help comes from a slave State. Here is the valuable speech of Hon. F. P. Blair, from Missouri. "The civilized world," says he, "is at war with the propagation of slavery, whether by fraud or by the sword; and those who look to gain political ascendency on this continent by bringing the weight of this system, like an enormous yoke, not to subject the slaves only, but their fellow-citizens and kindred of the same blood, *have made false auguries of the signs of the times.*" Significant words — doubly important when coming from a slave State.

3. Here is something from Republican members of Congress. Not to mention others from New England, or elsewhere, here is a speech from Hon. Eli Thayer, ironical, sometimes, I take it, but plain and direct in substance. He would have the free States send settlers to Northernize the South — already he has a colony in Virginia — and New Englandize Central America! "The Yankee," says Mr. Thayer, "has never become a slaveholder, unless he has been forced to it by the social relations of the slave State where he lived; and the Yankee who has become a slaveholder has every day of his life thereafter felt in his very bones the bad economy of the system." "Why, sir, he can buy a negro power in a steam-engine for ten dollars, and he can clothe and feed that power for one year for five dollars; and are we the men to give $1,000 for an African slave, and $150 a year to feed and clothe him?"

This is an anti-slavery argument which traders can understand. Mr. Thayer is not so much a talker as an organizer; he puts his thoughts into works. You know how much Kansas owes him for the organization he has set on foot. One day will he not also revolu-

tionize Virginia? There is a to-morrow after to-day.[14]

Here is a speech from Hon. John P. Hale. I think it is the ablest he ever made,— the first any one in Congress has made, I think, since the discussion caused by the assault on Mr. Sumner. It relates to Kansas and the Dred Scott decision. Hear what he says of the latter: —

"If the opinion of the Supreme Court be true, it makes the immortal authors of the Declaration of Independence liars before God and hypocrites before the world; for they lay down their sentiments broad, full, and explicit, and then they say that they appeal to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for the rectitude of their intentions; but, if you believe the Supreme Court, they were merely quibbling on words. They went into the courts of the Most High, and pledged fidelity to their principles as the price they would pay for success, and now it is attempted to cheat them out of the poor boon of integrity; and it is said that they did not mean so; and that when they said *all men,* they meant *all white men;* and when they said that the contest they waged was for the *rights of mankind,* the Supreme Court of the United States would have you believe that they mean it was to *establish slavery.* Against that I protest, here, now, and everywhere; and I tell the Supreme Court that these things are so impregnably fixed in the hearts of the people, on the page of history, in the recollections and traditions of men, that it will require mightier efforts than they have made or can make, to overturn or to shake these settled convictions of the popular understanding and of the popular heart.

"Sir, you are now proposing to carry out this Dred Scott decision by forcing upon the people of Kansas a constitution against which they have remonstrated, and to which there can be no shadow of doubt a very large portion of them are opposed. Will it succeed? I do not know; it is not for me to say; but I will say this: if you force that — if you persevere in that attempt — I think, I hope, the men of Kansas will fight. I hope they will resist to blood and to death the attempt to force them to a submission against which their fathers contended, and to which they never would have submitted. Let me tell you, sir, I stand not here to use the language of intimidation or of menace; but you kindle the fires of civil war in that country by an attempt to force that Constitution on the

necks of an unwilling people; and you will light a fire that all Democracy cannot quench — aye, sir, there will come up many another Peter the Hermit, that will go through the length and the breadth of this land, telling the story of your wrongs and your outrages; and they will stir the public heart; they will raise a feeling in this country such as has never yet been raised; and the men of this country will go forth, as they did of olden time, in another crusade; but it will not be a crusade to redeem the dead sepulchre where the body of the Crucified had lain from the profanation of the infidel, but to redeem this fair land, which God has given to be the abode of freemen, from the desecration of a despotism sought to be imposed upon them in the name of 'perfect freedom' and 'popular sovereignty.'"

This is a little different from the speeches made in Congress last winter. There is nothing apologetic and deprecatory this time. Mr. Seward said, long ago, "The time for compromises has passed by."

Mr. Sumner's chair is vacant still — and yet it speaks with more power than any senator can bring to defend slavery with. In the long line of men Massachusetts has sent to do service in the halls of Congress, there has been none nobler than Charles Sumner, none more faithful. I know how dangerous it is to praise a living man, especially a politician; to-morrow may undo the work of half a century. But here I feel safe; for, of all the men I have known in political life, he is the only one who has thereby grown stronger in the noblest qualities of a man. Already his integrity has been tried in the severest ordeal; I think hereafter it will stand any test. Massachusetts has had three great Adamses — Samuel, John, John Quincy. In their graves, they are to her what "the three Tells" are to Switzerland. Here is a man equally noble, perhaps with a nicer culture than any of them. He has now the same firmness, the same integrity — faithful-

ness to delegated trust, allegiance to the higher law of right. His empty chair is eloquent.

4. Then there are Republicans out of Congress, in official station, who are at work. All the New England States, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, have governors and legislatures, I think, hostile to slavery — after the "Republican" way. The election of Mr. Banks was a triumph in Massachusetts. In fifty years past, no Northern State has sent a man to the House of Representatives, who in twenty-five years acquired as great influence there as Mr. Banks in four. He has many qualities which fit him for eminence in American politics — if he only be faithful to the right. I hear loud condemnation of him from anti-slavery men, because, say they, "He will do wrong by and by." Our sentence will be in season if it comes *after* the crime; and the actual offenses of Republican politicians are so numerous that I will not condemn conjectural felonies before they are committed. I hear it said he will not remove Judge Loring. Wait and see. But to exchange his predecessor for him seemed a triumph of freedom in 1857; I hope it will prove so in years to come.

The Republican party has done considerable service, but it does not behave very well. It is cowardly; a little deceitful; "making *I dare not* wait upon *I would.*" Colored waiters at public festivals say, "The Democrats treat us better than the Republicans." Events have clearly shown that the party did not deserve to gain the Federal power in 1856; that it would have been ruinous to the party could they then have taken the great offices, and disastrous to the cause of freedom, which they would compromise. Yet, as it is the best political party we have, I would not be over-

nice in criticising it. I like not to pick holes in the thin spots of the only political coat we have in this stormy weather. I know the difficulties of the party, and have pity for its offenders — none for its mere hunters after place.

I have spoken of the services of these classes of political men. There is one trouble which disturbs all four. They are liable to a certain disease of a peculiar nature. I have a good copy of Galen, but he does not mention it; the last edition of Hippocrates, but neither he nor his commentator, though both well-lettered men, makes any reference thereto. Hence I suppose it is a new disease, which, though not exactly a doctor of medicine, perhaps I am the first to describe. So I will call it the Presidential fever; or, in Latin, *Typhus infandus Americanus.** I will try to describe the specific variety which is endemic in the Northern States, the only place where I have studied the disease. I may omit some symptoms of the case, which other observers will supply. At first the patient is filled with a vague longing after things too high for him. He gazes at them with a fixed stare; the pupils expand. But he cannot see distinctly; crooked ways seem straight; the shortest curve he thinks is a right angle; dirty things look clean, and he lays hold of them without perceiving their condition. Some things he sees double — especially the number of his friends; others with a semi-vision, and it is always the lower half he sees. All the time he hears a confused noise, like that of men declaring votes, State after State. This noise obscures all other

* It may be the same *Herod* is said to have died of. From Sallust's description, it would seem that *Catiline* had a slight touch of it.— Bell. Cat. ch. i.

sounds, so that he cannot hear the still small voice which yet moves the world of men. He can bear no "agitation;" the word "slavery" disturbs him much; he fears discussion thereof as a hydrophobiac dreads water, Yet he is fond of the "rich brogue" of the foreign population. His sense of smell is so morbid that an honest man is unbearably offensive. His tongue is foul, but he has an irresistible propensity to lick the hands of those he thinks will give him what he seeks. His organ of locality is crazed and erratic in its action; the thermometer may stand at 20° below zero — even lower, if long enough — the Mississippi may be frozen over clear down to Natchez, Hellgate be impassable for ice, and the wind of Labrador blow for months across the continent to the Gulf of Mexico — still he can't believe there is any North! Combativeness is irregularly active; he fights his best friends and clings to his worst enemies. Destructiveness is intense; he would abolish the negroes, enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill, and hang the abolitionists. Benevolence is wholly inert. Causality has become idiotic; he looks into the clockwork of the State, and everywhere finds "a little nigger has got into the machinery," which he would set right by "crushing out" the intruder. Ideality fills him with the foolishest of dreams. The organ of self-esteem swells to a monstrous size — like a huge wen on the top of the head, "a sight to behold." He talks about himself excessively, *ad nauseam;* and "makes a noise town-meeting days," and is always "up" in the legislature. Vanity is immense; he would be before the people continually; no place is too small, if only public; he lives in the eye of the people, greedy of praise. Hope is in a state of delirious excitement; no failure disconcerts him, no

fall abates desire to rise. Veracity is in a comatose state; "he will lie like Governor ——." [15] Conscientiousness has "caved in," and in its place there is "a hole in his head." He knows no higher law above his own ambition, for which all means seem just. He often speaks of "the Father of his Country," but never tells his noblest deeds. His reverence is delirious in its action; he worships every graven or molten image that faces South, and lies prostrate before the great ugly idol of Slavery, rending his garments, and cries, "Baal help us! Baal help us!" Disease incurable; yields to no medicine; not hellebore enough in all Anticyra to affect the case.

I need not speak of the old Anti-slavery Society. It is not necessary I should criticise their action — I have done that often enough before. If we deserve any praise, let others give it, or give it not, as suits them best.

There has been a great change in the people of the North — else, Mr. President, we were not here to-night. You remember the legislatures of 1850, 1851, 1852 — what if you had asked them for this hall! In 1851, even Faneuil Hall could not be had for a convention of fifteen hundred as respectable and intelligent men as ever assembled in the United States, with Horace Mann at their head. We are here to-night by the will of the people of Massachusetts. For many years we have come up before the legislature of this State; it has always heard us patiently, and I think at length has always done what we asked. Former legislatures have done all in *their* power to remove the only Massachusetts judge of probate that ever kidnapped a man. I make no doubt this legislature will as faithfully represent the conscience of the State.

I say there has been a great change in the people. Compare the old *Daily Advertiser* with the new, which I think one of the humanest as well as ablest newspapers in New England.

I recall the fate of the Northern men who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. There were thirteen Northern senators who did so. The official term has expired for ten of them. Nine of the ten lost their election — veteran old Mr. Cass at their head; the Camden and Amboy Railroad sent back Mr. Thompson to represent their rolling-stock. Stuart of Michigan, Jones of Iowa, and Douglas of Illinois, abide their time.

Forty-two Northern representatives were equally false to Democracy. Thirty-nine of them have gone to their own place, only three returned to their seats: J. Glancey Jones and T. B. Florence of Pennsylvania, and W. H. English of Indiana, alone remain.

If the South is more confident of victory than ever, the North is also more determined to conquer. The late elections show this: that of Mr. Banks is a very significant sign of the times. The " rebellion " of Mr. Douglas, so his old masters call it, is popular at the North. He could be elected to the Senate to-morrow by a vote of the people of Illinois. I do not say I would vote for him; that State will. All the West is on his side. See how many tender-footed Democrats there are who cannot walk over a majority of legal voters in Kansas ten thousand strong, and force slavery on that State, even at the command of the old master. Soon there will be *conscience Democrats*, as once *conscience Whigs*. The administration party may carry their measures; it will be as of old, " the counsel of the froward is carried headlong." In 1860, the

Northern Democratic party will be where the Whig party was in 1856. There will be a pack of men about the Federal offices in all the great towns, united by common desire for public plunder; but the party will be as dead as Benedict Arnold. If Mr. Cushing will "crush out" all individualism from the Democracy he will leave no life there!

Such is the aspect of slavery now. It is clear what duty the North has to do. She must choose either freedom of the black man, with an industrial Democracy gradually spreading over all the continent, diffusing everywhere the civilization of New England; or else the slavery of the black man, with a military despotism certainly overspreading the land and crushing down the mass of men, white and black, into Asiatic subjection. The choice is between these two extremes.

There are 18,000,000 in the North, all free. The power of numbers, wealth, industry, education, ideas, institutions, all is on our side. So are the sympathies of the civilized world, the hopes and the primal instincts of mankind; "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera." The Federal Government is against us — we might have had it on our side if we would.

The last Presidential election showed who in the North were the allies of the South. They dwell mainly in the four great cities, and in that debatable land which borders on the slave States, a strip of territory 200 miles wide, reaching from New York harbor to the Mississippi. I trust the Anti-slavery Society will send out its missionaries to arouse and instruct the people in that border land. There is a practical work to be done — to be attempted at once.

Slavery is a moral wrong and an economical blunder; but it is also a great political institution. It can-

not be put down by political economy, nor by ethical preaching; men have not only pecuniary interests and moral feelings, but also political passions. Slavery must be put down politically, or else militarily. If not peacefully ended soon, it must be ended wrathfully by the sword. The negro will not bear slavery for ever; if he would, the white man will not.

If the Republican party behave wisely, there will never be another inch of slave soil added to the national domain, nor another slave State admitted to the Union: but slavery will be driven out of all the territories. Look at this fact. There are now fifteen slave States, sixteen free. Minnesota and Kansas will soon be admitted, Washington and Oregon ere long — four new free States. Missouri may abolish slavery within four years. Then, in 1864, we shall stand twenty-one free States to fourteen slave States. Nay, perhaps Utah will repudiate both forms of polygamy, the voluntary and the forcible, and be an ally in our defense. It is easy to conquer the Southern part of the continent; it is not easy to establish African slavery there, in the midst of a population made up of Africans or Indians ready to shelter the slave, and also much more dense than that in the Gulf States from Georgia or Florida to Texas.

If the North is wise and just, we shall choose an anti-slavery President in 1860, and on March 4th, 1861, incorporate the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution's Preamble into the Federal Government itself. And on the 4th of July, 1876, there will not be a slave within all the wide borders of the United States! For that service, we do not want a man like Colonel Frémont, who has had no political experience; we want no Johnny Raw for the

most difficult post in the nation. It must not be a man broken down with the Presidential fever.

But much is to be done before that result is possible. The whole policy of the Republican party must be changed. We must attack slavery — slavery in the territories, slavery in the district, and, above all, slavery *in the slave States.* Would you remove the *shadow of a tree?* Then down with the tree itself! There is no other way. To get rid of the accidents of a thing, you make way with its substance. Does not the Constitution guarantee a Republican form of government to every State? South Carolina has a Republican form of government, has she? We must be aggressive, and kill the trunk, not maim the branches. When you attempt that, depend upon it the South will know you are in earnest. The Supreme Court is our worst enemy. I should attack it carefully by regular siege. Conquer and re-construct it.

If I were Republican governor of Massachusetts, or a senator of the State, I should make it a part of my duty to attend every anti-slavery convention, and to speak there. Such men go to Cattle Shows, and Mechanics' Fairs, and meetings of Bible Societies, to show that they are at least officially interested in farming, manufacturing, and religion. So would I go to the other place, to show that I really took the deepest, heartiest interest in the great principles of Democracy, and wished to see justice done to the humblest of human kind.

The *Daily Advertiser* gives us good counsel. In the editorial of the 26th, I find these words: "The enemies of slavery and its extension have hitherto occupied too exclusively a defensive attitude; its

friends, by venturing on bold courses of aggression, have continually been gaining ground. If they did not carry their whole point, they always gained something by compromise. It is right to learn from one's enemy, and it will be fortunate if our friends in Congress have really learned the valuable lesson of refusing to be kept on the defensive."

I know how anxious men are for office. I take it there are 20,000 candidates for the Presidency now living. I wish they were enumerated in the census — they might come after the overseers of slaves. Certainly no man is too small for the place. The experience of Europe shows that little men may be born to high office; America proves that they can be *chosen* — and Democratic election is as good as royal foreordination. But no man is likely to gain that high office by compromise. Webster tried it, and failed; Clay also failed. If Seward, Chase, or Banks attempt the same thing, they also will come dishonored to the ground. It is always hard to ride two horses. What if, as now, both be swift, and North runs one way, and South the other? Anti-slavery is a moveable stone — he that falls on it will be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.

XII

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

1858

There are three great events in American history. The first is the Discovery of the Continent; the second, the Landing of the Pilgrims in New England, who brought the Teutonic seed of a new form of civilization; the third, the Declaration of Independence, when new ideas of government were clearly set forth, destined to have a great influence on the development of mankind. This is not only the national anniversary: it is the birthday of whole families of republics that we know not of as yet; for it must have a future more glorious than the past or the present.

Let you and me make the highest religious use of this great day. Religion includes all duties, individual and social — the self-protection that I owe to my own person, the philanthropy due to my kind, and patriotism, the virtue I owe my nation. Each man has a human character, general elements common to mankind; an individual character, special elements peculiar to himself; and a national character not less. Patriotism is a great religious duty: it is philanthropy modified by the need of the hour, and intensified towards one special people — not that we love mankind less, but our country more. It is the application of justice to our own nation.

The Americans are making a new experiment in

human history. The discovery of the continent was not more strange in 1492 than the American Republic is now. This, also, is a New World amongst the governments of the earth. Great abstract truths become great facts in the institutions of the people; the word becomes flesh; what at first is a great thought is at last to be millions of men, their character molded by the institutions.

On this great day, remembering that we are all Americans, each having his stake in the common fence, religiously owing great patriotism to our common country, let us look at our special duty as citizens of this new republic; and so I ask your attention to some thoughts on the Effect of Slavery on the American People. I shall say much of principles, ideas, and facts; of individual men very little.

To understand the matter fully, and see the effect of slavery, look a minute at some of the chief peculiarities of our political institutions.

In the middle ages, throughout the greater part of Europe, there prevailed a form of government which looks strange to you and me. Vicariousness was the general rule in religion and politics: neither Church nor State was amenable to the people.

First, the clergy were responsible for the religion of the people; that is, one man in three or four thousand was thought answerable for the future welfare of all the rest. The clergy made an ecclesiastical theology, and called it divine revelation; they established ecclesiastical ceremonies, which they named the ordinances of God. The people were only to believe the one and practise the other, and their calling and election were made sure; for the priest claimed to speak with authority superior to human consciousness.

"Believe" and "Obey" were his two commands: "Trust our office, and not your own soul!"

Second, the king and the aristocracy were responsible for the politics of the people: they made, expounded, and administered the statute laws, claiming authority above the collective interests or collective conscience of the people. The magistrate's statutes were a finality: the people's need and right were none. The official did not *propose* statutes; he *made* them, and enforced. Then the Church and State were both accounted divine — that is, the final and ultimate authority. The priest, king, or noble, all claimed to hold of God, not of mankind; they were feudatories under Him, responsible to God, not to man. The ecclesiastical or political ruler had all the command and right; only obedience and duty belonged to the ruled. The king or noble was the State, the priest the Church.

This royal vicariousness went through all society; the title to office and land all ran from the king or noble, not from the individual possessor, or the collective mass of men.

This sacerdotal vicariousness likewise ran through all society. No church-doctrines held under humanity, either of reason or instinct, individual or collective; all held under the priesthood, which had eminent domain over human consciousness. Salvation depended on the Church, not on the faith or works of saint or sinner. The priest opened and shut the gates of heaven: tickets of entrance were to be bought at his office, and could not be had elsewhere, either of man or God.

Such was once the theory of the divine State and divine Church, the twofold kingdom of God on earth.

It was the best thing men had in those days: let us not grumble. Man is honest always, and does the best he knows how. You and I were as faithful when we stumbled and babbled, as to-day when we talk and go alone. Mankind was a baby once — a stupid boy, it seems to you and me — but he turns out a pretty promising child. Let us not quarrel with the hole in which our fathers once burrowed, nor the rude wigwam which they built over it and named the Divine Church and State. Each was once the best of its kind on earth; and if our building be better, it is because theirs was worse and came earlier.

So much for these vicarious institutions.

Now in America we have somewhat changed that state of things. The political and ecclesiastical functionary is the servant, the people master, now. Yet it is true that here and there in religious affairs some ecclesiastical man still claims divine right to dictate to the people, setting his authority above their reason, and magisterially telling what they must take for piety, theology, and morality. But he does it with such self-distrust and painful fear, he is so afraid of disturbing any powerful wickedness, that it is plain he thinks the popular stream, fed by all the rains of heaven, is stronger than the ecclesiastical dam said to be built as miraculously as the Neptunian walls of Troy divine. Nay, he fears lest by some freshet of humanity, caused through the breaking up of winter, or the melting of distant and time-honored snows, thought everlasting, it may be swept off, carried out to sea, and whelmed for ever in the ocean, nor ever heard of more. So the man hoists the gate of the churl's dam, and lets the stream run free. This sacerdotal vicariousness will not last long in America.

In the State the political man counts himself servant, not master. Let President Voted-in say in his proclamation to the people, "Gentlemen, I am your superior, and you are my servants; you are to do as I say;" if he should try to act thereon, there would be a state of things presently. The people alone are primitive and final, the magistrate derivative, provisional, and responsible. The American legislative, judiciary, or executive, is only an attorney of the manifold and thirty-million-headed people; a servant hired expressly to make, expound, and administer certain statute laws, which are amenable to the people and reversible thereby. Magistrates are "select men," not the town which "selects" them. Mr. Banks [1] is the hired man of Massachusetts, set to do the governing of the Commonwealth, responsible to his employers not less than if he were still the hired man of Mr. Strikeandblow, and set to do blacksmithing. The President and Vice-President, the two-and-thirty governors, the judges, chief and puny, all the honorable members of Congress, three hundred of them, all of the State legislators, about six thousand by my counting — these are all servants, operatives in that great national mill which is owned by Mr. American People, a respectable gentleman who is rather a new comer on this continent, though of pretty ancient family. He has some personal property, three million square miles of real estate, well fenced on the east and west by a natural ditch, pretty distinctly bounded on the north by the grounds of his father, old Mr. English People, a very respectable gentleman and a rich, not to be meddled with in haste, a citizen of very eminent gravity. On the south the border line is not less clear, but more variable: there Mr. People abuts on his poor

relations, whom he respects not, because he fears not, and so he turns his cows into their pastures, and sends his naughty boys to rob their hen-roosts, and steal their watermelons, and commit manifold waste and damage. I say all these functionaries are but servants in the great mill where Mr. American People is trying to manufacture welfare. Ministers abroad are his bagmen, runners, drummers, and other factotums, whom he sends off on his public business. Generals and commanders, with epaulettes on their shoulders, and plumes in their bonnets, and red coats on their backs, and tinkling ornaments all about them, with their manifold subordinates, are only the sea and land police, to prowl about this great national mill, and see that no stranger comes to steal or kill. Let them wear their finery with what pride they may, and strut their hour, and talk big: he holds them all to strict account, and to the chiefest of them, every four years, says, "Depart thou hence: thou must be no longer steward. Give place to a more honorable man than thou." In the State all this vicariousness is gone; office is a trust, not a right; the selectman is a servant, the selecting people master. For personal conduct and reputation each man is amenable to the common humanity of all, for personal character amenable only to God. But each official operative in the national mill for conduct and character must answer not only to his God, but to the people, the mill-owner.

Theocracy, the priest power; monarchy, the one-man power; and oligarchy, the few-men power — are three forms of vicarious government over the people, perhaps for them, not by them. Democracy is direct self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people. Our institutions are democratic:

theocratic, monarchic, oligarchic vicariousness is all gone. We have no divine vicar who is responsible to God for our politics and religion; only a human attorney, answerable to the people for his official work. The axis of rotation has changed: the equator of the old civilization passes through the poles of the new. This makes some change in the geography of both Church and State.

Then the American government is industrial as well as democratic. The nation is not organized to plunder, but to earn. The people are not military, disposed to fight, but yet have great fighting power. Such is the individual variety of action, your and my personal freedom, such the national unity of action, compacting all to one great body, that the people will prove terrible fighters whenever the worst comes to the worst; and in this stage of civilization I think the ploughman is not safe unless he have a sword as well as a share. Yet the Americans are not military, disposed to kill and plunder, but industrial, inclined to create and earn; hence, in power for present welfare and future progress, we have an immense superiority over other nations of the world.

All human property is the result of toil, which is hand-work, and thought, which is head-work. In the industrial democracy wealth is rated proportionally higher than in the vicarious governments of ancient and modern Europe; for here it is not balanced by any corresponding weight. There the father bequeathed his irresponsible office as family estate to his son or daughter, who were held royal, noble, gentle, because they inherited more than the mass of men. Here no man bequeathes office, honor, title — only money, which represents power to buy all marketable things, and in

America there are few things not marketable. Hence money is valued not simply as personal and immediate power of use and beauty, but also as the power of powers, future ability to determine the social rank of the next generation.

In a New England town, within forty years, four men — each poor at first, rather mean and dishonorable, with great mercantile talent for acquisition, the hungry eye of covetousness, and the iron fist of accumulation — have died and left some eight millions of dollars: their children now occupy the foremost social positions in that town. So long as the live money is above ground and circulating, nobody counts them dishonored by the humble station or pecuniary vices of the dead covetousness beneath. If they have money, wit is imputed: when the money fails, the respectability will *slide* with it. In the industrial democracy money is proportionally more powerful than elsewhere, for "it answereth all things." Hence it is the chief object of ambition with the hopeful youth, and the chief object of veneration with servile men, young or old. This is better than of old time: it is better that we worship the dollar, which represents creative toil, than the sword, which is the symbol of destruction and violence.

Property is created by toil and thought. In the free States it is commonly easy for the industrious, forecasting, and temperate man to obtain a generous competence; but great fortunes are made only by using the toil and thought of many men. In the North great fortunes are commonly made in trade. The merchant is a trader: he buys to sell, and hires to let. If honest, he thereby injures no one; but if also successful, he grows rich through help of the toil and thought of

other men, who are stimulated and served by him as much as he by them. Yet the prizes are few, and not too great for the risk. In the North the trading class is held in great honor. It is industrial, and so in harmony with our institutions. It is likely to become rich, and so possessed of the object of youthful ambition and servile veneration. Here it is what the priests are in Italy, what the high soldiers are in Russia and France, and the nobility and gentry in England. The ablest practical talent does not go to science, literature, politics, but to trade.

This scheme of government works pretty well for us: it leads to welfare now, and promises progress for the future. I will not say that our industrial democracy secures all the advantages of each other form of government, and escapes from all their ills. It is a new experiment, not complete nor perfect. Its present form, even in the most enlightened State, is quite imperfect. What the steam-engine and printing-press were fifty years ago, compared with what they are now, that is the industrial democracy of this day, compared with its future glories. But two things are indisputable: —

First, it thrives best where it is purest, least mixed with any alloying element; and so in the North it produces more welfare and progress than in the South.

Second, it produces its most beneficial results where it has been longest at work. This appears by comparing the old States of New England with the new States of the West; for here the higher results of democracy appear in the form of science, literature, art, philanthropy, better developed character. All these things require time, for they are plants of slow growth.

So much for the general institutions of America, which distinguish our government from others.

Now see the effect of slavery on the people under these peculiar institutions.

Slavery is an exceptional institution, which we have taken or kept from old time. It belongs to that rule of vicariousness, or rather to a time of barbarism before that. It is wholly foreign to a democracy, hostile to its fundamental principle. Slavery is property in man. By nature each man is a unit of human substance, having all the primitive, natural rights of humanity. By slavery he is reduced to a fraction, with none of the primitive, natural rights of humanity. He is bound to do the duties his master sets, and not only has no remedy, but no right.

In America slavery is mainly limited to such as have African blood in their veins, though this is sometimes pretty well mixed with Saxon blood. The influence of slavery appears in two forms; first, as it affects the colored man; and next, as it affects the white man.

I. Of its effects upon the colored man. All compulsory toil is not necessarily degrading. Farmer Hillside has two lazy-bodied sons: he makes them work and earn; else they get neither breakfast, nor dinner, nor supper, only a hard, cold bed. It is for their good, not their harm, nor merely through his selfishness, that he does so. Professor Blackboard has two lazy-minded daughters: he makes them study and learn, for their sakes more than his. It does the girls good: by and by they will be thankful for it. Grim necessity forces the human race to toil and think: mankind is not degraded, but elevated, by this compulsion of the Infinite Father, who in our flesh enacts this benignant law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat

bread." Toil and thought are alike an honor and a dignity to mankind. But slavery degrades its victims, worsens and belittles them in the qualities of man. I do not deny that to the bondmen slavery teaches certain special things which they would not have learned so soon in Africa, perhaps not at all; things, too, which, under other circumstances, had been a virtue and an elevation: now they are forced on them, not only against their will, but for their masters' good, and meant for the slaves' hurt.

1. Slavery degrades the slave. It aims to pervert his nature. It is the excellency of the slave that he repudiates his own individualism, is pliant before his master's foreign will. It is the excellency of the man that he keeps his individualism at the utmost cost, and holds himself rigid and impenetrable against all foreign will. In order that every man may be able to do this, God gives us this terrible power of wrath, such a defense even to feeble men, and such a terror to the invasive and usurping will, even when it is of the strongest sort. Slavery emasculates all virile individualism away. This is the maxim of humanity: "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." This is the maxim of slavery: "Submission to tyrants is obedience to God."

This degradation is not an accident of slavery, it is essential to it. It is a function of its prime quality. It does that as certainly as fire burns. By its accidents slavery may improve the bondman in many things: nothing can compensate for thus unmanning him. If the 4,000,000 slaves were to-day set down in Africa, in many special things they might surpass their kinsfolk there; in agriculture and the mechanic arts, in their idea of comfort and beauty, in comprehensive

power of thought and toil; but in general manhood, in self-respect, they would be exceedingly inferior. No finery in dress, no mechanical skill, no art, no literature, no science, no power to sing Methodist hymns and pray Methodist prayers, can ever make up for the loss of that substantial manhood which cringes to none, but looks each man in the eye, and says to the invader, "I also am a man, and if not a brother whom you will respect, then at least an enemy whom you shall fear."

Man subdues other animals, transfigures their nature by the process, and makes a new creature. The dray-horse, the house-dog, the domestic sheep, are the works of man, almost as much as the printing-press, or these roses, which have departed so slowly from their primitive parent. He does them no wrong, for they are his natural servants; his natural food when a wild man, and his property when civilized — not for abuse and cruelty, but for kind and honest use. He does them no damage: their welfare is not thereby necessarily injured in bulk or in kind. The farmer's horse is as happy as the horse of the wilderness. But yet all these wild animals repudiate this alteration of nature, counting it as high treason. Turn a domestic bull into a herd of wild cattle, or a tame crow among his savage kinsfolk, and they tear him to pieces forthwith; even their brutal instinct repudiates this transformation.

Now, when a man enslaves his brothers, he does them a damage, by personally worsening both the amount and kind of their welfare; he does them a wrong, by perverting their nature and hindering their progress in the qualities of men. The obedient slave, content to be property, differs from the natural man, civilized or savage, more than the lapdog or the turnspit differs

from the wild dog of the Siberian or Canadian woods. What if my father had kept me always a boy, that he might dandle me on his knees; or my mother had forced me to be always a baby, that she might cradle me in her bosom? In its mildest form, from its very nature, slavery makes dwarfs of what would be men, and might be giants. In the most brutal population of London there are women who steal the children of honest folk, put out their eyes, and then use them as the instruments of their idle avarice. What the beggar, in the rarest of examples, does to the child she steals, that the slaveholder, as a general rule, does to his bondmen: he puts out the eyes of their manhood; and though he burn them out with the gentlest of hot irons, he makes them not less blind. It has long been known that slavery itself was a degradation, that in making the slave it unmakes the man. "The first day of bondage takes half the man away," said Ionian Homer 3,000 years ago. The contempt which all men, even the anti-slavery philanthropists, feel for the contented slave, is mankind's testimony against this high treason towards humanity. The fact itself begins to be comprehended in America. Once this was a common argument: "Slavery is bad in itself, good in its uses: it elevates the human savage, and makes him a man, even a Christian." Now this is abandoned by economists and politicians, and is left only for that class of ministers

> 'Whose neck-cloth white[2]
> Is black at night."

See the changes in the slaveholder's idea of a slave. In 1776 he was a man unjustly held in bondage against the law of nature, but held transiently and pro-

visionally. Next, a man held permanently, but wrongfully; an inferior kind of man held as an apprentice to a superior: certain rights allowed him; his gain of welfare greater than his loss of freedom. Now he is declared to be an "animal incapable of civilization;" he has "no rights which white men are bound to respect." [3] A popular Southern writer says, "Hay is good for horses, bad for hogs; so liberty is good for white men, bad for negroes:" he does not know whether they "have any souls or not." The Supreme Court of Virginia has just decided that a slave has no legal power of assent or dissent. The general public opinion of the South now is, that the white man has the same natural right to enslave an African as to tame a horse!

2. Slavery degrades also the free colored man in the eyes of his neighbors, and, still worse, in his own eyes. White men in America change their names to get rid of being associated with disgraceful relatives. If I had a brother hanged for an infamous crime, my own self-respect would be greatly lessened, not before God, but certainly before men. The position of the free colored man in America is of all others the most unhappy. The poorest Spaniard our filibusters war against can point to his European home, and boast of the magnificent exploits of his nation, that discovered the New World. The humblest German, who has nothing but his tobacco, his lager-beer, and his kauderwelsch, the *patois* of some little district he was cradled in, has behind him the noblest of earth's noble nations: all the generous glories which have accumulated, from fighting Arminius down to thoughtful Von Humboldt, weave a halo round the head of Fritz and Gretchen, cradled in the poorest German home. The rudest Irishman comes from a

country which is rich in great names. Every O'Brien claims to be a descendant from Brennus, who smote Rome to its very foundations. Once Irishmen led Western Europe in civilization, and bought fair-haired Saxon girls of Britain for their own slaves. When New England was poor, old Ireland sent books for yonder college, and bread for this town. No nation has been so despised as the Hebrews; but in the worst ages, in the darkest persecution, hated, outcast, smitten, despised, their venerable beards spit upon by every Christian, the Jew looked back to darker days, and saw the pillar of fire, with Moses walking underneath and leading the world's civilization; he read his Hebrew Bible, full of sublimest poetry, and bethought him that Judea was one of the queens of civilization when all Europe was a wilderness, save a little fringe of more than Cytheræan beauty wrought round the borders of the midland sea. He turned to the Mahometans with their scimetar in their hand and said, "Three-quarters of your religion is only Old Testament; all that is good for anything comes from us; the commonplaces of a Hebrew poet are the inspiration of your prophet." Did the Christians mock? The Hebrew said, "Your Saviour was nothing but a Jew: 'God in heaven' is he? A few hundred years ago he was a Jewish carpenter at Nazareth, doing job work, making ploughs and ox-yokes for the farmers." To-day at Constantinople the Jew, an exile from Spain, is poor — nowhere else in the whole globe of lands; even his thrift forsakes him there; despised by the Christian and the Turk, he opens Isaiah or the Psalms, and remembers that he comes from a line of men who, two or three thousand years before, bore in their ark the treasure of humanity, and he feels an inward self-respect which

neither Christian nor Turk can ever insult. But the poor negro has no history to look back upon; no science, no arts, no literature, not even a great war, no single famous name! He looks round him, and his race is enslaved. I do not wonder at his despair, especially amid a tribe of men who are stirred with such intensity of national pride as has marked the Saxon, the Teuton, since he first crossed swords with Roman, Slavonian, and Gaul.

The effect of slavery on the colored men, bond or free, is evil, perhaps only evil. I know the wrong which they suffer awakens very little sympathy with the mass of men, who in their rudeness reverence strength and not justice. But the colored men are one-seventh part of our population, and America does not rise as the negro falls; you and I go down with him; for if one-seventh of the people be degraded it is the nation that is debased. Would you feel safe if every seventh house in Boston was full of the yellow fever, and every seventh man was dying of it? There is a moral degradation which is contagious not less than the plague.

There is a solidarity in mankind. You lift yourselves up by your attempts to elevate your neighbor. The New Englander sends a missionary to India: he does more good in New Haven, in Boston, in Andover, than ever in Beloochistan or Siam. You enslave yourselves when you enslave your brother man.

I just now said no nation is safe without the power to fight. In case of war with England, of the four million slaves at least three millions would take sides with the enemy; most of the free blacks would spontaneously do the same. Would you dare to blame them and then look at yonder monument? Did not our

fathers draw the great and terrible sword against our own mother nation that had injured us, and yet but little? Revenge is natural to savage bosoms; God enthroned it there, that when the tyrant trembled at nothing else, he might quake at the foeman's lifted arm and the fear of assassination.

Napoleon has put down open resistance, and is not afraid of that; there is nothing left for the people but what Italians and Frenchmen have been trained to love — the assassin's dagger — and he trembles at that. If America keeps the slave from developing the noblest quality of his nature, then he falls back on the lowest. The power of wrath never fades out from human bones; the animal instinct is older than the spiritual cultivation.

Wise rulers do not like to have in any community a class of men who are not interested in its welfare and progress, for such are always ready for rebellion, and care not who breaks through the hedge they have not a stake in. Even carpenters in their shops have the shavings carefully swept up at night, lest a spark should burn their riches down. But no nation has so dangerous a class of proletaries as America. Paris has her Faubourg St. Antoine, and the forts have their cannon so planted that they can play upon it, and make it spring into the air with their perpendicular or horizontal shot. London has its St. Giles's, a double police guarding it through the day and twofold lanterns illuminating it by night. But our Faubourg St. Antoine extends over fifteen States in America; there are four millions of paupers in our St. Giles's. No carpenter's shop is so littered with inflammable material as America. Why, a loco-foco match thrown by a Democratic hand might fire these shavings of hu-

manity which we have planed off from the African tree, and then where are we? Be sure of it, unless we amend, one day there will be a San Domingo[4] in America, and worse wrongs will be requited worse.

So much for the effect of slavery on the colored man.

II. As the feeling for four or five million of colored men is so weak that the politician despises it, counting it not one of the forces that sway the popular opinion; as the fear of outbreak or invasion is so small that no Northern man is troubled at it, look at the effect of slavery on the white man. To understand it thoroughly look briefly at some of its details.

The chief work of mankind may be thus lotted out. First, there is the industrial activity, which aims at property, command over the forces of nature. This is represented by business; its result is wealth in all its forms.

The second is the literary and scientific activity which aims at knowledge — to acquire and distribute thought. This is represented by the press and the school; its result is popular intelligence, education in all its forms.

The third is the religious activity which aims at rest in God, completeness and perfection of character. This is represented by the Church; and the results are noble character, noble life, individual and social, in the family, in the community, in the State, and in the world.

The fourth is the political activity which aims at sociality, companionship of man with man, the enjoyment of all individual and social rights. This is represented by the State; its highest result is national unity of action, all working as one, and individual variety of action, each having his personal freedom.

I have so often and so long spoken of these things, that to-day I need not say much thereof.

First. Slavery degrades the industrial activity, and hinders the creation of wealth. No doubt it enriches the slaveholders, but it impoverishes the community. So piracy is profitable to pirates, though ruinous to the merchant who falls into their hands, and perilous to trade in general. Slavery degrades work, makes men despise it, as the business only of bondmen. Looked at economically, it is a poor tool for the work of productive industry. See how the facts look in figures.

In 1850 the fifteen slave States had 850,000 square miles of land; the sixteen free States but 612,000 square miles. But the actual valuation of the slave land was only $130,000,000, while the free land went up to $2,440,000,000, 240,000 square miles less was worth $1,100,000,000 more.

In 1856, the total value of the slave States was $2,500,000,000; the total value of the free States was $5,700,000,000. So the North could buy up all the land and goods which the South possesses, and then buy the whole population at $300 a head — black and white, bond and free.

The effect of slavery on the industrial activity of the country, its business and wealth, is terrible. It degrades labor, it impoverishes the people. It concentrates their riches into the hands of a few, who, like Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, call American workingmen slaves, and like him add their sons and daughters to the assessable property of their estates.

Slavery is the great enemy of the laboring man who is not a slave. The New England thinker makes a

steam shovel which takes up two and a half tons weight at a lift, and strikes four times in three minutes, and with four men to attend it does the work of ninety-six more. This elevates labor, it improves the condition of the working man; it promotes also his education, by mixing thought with his toil: while the common digger gets but a dollar a day, the thoughtful man who can manage a steam-engine gets from three to four dollars. Great inventors are the evangelists and apostles to the Gentiles, who announce a new kingdom of God, which is a kingdom of righteousness, the reign of peace on earth and good-will amongst men. But he who kidnaps a man and forces him to work, degrades labor itself, and commits high treason against the industrial democracy. I know the Catholic Irishman's right eye is put out by the priest, and his left eye is covered up by the thumb of the American demagogue; but, with both his eyes treated thus, I should think he would yet have human instinct enough to know that whoever enslaved a negro, degraded likewise every working Irishman. But yet not only Irishmen do not know it; a quarter part of the American working men, native born, are not aware of this most obvious fact.

Second. Then slavery degrades literary and scientific activity.

It hinders the education of the people. Look at this. In 1850, the South had but 18,000 public schools, the North, 62,000; the South had 19,000 teachers, the North 73,000; the South had 700,000 pupils in schools, academies and colleges, the North 2,900,000 — 2,200,000 more than all the South. In 1854, Virginia paid $70,000 for educating her poor; $73,000 for a public guard to keep the slaves from rising up and saying, *Sic semper tyrannis.* One day

$73,000,000 will not do it. *Sic semper tyrannis* will be the slave's motto as it is his master's now.

Out of a white population of less than 6,000,000, the South has 500,000 native white inhabitants who cannot read the word Buchanan; while out of a white population of 13,500,000, the North has not quite a quarter of a million natives who cannot read the New Testament all through, and the Declaration of Independence besides.

Whence come the practical inventions patented at Washington? Eleven-twelfths of them come from a Northern brain, and the one-twelfth which has emanated from the Southern mind is hardly worth the parchment which records it.

Whence comes the literature of the nation — its histories, essays, romances, poems, plays, great sermons? All from the North. For fifty years the South has not produced a great writer who has even a national reputation; no historian, no philosopher, no poet,[5] no moralist, even no preacher.

Whence comes the nation's science? From the same quarter. Yet I do know two eminent men of science[6] of whom Virginia may well be proud that she gave them birth, as Massachusetts that she gave them each a home; but their parents were Scotch, married in Scotland; the children were only born in Virginia. It was the Scotch egg of freedom which was brooded over only in the Virginia nest of slaveholders — and it was not a slaveholder which brooded that.

Slavery strikes the Southern mind with palsy; the people cannot be educated there. Talent enough, no doubt, is born there; it cannot be bred. If the star of genius stands still over a Southern home, yet the "desire of all nations," whose birth it heralds, is stifled

by the asses that bray around the young child's cradle, and seek its life.

But the influence of slavery extends beyond the South, and poisons also the literature of the Northern men who support it. Look at the newspapers of the slave editors of the North — some of you read them every day; listen to the orations of slave orators — you can hear enough of them to-morrow; hearken to the sermons of the slave preachers — you may hear such to-day; and learn the ghastly effect of slavery on the literary activity of the people. Nay, look at the school-books composed by such men, and see how the slave power, afar off, can debauch even a Northern mind. More than thirty years ago, Von Humboldt, the grandest scholar of all Christendom, wrote a political essay on the Island of Cuba. It circulates in the court of every tyrant of Europe; it is welcome in Spain, translated into that sonorous tongue. He tells the tale of the black man's wrong, and the woe which may one day spring out of the ground which has been fattened by his sweat and reddened by his blood. But an American Democrat translates the book into English, leaves out the magnificent philanthropy of Mr. Humboldt, and puts in his own twaddling partisanship sustaining slavery, and declaring that free society is a mistake. I do not wonder the indignation of the old man, almost four score and ten years venerable, is stirred within him when he learns the disgraceful fact.

Third. Then slavery degrades the religious activity of the people. At the South it is only the least enlightened sects which prevail; such as have the lowest ideas of man and God, and their relation to each other. Southern men are proud of this, and make it their boast that "there are no Unitarians of the South;" that is,

none who preach an intelligible, rational idea of the oneness of God. They are proud that they "have no Universalists"— none who think that God is too good to damn even a slaveholder for ever and ever. Nay, they declare that heresy rends not asunder the seamless veil of the pro-slavery church, behind which the slaveholder and the slave-hunter stand. They make it their boast that there are no Tylerites nor Taylorites, no Bushnellites nor Beecherites among them, but that all equally accept the faith once for all delivered to the saints for the enslavement of the negro and the salvation of the slaveholder, the slave-hunter, the slave-driver, the slave-trader, the slave-breeder, not out of his sins, but in his sins. For eighty years the Southern church has contributed nothing to the theology of America; not a new thought worth the nation's hearing, no great truth on any theological, religious, or moral theme. Nay, there is not a single hymn sung by a Southern voice that finds its way into a Northern church.

Then, too, consider the cruelty. Remember that the South solemnly burns alive, with green wood, criminals from the humblest class of society, as sport to the "gentlemen" of the land. Remember that when an assassin dealt your noble senator a coward's blow, more bitter than death, remember that all the Southern religion said it was a good thing! Thus see the effect of slavery on your own brothers, in their own churches, called after Christ, with the same Gospel before them, out of which the grand truths of humanity so preach themselves to you and me.

How slavery degrades the churches of the North! Some men it silences, and they dare not speak of the great outrage against the democratic institutions of

America, against the natural rights of man, the law of God. Other men it makes madmen or idiots in their religious faculty, and they boldly proclaim that this great crime against mankind is a "revelation from Almighty God."

My ears are not preternaturally delicate, yet from childhood up I could not hear profane words profanely spoke without a shudder; but no swearing of the lowest men I ever encountered in an Ohio railroad car, or met in an Illinois bar-room, has ever filled me with such horror as the profanity of ministers in their pulpits, out of this Bible which they call God's Word, in the name of Jesus whom they affect to worship as God, attempting to justify the foulest wrong which man ever does to man. The State makes slavery a measure, but the Church baptizes it as a principle.

Look at the Bible Society, counting its money by millions, which has not a New Testament for a slave. Look at the Foreign Missionary Society; where are its Evangelists to preach the "acceptable year of the Lord" unto American heathen, who fill up whole Galilees of Southern Gentiles? Look at the American Tract Society; it has not a word against the great wickedness of a nation which enslaves one-seventh part of the people, and imperils the rights of all the rest. Then you see how slavery debases the holiest thing it lays its hands upon.

Finally, it degrades the political activity of the American people in their industrial democracy.

At the South, it rears up a privileged class — 350,000 slaveholders — who monopolize all the education — and do not get much — who monopolize the money, respectability, and the political power. They are the

masters of the bondmen whom they own, and of the "poor whites" whom they control. So in the midst of our industrial democracy there grows up a class who despise the industry which feeds and clothes them. Not a Southern State has a "republican form of government." These men are seeking to revive that old vicariousness of the dark ages, and that in its worst form. See how they degrade the mass of the people, hindering their education, their religion, their self-respect; hindering even their industry. The greatest intellect of the South runs to politics, and yet, in the last thirty years, the South has not produced one single great statesman. Over her head there hangs a peril more disastrous and more imminent than impends over Italy, over Spain, over France, even over Turkey, and yet, in that democracy of the South, not a single politician has risen up and dared to cope with this giant ill, and warn his nation against it.

There is no great political talent developed at the South — no statesmanship. Power of intrigue, power to take the lumps of dough which we send from the North, and fashion them to vessels of dishonor, and fill them with the shame they are only fit to hold — this is the extent of the South's political talent.

This slave power has its vassals all over the North. They abound in the great cities — Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, Boston. Read their journals, listen to their orations, hear what they propose for laws, and see the baneful influence of slavery on the political development of the North.

But this privileged class, this oligarchy of slaveholders, slave-hunters, and slave-breeders, has long controlled the politics of the nation. Once it ruled the Whig party; then the Know-nothing party: the Dem-

ocratic party it has controlled for a long time. See its measures: the Fugitive Slave Bill, the Dred Scott decision; the spread of slavery into Kansas and other territory; the acquisition of new territory to spread it into; the reopening of the African slave-trade, to fill the South with men whose masters shall force them to work, and degrade still further the labor of every Irishman, German, or American born to the soil! Take the last three administrations — include, if you will, the present; study their great acts; look at their representative men; consider the principles they lay down, and the measures they thereon build up. Compare these with the three first administrations — of Washington, Adams, Jefferson. Try them by the two texts of this morning's sermon — the Golden Rule, which is now a maxim of humanity; the noble word of our fathers, also a self-evident truth — and then you see the effect of slavery on American politics.

The slave power violates the conscience of the American people, and then seeks to muzzle the mouth. In the South there must be no discussion of slavery. Ministers are mobbed, tarred and feathered, and driven off. Even a bookseller is not allowed to retail his liberal wares in Alabama, which Mr. Clay, its representative senator in Congress, says is a "model slave State." So indeed it is! This is the test of institutions: can they bear to be looked at in the daylight, and talked about by every tongue? Napoleon and the pope say tyranny cannot be looked at: the South says the same. Has the North any institution that it is afraid to have looked at and talked about? Senator Hammond says, "We will send our missionaries to the North, to talk about the wrongs of the people!" The wrongs of the Northern people! where a shoemaker turns into a sena-

tor, and nobly fills the place — far better than the accomplished scholar, who but trod on it before; where we turn blacksmiths into governors, and have colleges for the people by every valley, and beside every little stream that runs among the hills! Mr. Hammond's father, a native of this State, went to the South in a humble capacity, to seek his fortune, and found it by marrying a plantation; and from that wedlock has this Senator Hammond sprung, who says that the working people of the North are "the mud-sills of society," "essential slaves," only not so well paid and cared for as his own! While he was uttering this, the valuation of all the lands and goods in South Carolina was not quite $148,000,000, but the valuation of assessable property in Boston was $258,000,000. The "mud-sills," the "slaves" of the North, in a single city, had $110,000,000 more of property than the whole great State of South Carolina, and her senator thrown in!

Such are the effects that slavery has on the industrial, intellectual, religious, and political development of the people. It is a fourfold curse upon the master, not less than upon the slave.

Look at New England! She has 60,000 square miles of land; and what is it? Some of you have tilled it; I also for many a year. The soil is thin and poor, the climate ungenial, the summers short, the winters long and terribly severe. Timber, granite, ice, are our natural staples, wherein yet we have no monopoly. Virginia has 63,000 square miles; she has 3,000 more than New England, with an admirable soil, and "the finest climate in the world." Her surface bears everything, from tropic cotton in the southern valleys to arctic moss on the mountain top. The earth teems

with most valuable minerals. Her coast has the best of harbors; her great rivers are a static power for internal navigation, her small ones a dynamic force for manufactures. She had been settled twelve years while New England had no man but the red Indian. Now, New England has 3,000,000 people, all free; Virginia a million and a half, and 500,000 of them are slaves. New England has 3,600 miles of railroad, which have cost $120,000,000; Virginia 1,200 miles, which have cost $23,000,000. The value of the land in Virginia, in 1850, was $252,000,000; in New England, $690,000,000. The whole property of Virginia, in land and goods, in 1856, was $330,000,000; of New England, $1,220,000,000. In 1858 Boston only lacks $72,000,000 to be worth as much as all the lands and goods of the great State of Virginia, with 1,500,000 people and 63,000 square miles of land. By nature how poor New England; Virginia how rich: by art how poor Virginia; how rich New England! Whence the odds? Here is freedom: every avenue to wealth, to honor, office, fame, is open to all. There is slavery; and as men sow, thus shall they reap — New England, wealth of her freedom; Virginia, from her bondage, poverty. The exports of New England are the products of her toilsome hand and thinking brain; they are books, manufactured articles: New England's hand goes through every land. The exports of Virginia are her sons and daughters, bred as slaves, to be sold as cattle. Virginia has 78,000 children at school and college; New England, 676,000. From the Aroostook to the Housatonic, from the day of the Pilgrims until now, New England has been covered all over with the footprints of human freedom. The poor little schoolhouses dot the land everywhere, and the meeting-house

lifts its finger to heaven as the index of God's higher law, His self-evident truths, the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. While New England opens her ten thousand schools to all children — Saxon, German, Irish, African — in Virginia the arm of the State shuts a woman in jail because she taught a colored girl to read the New Testament. While Massachusetts turns with scorn a judge of probate out from his office because he kidnapped a man, Virginia shuts a Northern sea captain for forty years in her penitentiary because he aided $4,000 worth of human property to become free men, who believe *sic semper tyrannis.* That is the effect of slavery!

Nothing can save slavery. It is destined to ruin. Once I thought it might end peacefully: now I think it must fall as so many another wickedness, in violence and blood. Slavery is in flagrant violation of the institutions of America — direct government, over all the people, by all the people, for all the people. It is hostile to the interests of industrial democracy: it lessens wealth — weakening the growth of creative power, toil and thought. It lies in the way of all religion. There is one great maxim of morality, older than Jesus of Nazareth, common to the Chinese, Buddhistic, Classic, Mahometan and Christian religion, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Measure slavery by the Golden Rule, and where is it? It conflicts with the self-evident truths of human reason so clear to our fathers, and first promulgated eighty-two years ago this day. It stands in the way of that automatic instinct of progress which is eternal in the human race and irresistible in human history.

Democracy is the stone which the builders rejected: in due time it is hoisted up with shouting, and made the head of the corner. It was not the work of wise men, who knew what they did. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes;" not your forecast, but the Divine Providence that works by us, and through us, without our will.

Slavery must go down. The course of trade is against it; the course of thought; the course of religion; the course of politics; the course of history. All the Cæsars could not save paganism when the Sun of Christian righteousness shone in the Roman sky. No Julian the Apostate can turn back the eyes of free men to love that vicariousness of government which our Pilgrim Fathers fled from with devout prayers, and which our Patriot Fathers declared against and put down with devout swords. Meetings of Southern planters to restore the slave-trade, assemblies of Northern capitalists and their flunkeys to suppress agitation and enforce kidnapping, conventions of national politicians to put down the principles of democracy and the Christian religion — can these things save slavery from its fate? No more than a convention of grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains can protect the savage woods from the ax, or stay the tide of civilized man, which will sweep across the continent, and fill the howling wilderness with farms and villages, and cities of Christian men, instead of grizzly bears. Let Presidents and Cabinets do their possible, mankind will tread slavery underneath their feet.

You and I, American men and women, we must end slavery soon, or it ruins our democracy — the sooner the better, and at the smaller cost. And if we are faithful, as our Patriot Fathers and our Pilgrim

Fathers, then, when you and your children shall assemble eighteen years hence to keep the one hundredth birthday of the land, there shall not be a slave in all America![7]

XIII

PARKER'S INDICTMENT, AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASES *

Slavery will never be contented so long as there is an inch of free soil in the United States! Mr. Toombs has declared to the noble advocate of justice and defender of humanity, John P. Hale, that, "before long the master will sit down with his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument." But one thing disturbed our masters at the South,— the slaves would run away. The law of 1793 was not adequate to keep or catch these African Christians who heeded not the Southern command, "Slaves, obey your masters." The decision of the Supreme Court in the Prigg case, showed the disposition of the Federal Government, and took out of the hands of the individual States the defense of their own citizens. Still the slaves would run away. In 1849 there were more than five hundred fugitives from Southern Democracy in Boston — and their masters could not catch them. What a misfortune! Boston retained $200,000 of human property of the Christian and chivalric South! Surely the Union was "in danger." In 1850 came the Fugitive Slave Bill. When first concocted, its author,— a restless politician, a man of small mind and mean character, with "plantation manners,"— thought it was "too bad to pass." He designed it not for an actual law, but an insult to the North so aggravating that she must resist the outrage, and then there would be

* His own words.

an opportunity for some excitement and agitation at the South — and perhaps some "nullification" in South Carolina and Virginia; and in that general fermentation who knows what scum would be thrown up! Even Mr. Clay "never expected the law would be enforced." "No Northern *gentleman*," said he, "will ever help return a fugitive slave." It seemed impossible for the bill to pass.

But at that time Massachusetts had in the Senate of the nation a disappointed politician, a man of great understanding, of most mighty powers of speech,—

"Created hugest that swim the ocean stream,"—

and, what more than all else contributed to his success in life, the most magnificent and commanding personal appearance. At that time — his ambition nothing abated by the many years which make men venerable,— he was a bankrupt in money, a bankrupt in reputation, and a bankrupt in morals — I speak only of his public morals, not his private,— a bankrupt in political character, pensioned by the Money Power of the North. Thrice disappointed, he was at that time gaming for the Presidency. When the South laid down the Fugitive Slave Bill, on the national faro-table, Mr. Webster bet his all upon that card. He staked his mind — and it was one of vast compass; his eloquence, which could shake the continent; his position, the senatorial influence of Massachusetts; his wide reputation, which rang with many a noble word for justice and the rights of man; he staked his conscience and his life. Webster lost all he could lose,— his conscience, his position, his reputation; not his wide-compassing mind, not his earth-shaking eloquence. Finally he lost his life. Peace to his mighty shade!

God be merciful to him that showed no mercy! The warning of his fall is worth more than the guidance of his success. Let us forgive; it were wicked to forget. For fifty years no American has had such opportunity to serve his county in an hour of need.

We know the story of William and Ellen Craft. They were slaves in Georgia; their master was said to be a very pious man, "an excellent Christian." Ellen had a little baby,— it was sick and ready to die. But one day her owner — for this wife and mother was only a piece of property — had a dinner party at his house. Ellen must leave her dying child and wait upon the table. She was not permitted to catch the last sighing of her only child with her own lips; other and ruder hands must attend to the mother's sad privilege. But the groans and moanings of the dying child came to her ear and mingled with the joy and merriment of the guests whom the mother must wait upon. At length the moanings all were still — for Death took a North-side view of the little boy, and the born-slave had gone where the servant is free from his master and the weary is at rest,— for *there* the wicked cease from troubling. Ellen and William resolved to flee to the North. They cherished the plan for years; he was a joiner, and hired himself of his owner for about two hundred dollars a year. They saved a little money, and stealthily, piece by piece, they bought a suit of gentleman's clothes to fit the wife; no two garments were obtained of the same dealer. Ellen disguised herself as a man, William attending as her servant, and so they fled off and came to Boston.

Ellen and William lived here in Boston, intelligent, respected, happy. The first blow of the Fugitive

Slave Bill must fall on them. In October, 1850, one Hughes, a jailer from Macon, Georgia, a public negro-whipper, who had once beaten Ellen's uncle "almost to death," came here with one Knight, his attendant, to kidnap William and Ellen Craft. They applied to Mr. Hallett for a writ. But Mr. Hallett (in 1850) appeared to have too much manhood to kidnap a man. He was better than his reputation with Knight and Hughes, and would not (then) steal Mr. and Mrs. Craft. I took Ellen to my own house, and kept her there so long as the (Southern) kidnappers remained in the city. For the first time I armed myself, and put my house in a state of defense. For two weeks I wrote my sermons with a sword in the open drawer under my inkstand, and a pistol in the flap of the desk, loaded, ready, with a cap on the nipple. Commissioner Curtis said "a process was in the hands of the marshal . . ." in the execution of which, he *might be called upon to break open dwelling-houses, and perhaps to take life*, by quelling resistance actual or "*threatened.*" I was ready for him. I knew my rights.

I went also and looked after William Craft. I inspected his weapons; his powder had a good kernel, and he kept it dry; his pistols were of excellent proof; the barrels true, and clean, the trigger went easy, the caps would not hang fire at the snap. I tested his poignard; the blade had a good temper, stiff enough and yet springy withal; the point was sharp. After the immediate danger was over and Knight and Hughes had avoided the city, where they had received such welcome from the friends of this court, such was the tone of the political newspapers and the commercial pulpit that William and Ellen must needs flee from

America. Long made one by the wedlock of mutual and plighted faith, their marriage in Georgia was yet "null and void" by the laws of that "Christian State." I married them according to the law of Massachusetts. As a symbol of the husband's peculiar responsibility under such circumstances, I gave William a sword — it lay on the table in the house of another fugitive, where the wedding took place — and told him of his manly duty therewith, if need were, to defend the life and liberty of Ellen. I gave them both a Bible, which I had bought for the purpose, to be a symbol of their spiritual culture and a help for their soul, as the sword was for their bodily life.

On the 14th of October there was a meeting at Faneuil Hall — the Free-soilers came that time. The old flame of liberty burnt anew in Charles Francis Adams, who presided. Perhaps some of you remember the prayer of the venerable Dr. Lowell which lifted up our souls to the "Father of all men!" I proposed the appointment of a "Committee of Vigilance and Safety" to take such measures as they shall deem just and expedient to protect the colored people of this city in the enjoyment of their lives and liberties. I was appointed one of the committee, and subsequently chairman of the executive committee of the Vigilance Committee; a very responsible office. At that meeting I told of a fugitive from Boston, who that day had telegraphed to his wife here, asking if it was safe for him to come back from Canada. I asked the meeting, "Will you let him come back; how many will defend him to the worst?" "Here a hand vote was taken," said the newspapers, "a forest of hands was held up."

All this you might easily have known before. Here

is something you did not know. That meeting, its resolutions, its speeches, its action, were brought up in the Cabinet of the United States and discussed. *Mr. Webster*, then Secretary of State, *wished to have Mr. Adams, president of the meeting, presented to the grand-jury and indicted for treason!* But the majority thought otherwise.

The operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill subverts the purposes of the Constitution, destroys justice, disturbs domestic tranquillity, hinders the common defense and the general welfare, and annihilates the blessings of liberty. It defies the first principles of the Declaration of Independence,— think of the Fugitive Slave Bill as an appendix to that document! It violates the idea of democracy. It contradicts the very substance of the Christian religion — the two great commandments of love to God, and love to man, whereon "hang all the law and the prophets." It makes natural humanity a crime; it subjects all the Christian virtues to fine and imprisonment. It is a *lettre de cachet* against philanthropy.

The Fugitive Slave Bill is unconstitutional. I need not argue the matter; it is too plain to need proof.

February 15th, 1851, a colored man named Shadrach was arrested under a warrant from that commissioner who had been so active in the attempt to kidnap Mr. and Mrs. Craft. But a "miracle" was wrought: "where sin abounded grace did much more abound," and "the Lord delivered him out of their hands." Shadrach went free to Canada, where he is now a useful citizen. He was rescued by a small number of colored persons at noonday. The kidnapping commissioner telegraphed to Mr. Webster, "It is levying war — it is treason." Another asked, "What is to be done?"

The answer from Washington was, "Mr. Webster was very much mortified."

On the 18th, President Fillmore, at Mr. Webster's instigation, issued his proclamation calling on all well disposed citizens, and *commanding all officers*, "civil and military, to aid and assist in quelling this, and all other such combinations, *and to assist in recapturing the above-named person*" Shadrach. General orders came down from the Secretaries of War and the Navy, commanding the *military and naval officers to yield all practicable assistance* in the event of such another "*insurrection.*" The city government of Boston passed resolutions regretting that a man had been saved from the shackles of slavery; cordially approving of the President's proclamation, and promising their earnest efforts to carry out his recommendations. At that time Mr. Tukey was marshal; John P. Bigelow was mayor; Henry J. Gardner, a man equally remarkable for his temperance, truthfulness, and general integrity, was president of the Common Council.[1] It was not long before the city government had an opportunity to keep its word.

On the night of the 3d of April, 1851, Thomas Sims was kidnapped by two police officers of Boston, pretending to arrest him for theft. He was on trial nine days. He never saw the face of a jury, a judge only once — who refused the habeas corpus, the great "Writ of Right." That judge — I wish his successors may better serve mankind — has gone to his own place; where, may God Almighty have mercy on his soul! You remember the chains round the court-house; the judges of your own supreme court crawling under the Southern chain. You do not forget the "Sims Brigade"— citizen soldiers called out and billeted in

Faneuil Hall. You recollect the "Cradle of Liberty" shut to a Free-soil convention, but open to those hirelings of the slave master. You will never forget the pro-slavery sermons that stained so many Boston pulpits on the Fast-day which intervened during the mock trial!

Mr. Sims had able defenders,— I speak now only of such as appeared on his behalf, others not less noble and powerful, aided by their unrecorded service — Mr. Sewall, Mr. Rantoul, men always on the side of liberty. But of what avail was all this before such a commissioner? Thomas Sims was declared "a chattel personal to all intents, uses, and purposes whatsoever." After it became plain that he would be decreed a slave, the poor victim of Boston kidnappers asked one boon of his counsel: "I cannot go back to slavery," said he, "give me a knife, and when the commissioner declares me a slave I will stab myself to the heart, and die before his eyes! I will not be a slave." The knife was withheld! At the darkest hour of the night Mayor Bigelow and Marshal Tukey, suitable companions, admirably joined by nature as by vocation, with two or three hundred policemen armed, some with bludgeons, some with drawn swords and horse pistols, took the poor boy out of his cell, chained, weeping, and bore him over the spot where, on the 5th of March, 1770, the British tyrant first shed New England blood; by another spot where your fathers and mine threw to the ocean the taxed tea of the oppressor. They put him on board a vessel, the "Acorn," and carried him off to eternal bondage.

My ministry deals chiefly with the laws of God, little with the statutes of men. My manhood has been mainly passed in studying absolute, universal truth,

teaching it to men, and applying it to the various departments of life. I have little to do with courts of law. Yet I am not now altogether a stranger to the Circuit court room of the United States, having been in it on five several occasions before.

1. A Polish exile,* — a man of famous family, ancient and patrician before Christendom had laid eyes on America; once also of great individual wealth, a man of high rank alike acquired and inherited, once holding a high place at the court of the Czar,— became a fugitive from Russian despotism, seeking an asylum here; he came to the Circuit court room to lecture on the Roman law. I came to contribute my two mites of money, and receive his wealth of learning.[2]

2. The next time, I came at the summons of Thomas Sims. For a creature of the slave-power had spontaneously seized that poor and friendless boy and thrust him into a dungeon, hastening to make him a slave,— a beast of burden. He had been on his mock trial seven days, and had never seen a judge, only a commissioner, nor a jury; no court but a solitary kidnapper. Some of his attendants had spoken of me as a minister not heedless of the welfare and inalienable rights of a black man fallen among a family of thieves. I went to the court-house. Outside it was belted with chains. In despotic Europe I had seen no such spectacle, save once when the dull tyrant who oppressed Bavaria with his licentious flesh, in 1844, put his capital in a brief state of siege and chained the streets. The official servant of the kidnapper, club in hand, a policeman of this city, goaded to his task by Mayor Bigelow and Marshal Tukey,— bade me "get under the chain." I pressed it down and went over. The judges of our

* Count Gurowski.

own Supreme Court, *they went under*,— had gone out and in, beneath the chain! How poetry mingles with fact! The chain was a symbol. Within, the court-house was full of armed men. I found Mr. Sims in a private room, illegally, in defiance of Massachusetts law, converted into a jail to hold men charged with no crime. Ruffians mounted guard at the entrance, armed with swords, fire-arms, and bludgeons.

The door was locked and doubly barred besides. Inside the watch was kept by a horrid-looking fellow, without a coat, a naked cutlass in his hand, and some twenty others, nauseous with tobacco and reeking with half-digested rum paid for by the city. In such company, I gave what consolation religion could offer to the first man Boston ever kidnapped,— consolation which took hold only of eternity, where the servant is free from his master. I could offer him no comfort this side the grave.

3. I visited the United States court a third time. A poor young man, Shadrach, had been seized by the same talons which subsequently griped Sims in their deadly clutch. But that time, wickedness went off hungry, defeated of its prey; "the Lord delivered him out of their hands," and Shadrach escaped from that Babylonish furnace, no smell of fire had passed on him. But the rescue of Shadrach was telegraphed as "treason." The innocent lightning flashed out the premeditated and legal lie,—"it is levying war!" The modern countrymen of the African Shadrach, charged with some great crime, were haled into this court to be punished for their humanity! I came to look on these modern Angels of the Deliverance; to hear counsel of Mr. Dana, then so wise and humane, and to listen to the masterly eloquence which broke out from the great human heart of my friend, Mr. Hale.

4. The fourth time, a poor man had been kidnapped, also at night, and forced into the same illegal jail. He sat in the dock — an innocent man, to be made into a beast. The metamorphosis had begun; — he was already in chains and his human heart seemed dead in him; sixty ruffians were about him, aiding in this drama, hired out of the brothels and rum-shops for a few days, the lust of kidnapping serving to vary the continual glut of those other and less brutal appetites of unbridled flesh. While that "trial" lasted, whoredom had a Sabbath day, and brawlers rested from their toil. Opposite sat the Boston judge of probate, and the Boston district attorney,— the Moses and Elias of this inverted transfiguration; there sat the marshal; two "gentlemen" from Virginia, claiming that a Boston man was their beast of burden, owing service and labor in Richmond; two "lawyers," "members of the Suffolk bar," pistols in their coats, came to support the allegation and enforce the claim. Honorable men stood up to defend him.

After Commissioner Loring had kidnapped Anthony Burns, I attended a meeting at Faneuil Hall, and spoke. I did not finish the speech I had begun, for news came that an attack was made on the court-house, and the meeting was thrown into confusion. I did not speak in a corner, but in the old "Cradle of Liberty." Here is the report of the speech which was made by a phonographer, and published in the newspapers of the time — I have no other notes of it.

"Fellow-subjects of Virginia — [Loud cries of 'No,' 'no,' and 'You must take that back!'] Fellow-citizens of Boston, then — ['Yes,' 'yes,'] — I come to condole with you at this second disgrace

which is heaped on the city made illustrious by *some* of those faces that were once so familiar to our eyes. [Alluding to the portraits which *once hung* conspicuously in Faneuil Hall, but which had been removed to obscure and out-of-the-way locations.] Fellow-citizens — a deed which Virginia commands has been done in the city of John Hancock and the 'brace of Adamses.' It was done by a Boston hand. It was a Boston man who issued the warrant; it was a Boston marshal who put it in execution; they are Boston men who are seeking to kidnap a citizen of Massachusetts, and send him into slavery for ever and ever. It is our fault that it is so. Eight years ago, a merchant of Boston 'kidnapped a man on the high road between Faneuil Hall and Old Quincy,' at 12 o'clock,— at the noon of day, — and the next day, mechanics of this city exhibited the half-eagles they had received for their share of the spoils in enslaving a brother man. You called a meeting in this hall. It was as crowded as it is now. I stood side by side with my friend and former neighbor, your honorable and noble chairman to-night [George R. Russell, of West Roxbury], [Loud cheers,] while this man who had fought for liberty in Greece, and been imprisoned for that sacred cause in the dungeons of Prussia, [Dr. Samuel G. Howe,] stood here and introduced to the audience that 'old man eloquent,' John Quincy Adams. [Loud cheers.]

"It was the last time he ever stood in Faneuil Hall. He came to defend the inalienable rights of a friendless negro slave, kidnapped in Boston. There is even no picture of John Quincy Adams to-night.

"A Suffolk grand-jury would find no indictment against the Boston merchant for kidnapping that man. ['Shame,' 'shame.'] If Boston had spoken then, we

should not have been here to-night. We should have had no Fugitive Slave Bill. When that bill passed, we fired a hundred guns.

"Don't you remember the Union meeting held in this very hall? A man stood on this platform,— he is a judge of the Supreme Court now,— and he said — When a certain 'Reverend gentleman' is indicted for perjury, I should like to ask him how he will answer the charge? And when that 'Reverend gentleman' * rose, and asked, 'Do you want an answer to your question?' Faneuil Hall cried out,—'No,' 'no,'—'Throw him over!' Had Faneuil Hall spoken then on the side of truth and freedom, we should not now be the subjects of Virginia.

"Yes, we are the vassals of Virginia. She reaches her arm over the graves of our mothers, and kidnaps men in the city of the Puritans; over the graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. [Cries of 'Shame!'] 'Shame!' so I say; but who is to blame? 'There is no North,' said Mr. Webster. There is none. The South goes clear up to the Canada line. No, gentlemen, there is no Boston to-day. There *was* a Boston once. Now, there is a North suburb to the city of Alexandria,— that is what Boston is. [Laughter.] And you and I, fellow-subjects of the State of Virginia — [Cries of 'No,' 'no.' 'Take that back again.'] — I will take it back when you show me the fact is not so.— Men and brothers, (brothers, at any rate,) I am not a young man; I have heard hurrahs and cheers for liberty many times; I have not seen a great many deeds done for liberty. I ask you, are we to have deeds as well as words? ['Yes,' 'yes,' and loud cheers.]

* Parker himself.

"Now, brethren, you are brothers at any rate, whether citizens of Massachusetts or subjects of Virginia — I am a minister — and, fellow-citizens of Boston, there are two great laws in this country; one of them is the LAW OF SLAVERY; that law is declared to be a 'finality.' Once the Constitution was formed 'to establish justice, promote tranquillity, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.' *Now*, the Constitution is not to secure liberty; it is to extend slavery into Nebraska. And when slavery is established there, in order to show what it is, there comes a sheriff from Alexandria, to kidnap a man in the city of Boston, and he gets a judge of probate, in the county of Suffolk, to issue a writ, and another Boston man to execute that writ! [Cries of 'Shame,' 'shame.']

"Slavery tramples on the Constitution; it treads down State rights. Where are the rights of Massachusetts? A Fugitive Slave Bill commissioner has got them all in his pocket. Where is the trial by jury? Watson Freeman has it under his marshal's staff. Where is the great writ of personal replevin, which our fathers wrested, several hundred years ago, from the tyrants who once lorded it over Great Britain? Judge Sprague trod it under his feet! Where is the sacred right of habeas corpus? Deputy Marshal Riley can crush it in his hands, and Boston does not say any thing against it. Where are the laws of Massachusetts forbidding State edifices to be used as prisons for the incarceration of fugitives? They, too, are trampled underfoot. 'Slavery is a finality.'

"These men come from Virginia, to kidnap a man here. Once, this was Boston; now, it is a northern suburb of Alexandria. At first, when they carried a

fugitive slave from Boston, they thought it was a difficult thing to do it. They had to get a mayor to help them; they had to put chains round the court-house; they had to call out the 'Sims Brigade'; it took nine days to do it. Now, they are so confident that we are subjects of Virginia, that they do not even put chains round the court-house; the police have nothing to do with it. I was told to-day that one of the officers of the city said to twenty-eight policemen, 'If any man in the employment of the city meddles in this business, he will be discharged from service, without a hearing.' [Great applause.] Well, gentlemen, how do you think they received that declaration? They shouted, and hurrahed, and gave three cheers. [Renewed applause.] My friend here would not have had the honor of presiding over you to-night, if application had been made a little sooner to the mayor. Another gentleman told me that, when that man (the mayor) was asked to preside at this meeting, he said that he regretted that all his time to-night was previously engaged. If he had known it earlier, he said, he might have been able to make arrangements to preside. When the man was arrested, he told the marshal he regretted it, and that his sympathies were wholly with the slave. [Loud applause.] Fellow-citizens, remember that word. Hold your mayor to it, and let it be seen that he has got a background and a foreground, which will authorize him to repeat that word in public, and act it out in Faneuil Hall. I say, so confident are the slave agents now, that they can carry off their slave in the daytime, that they do not put chains round the court-house; they have got no soldiers billetted in Faneuil Hall, as in 1851. They think they can carry this man off to-morrow morning in a cab. [Voices —'They can't do it.' 'Let's see them try.']

"I say, there are two great laws in this country. One is the slave law. That is the law of the President of the United States; it is the law of the commissioner; it is the law of every marshal, and of every meanest ruffian whom the marshal hires to execute his behests.

"There is another law, which my friend, Mr. Phillips, has described in language such as I cannot equal, and therefore shall not try; I only state it in its plainest terms. It is the law of the people when they are sure they are right and determined to go ahead. [Cheers and much confusion.]

"Now, gentlemen, there was a Boston once, and you and I had fathers — brave fathers; and mothers who stirred up those fathers to manly deeds. Well, gentlemen, once it came to pass that the British Parliament enacted a 'law'— *they* called it law — issuing stamps here. What did your fathers do on that occasion? They said, in the language of Algernon Sydney, quoted in your resolutions, 'That which is not just is not law, and that which is not law ought not to be obeyed'— [Cheers.] They did not obey the Stamp Act. They did not call it law, and the man that did call it a law, here, eighty years ago, would have had a very warm coat of tar and feathers on him. They called it an 'act,' and they took the commissioner who was here to execute it, took him solemnly, manfully,— they didn't hurt a hair of his head; they were non-resistants, of a very potent sort, [Cheers,] — and made him take a solemn oath that he would not issue a single stamp. He was brother-in-law of the governor of the State, the servant of a royal master, 'exceedingly respectable,' of great wealth, and once very popular; but they took him, and made him swear not to execute his commission; and he kept his oath, and the Stamp

Act went to its own place, and you know what that was. [Cheers.] That was an instance of the people going behind a wicked law to enact absolute justice into their statute, and making it common law. You know what they did with the tea.

"Well, gentlemen, in the South there is a public opinion, it is a very wicked public opinion, which is stronger than law. When a colored seaman goes to Charleston from Boston, he is clapped instantly into jail, and kept there until the vessel is ready to sail, and the Boston merchant or master must pay the bill, and the Boston black man must feel the smart. That is a wicked example, set by the State of South Carolina. When Mr. Hoar, one of our most honored and respected fellow-citizens, was sent to Charleston to test the legality of this iniquitous law, the citizens of Charleston ordered him off the premises, and he was glad to escape to save himself from further outrage. There was no violence, no guns fired. That was an instance of the strength of public opinion — of a most unjust and iniquitous public opinion.

"Well, gentlemen, I say there is one law — slave law; it is everywhere. There is another law, which also is a finality; and that law, it is in your hands and your arms, and you can put it in execution, just when you see fit.

"Gentlemen, I am a clergyman and a man of peace; I love peace. But there is a means, and there is an end; liberty is the end, and sometimes peace is not the means towards it. [Applause.] Now, I want to ask you what you are going to do. [A voice — 'Shoot, shoot.'] There are ways of managing this matter without shooting anybody. Be sure that these men who have kidnapped a man in Boston, are cow-

ards, every mother's son of them; and if we stand up there resolutely, and declare that this man shall not go out of the city of Boston, without shooting a gun — [cries of 'That's it,' and great applause,] — then he won't go back. Now, I am going to propose that when you adjourn, it be to meet at Court Square, to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. As many as are in favor of that motion will raise their hands. [A large number of hands were raised, but many voices cried out, 'Let's go to-night,' 'Let's pay a visit to the slave-catchers at the Revere House,' etc. 'Put that question.'] Do you propose to go to the Revere House to-night, then show your hands. (Some hands were held up.) It is not a vote. We shall meet at Court Square, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

[What happened before the morrow morning can best be read in the words of others than Theodore Parker. But here, rather fully told, is the story of Shadrach's arrest and rescue.]

THE SHADRACH AFFAIR, 1851

SUFFOLK COUNTY.

I, Patrick Riley, of Boston, in the said county, Counsellor at Law, having been duly sworn, depose and say, that I am, and have been, for fourteen years past, the principal deputy of the United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts: —

That on Saturday morning, February 15th, 1851, about 20 minutes before 8 o'clock, A. M., I was called upon at my residence by Frederick Warren, one of the U. S. Deputy Marshals, who informed me that there was a negro man, an alleged fugitive, to be arrested at 8 o'clock, who was supposed to be at Taft's Cornhill Coffee House, near the Court House, and desired to know where the negro should be put in case he should be arrested before I reached the office. I told him to place him in the United States Court Room — and that I would come to the office immediately, — I came down almost immediately to the office, where I arrived shortly after 8 o'clock, and there found Mr. Warren, who informed me that

the negro was unknown to Mr. Charles Sawin, Deputy Marshal, to whom the warrant was handed on the night previous, as I have been informed, though no notice of it had been given to any occupant of the Marshal's office — and that the negro was unknown to anyone of the Marshal's Deputies or assistants, — that Mr. Warren informed me that Mr. Sawin had gone to find the man, who, by previous arrangement was to point out the negro, and who had not shown himself as agreed; that I remained in the court-house giving directions and making preparations to secure the negro when arrested, and awaiting the return of Mr. Sawin,— that I saw him after ten o'clock, and he informed me that he had seen the parties in interest, and that it had been arranged not to attempt the arrest until 11 o'clock. I told him that it should not be delayed one moment, and directed him to notify the man who was to point him out to come instantly,— that he left for that purpose, and at ten minutes before 11 returned and said that the parties were about Taft's Coffee House, and that the men engaged were also in readiness in that neighborhood. I went immediately with Mr. Warren, Mr. John H. Riley, and other deputies, to the said Coffee House, and there found all our men, nine in number, stationed in and about the place — that there were several negroes in and about the house, and I inquired for the man who was to point out the alleged fugitive, and was informed that he had not arrived. Mr. Warren and myself went immediately into the dining hall at the Coffee House, and to avoid suspicion, ordered some coffee, and were waited upon by a negro, who subsequently proved to be the alleged fugitive. Not hearing anything from our assistants, we took our coffee, rose to go out and learn why we had not heard from them, — then the negro went before us to the bar-room, with the money to pay for the coffee, and in the passage between the bar-room and hall, Mr. Sawin and Mr. Byrne came up, and each took the negro by an arm, and walked him out of the back passage-way through a building between the Coffee-House and the square beside the Court House to the Court Room, as by me directed.

I immediately, while he was entering the Court House, went to the office of the City Marshal, in the City Hall, in the same square with the Court House, and there saw Mr. Francis Tukey, the City Marshal, told him what had been done, and stated that as there would probably be a great crowd, his presence with the police would be needed to preserve order, and keep the peace in and about the Court House, which is owned by the city, and in which all the Courts of the Common-

wealth for Suffolk County are held. Mr. Tukey stated that it should be attended to,— I told him I should notify the Mayor instantly, and proceeded up stairs to the Mayor's office, where I found Hon. John P. Bigelow, Mayor of the city, and made the same communication and request to him which I had made to Mr. Tukey, to which the Mayor said —"Mr. Riley, I am sorry for it." I then left the office, at which time it was just half past 11 o'clock.

I went immediately to the Court-House, and found the negro in the United States Court Room, with the officers, and found all the doors closed, and was admitted by the usual inside entrance,— George T. Curtis, Esq., the United States Commissioner, was called, and came, and the claimant's counsel were sent for. All the doors were kept closed excepting the usual entrance, which was kept guarded by officers,— the Commissioner informed the fugitive, who was named "Shadrach" in the warrant, of the character of the business, and asked him if he wanted counsel, to which he said that he did, and that his friends had gone for counsel. While waiting for the counsel to come, the room began to be filled with negroes and whites,— the counsel for the prisoner appeared, and claimed a delay, to give them an opportunity to consult with their client, pending which I desired Mr. Warren the Deputy Marshal, to go to the Navy Yard at Charlestown, about two miles distant, and ask Commodore Downes whether, should a delay or adjournment take place, the Navy Yard might be used as a place of detention, the United States not being permitted by the law of the State to use the jails, and having none of their own. The examination proceeded, and after the reading of certain documents presented by the claimant's attorney, and some discussion, the Commissioner decided to grant the delay until Tuesday following, the 18th inst. The counsel for the prisoner asked of the Commissioner if they might not remain and hold consultation with their client, and examine with him the papers presented, to which the Commissioner assented,— then the court room was ordered to be cleared, and was cleared of all save some fifteen officers, being all the reliable men whom we had been able to collect, the counsel, and some newspaper reporters. Mr. Warren, at this time, which was about half past 12, returned from the Navy Yard, and informed me that he had seen Commodore Downes, who said he could not grant my request,— then I despatched what officers I could spare, to ask such of their friends to remain as would assist, and to procure all the additional force possible, intending to use the Court House as a place of detention.

Mr. Curtis also left; crowds of negroes and others began to gather about the court room and in the passage-ways leading to the Court House,— then I went to one of the messengers who had charge of the building, and desired him to have all the Court House doors closed as soon as possible which were not necessary for use.

At or before one o'clock, Mr. Ebenezer Noyes, the messenger of the United States Court, was despatched to the City Marshal, whom he informed that the United States Marshal wanted every man he could send to keep the peace in and about the Court House; to which the City Marshal replied that he had no men in, but would send them over as they came in. That at about two o'clock all the counsel had left, except Mr. Charles G. Davis and a reporter, who I learned was Elizur Wright, one of the editors of the Commonwealth newspaper; as the door was opened for them to leave, which opened outwardly, the negroes without, who had filled the passage-way on the outside, took hold of the edges of the door as it opened, and then a struggle ensued between the holders of the door within and those without. Mr. Warren, the deputy, immediately ran to the City Marshal's office, but not finding him in went to the Mayor's office, and was informed that the Mayor had gone to dinner. He then stated to those in his office that there was a mob in and about the Court House, and called upon them to send men to help to disperse it. That he then returned to the City Marshal's office, found him in his private room, informed him of the trouble in the Court House, and asked him to send all the men he could furnish, and whether he (Mr. Warren) could aid him in getting his men, to which he said that Mr. Warren could not assist him in the matter.

Meanwhile, the struggle at the door continued for some minutes, and the crowd of negroes finally succeeded in forcing the door wide open, rushed in in great numbers, overpowered all the officers, surrounded the negro, and he was forced by them through the door, down the stairs, and out of the side door of the Court House, and thence through the streets to the section where most of the negroes of the city reside,— then officers were despatched in pursuit, but have not succeeded in finding his present abode.

That from the time of the first notice to the Mayor and City Marshal, immediately after the arrest, as heretofore stated, to the giving of this deposition, neither the Mayor nor the City Marshal has appeared, nor has a single officer under their direction appeared, or aided in attempting to disperse the mob,

or in keeping the peace; and, in my opinion, it was the predetermined purpose of both not to do their duty in keeping the peace in and about their Court House; for the City Marshal, when requested by Henry S. Hallett, Esq., to disperse a similar mob, which had collected about the office of his father, a United States Commissioner, during the excitement in the "Crafts" case, said that he had orders not to meddle in the matter, as I am informed by the said Hallett,—and that the City Marshal gave a similar answer to Watson Freeman, Esq. who asked him, at about the same time, why he did not disperse the mob, as I am informed by the said Freeman.

Charles Devens, Jr. Esq. the United States Marshal for this district, was at the time of the arrest, returning from Washington, where he had gone on imperative official business — and it is proper to state that here neither the Marshal nor his deputy is authorized by law to employ a permanent force sufficient to resist a mob; and that he has no authority to call to his aid the troops of the State or of the United States.

P. RILEY.
U. S. Deputy Marshal, Massachusetts District,

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Suffolk County, February 17, 1851. Then personally appeared the above-named Patrick Riley, and duly swore that the foregoing deposition by him subscribed is true, as to facts stated to be within his personal knowledge — and that he believes that the statements therein given as made to him by others are true.

Horatio Woodman, Justice of the Peace.

A Card. I feel it my duty to notice a deposition of the acting U. S. Marshal, which appeared in the morning papers.

On Saturday last, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, Mr. Riley came to my office in the City Hall, and said to me —"We have got a negro, and I thought I would call and let you know." I received the information as a kindly hint to look out for street disturbances. He made no request whatever for assistance, nor did he intimate in any way that he wanted any, or that he had any apprehension of a rescue. After a few unimportant remarks he retired.

I immediately sent for the City Marshal, and directed him to preserve order around the Court House to prevent obstructions to proper communication therewith, of course including (as all such orders do,) the protection of officers in charge of prisoners, while getting to or from the building. I remained in my office for an hour and a half, after giving these di-

rections, but received no further communication on the subject from any one.

The Police, within my knowledge, have never been called upon to attend the Courts of the State or United States, and, as I have already stated, no request was made to me for such assistance in the present case. Knowing that the Marshal of the United States has his own officers, and that he is authorized to appoint as many deputies, or call to his assistance as many individuals as the occasion may require — knowing, also, that the Sheriff, together with deputies and constables, are stationed in the Court House, I had not the shadow of suspicion that Mr. Riley was wanting in ample means to retain his prisoner against unarmed assailants.

Mr. Riley makes an ungenerous use of a casual remark which I intended for kindness. He was agitated; appeared to speak with great inconvenience to his lungs, and remarked that he had great difficulty in catching his breath. I answered that I was "sorry for him."

I annex a statement of the City Marshal.

JOHN P. BIGELOW.

City Hall, Feb. 17, 1851.

In confirmation of what Mayor Bigelow here said, we have this statement from City Marshal Tukey:

SIR,— In answer to the letter of P. Riley, allow me to state, that on the 15th, at half-past 11 o'clock, A. M., he came into my office and said, "*We have got a nigger. I merely notify you, so that if they make trouble you may be about.*" These were his exact words, and *all he said.* I immediately consulted with you, and you directed me to prevent any breach of the peace outside of the Court House, and I took measures accordingly. I sent out officers from time to time to see that all was quiet.

At about 1 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Noyes came to my office, saying the U. S. Marshal wanted all the *spare* officers I had. I had none. I wanted all I had to execute your orders. At about 10 minutes to 2 o'clock, I sent an officer to the Court Room, and found the door taken care of; *and the officer I sent was denied admission* — the person having charge saying the U. S. Marshal told him to admit no one. He returned. In a few moments afterwards another person came, and said that he was afraid the negroes would break open the Court Room. I immediately started, but before I had got out of the City Hall, I learned the fugitive had been rescued.

I learn, and believe it to be true, that Mr. Riley said he did not want any others than those he had employed, to remain in the court room, and added that "*we can take care of the man,*" and also at the time the rush was made, he was walking backwards and forwards across the court room, and made no resistance whatever at the door, or as the negroes passed by him.

In conclusion, allow me respectfully to say that in the Ordinance creating the office of City Marshal, I do not find that he is to do the work of the United States Marshal, and if it is the wish of the City Government to have me do it, they have only to pass the order, *and I will arrest the fugitives, and keep them, or I will resign.* Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS TUKEY,
City Marshal.

To Hon. John P. Bigelow, Mayor of Boston. Feb'y 17, 1851.

The history of the Burns case, briefly given by Parker in his "Defense," is as follows:

On Tuesday, the 23d of May, 1854, Charles F. Suttle of Virginia, presented to Edward Greeley Loring, Esquire, of Boston, Commissioner, a complaint under the Fugitive Slave Bill — Act of September 18th, 1850 — praying for the seizure and enslavement of Anthony Burns.

The next day, Wednesday, May 24th, Commissioner Loring issued the warrant: Mr. Burns was seized in the course of the evening of that day, on the false pretext of burglary, and carried to the Suffolk county court-house, in which he was confined by the marshal, under the above-named warrant, and there kept imprisoned under a strong and armed guard.

On the 25th, at about nine o'clock in the morning, the commissioner proceeded to hear and decide the case in the circuit court room, in which were stationed about sixty men serving as the marshal's guard. Seth J. Thomas, Esquire, and Edward Griffin Parker, Esquire, members of the Suffolk Bar, appeared as counsel for

Mr. Suttle to help him and Commissioner Loring make a man a slave. Mr. Burns was kept in irons and surrounded by "the guard." The slave-hunter's documents were immediately presented, and his witness was sworn and proceeded to testify.

Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Charles M. Ellis, and Richard H. Dana, with a few others, came into the court room. Mr. Parker and some others, spoke with Mr. Burns, who sat in the dock ironed, between two of the marshal's guard. After a little delay and conference among these four and others, Mr. Dana interrupted the proceedings and asked that counsel might be assigned to Mr. Burns, and so a defense allowed. To this Mr. Thomas, the senior counsel for the slave-hunters, objected. But after repeated protests on the part of Mr. Dana and Mr. Ellis, the commissioner adjourned the hearing until ten o'clock, Saturday, May 27th.

On the evening of Friday, May 26th, there was a large and earnest meeting of men and women at Faneuil Hall. Mr. George R. Russell, of West Roxbury, presided; his name is a fair exponent of the character and purposes of the meeting, which Dr. Samuel G. Howe called to order.

Speeches were made and resolutions passed. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Parker, amongst others, addressed the meeting. While this meeting was in session there was a gathering of a few persons about the court-house, the outer doors of which had been unlawfully closed by order of the marshal; an attempt was made to break through them and enter the building, where the Supreme Court of Massachusetts was sitting engaged in a capital case; the courts of this State must always sit with open doors. In the strife one

of the marshal's guard, a man hired to aid in the slave-hunt, was killed — but whether by one of the assailing party, or by the marshal's guard, it is not yet quite clear. It does not appear from the evidence laid before the public or the three grand-juries, that there was any connection between the meeting at Faneuil Hall and the gathering at the court-house.

Saturday, 27th, at ten o'clock, the commissioner opened his court again, his prisoner in irons before him. The other events are well known. Mr. Burns was taken away to slavery on Friday, June 2d, by an armed body of soldiers with a cannon.

On the 7th of June, Judge Curtis gave to this grand-jury his charge. In that he spoke of the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Bill; and he charged the jury especially and minutely upon the statute of the United States of 1790, in relation to resisting officers in service of process as follows,—

That not only those who are present and actually obstruct, resist, and oppose, and all who are present leagued in the common design, and so situated as to be able in case of need, to afford assistance to those actually engaged; but all who, though absent, did procure, counsel, command, or abet others to commit the offense; and all who, by indirect means, by *evincing an express liking, approbation, or assent to the design, were liable as principals.* And he added, "My instruction to you is, that language addressed to persons who immediately afterwards commit an offense, actually intended by the speaker to incite those addressed to commit it, and adapted thus to incite them, is such a counselling, or advising to the crime as the law contemplates, and the person so inciting others is liable to be indicted as a principal," and *it is of no importance that*

his advice or directions were departed from in respect to the time, or place, or precise mode, or means of committing it.

That jury remained in session a few weeks: pains were taken to induce them to find bills against the speakers at Faneuil Hall; but they found no indictment under the law of 1790, or that of 1850, and were discharged.

On the 22d of September, venires were issued by order of the court for a new grand-jury; and, on the 16th of October, twenty-three were returned by Marshal Freeman, and impaneled.

This grand-jury was not charged by the judge upon the statute of 1790, or 1850, but was referred to Mr. Hallett, the attorney, for the instructions previously given to the jury that had been discharged, namely, for his charge of June 7th, already referred to. Mr. William W. Greenough, brother-in-law of Judge Curtis, was one of the jury. They found the following indictment against Mr. Parker,— in the final clause:

"That on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, at Boston, in said District, the said Theodore Parker, with force and arms, did knowingly and wilfully obstruct, resist, and oppose one Watson Freeman, who was then and there an officer of the said United States, to wit, the Marshal of the United States for the said District of Massachusetts, in serving and attempting to serve and execute a certain legal process which before that time, to wit, on the 25th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, had been duly issued under the hand of Edward G. Loring, who was then and there a Commissioner of the Circuit Court of the United States for the said District of Massachusetts, and arms assaulted the said Freeman as such officer, and knowingly and wilfully obstructed, resisted, and opposed him in the discharge of his lawful duties in manner and form aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the said United States, and contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided. And

the Jurors aforesaid, on their oath aforesaid, do further present that the said Theodore Parker was first apprehended in said District of Massachusetts, after committing the aforesaid offense against the peace and dignity of the said United States, and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. A true bill.

(Signed) ENOCH PATTERSON, Jr., *Foreman.*
B. F. HALLETT, *United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts.*"

Similar indictments were found against Mr. Phillips, Martin Stowell, Rev. T. W. Higginson, John Morrison, Samuel T. Proudman, and John C. Cluer. Mr. Parker was arraigned on Wednesday, November 29th, and ordered to recognize in bonds of $1,500 for his appearance at that court, on the 5th of March, 1855. His bondsmen were Messrs. Samuel May, Francis Jackson, and John R. Manley; his counsel were Hon. John P. Hale, and Charles M. Ellis, Esq. The other gentlemen were arraigned afterwards at different times.

After considerable uncertainty about the engagements of Hon. Justice Curtis, Tuesday, April 3d, was fixed for the commencement of the trials. At that time there appeared as counsel for the government, Hon. Benjamin F. Hallett, District Attorney, and Elias Merwin, Esq., formerly a law partner of Judge Curtis; on the other side were Hon. John P. Hale, and Charles M. Ellis, Esq., for Mr. Parker; Wm. L. Burt, Esq., John A. Andrew, Esq., and H. F. Durant, Esq., counsel for Messrs. Phillips, Higginson, Stowell, Bishop, Morrison, Proudman, and Cluer.

Mr. Hale, as senior counsel, stated to the Court that the counsel for the defendants in several of the cases had conferred, and concluded — on the supposition that the court and government would assent to the plan as most for their own convenience, as well as that of the

defendants' counsel — to file the like motion on the different cases; and, instead of each counsel going over the whole ground for each case, to divide the matter presented for debate, and for each to discuss some particular positions on behalf of them all. This was assented to; and motions were filed in the several cases, — to quash the indictments.

Mr. Burt commenced the argument of the motions, and presented several of the points. He was followed by Mr. C. M. Ellis, J. A. Andrew, and H. F. Durant, who severally discussed some of the grounds of the motions.

Elias Merwin, Esquire, and Mr. Attorney Hallett, replied.

The Court stated that they did not wish to hear Hon. John P. Hale, who was about to rejoin and close in support of the motion, and decided that the allegation, on the indictment, that Edward G. Loring was a commissioner of the Circuit Court of the United States for said district, was not a legal averment that he was such a commissioner as is described in the bill of 1850, and therefore the indictments were bad. The Court said they supposed it to be true that Mr. Loring was such a commissioner, and that his authority could be proved by producing the record of his appointment; that they did not suppose the absence of this averment could be of any practical consequence to the defendants, so far as respected the substantial merits of the cases; and it was true the objection to the indictment was "technical;" but they held it sufficient, notwithstanding the averment that the warrant was "*duly issued*," and ordered the indictment against Stowell to be quashed. On every other point, save that that the Court could properly construct the jury roster and

return the jury from a portion of the district, the judge said they would express no opinion.

Mr. Hallett insisted on his right to enter a *nolle prosequi* in the other cases; and the judges decided that, though all the cases had been heard upon the motion, yet as it could make no difference whether an entry were made that this indictment be quashed, or an entry of *nolle prosequi*, the attorney might enter a *nolle prosequi* if he chose to do so *then*, before the Court passed any order on the motions. Mr. Hallett accordingly entered a *nolle prosequi* in all the other cases, and the whole affair was quashed.

[No trial was therefore had and no defense needed, but Parker had diligently prepared a defense which he summed up thus.]

I. The Question of Fact. Did I do the deed charged, and obstruct Marshal Freeman while in the peace of the United States, and discharging his official duty? This is a quite complicated question. Here are the several parts of it: —

1. Was there any illegal obstruction or opposition at all made to the marshal? This is not clear. True, an attack was made on the doors and windows of the court-house, but that is not necessarily an attack on the marshal or his premises. He has a right in certain rooms of the court-house, and this he has in virtue of a lease. He has also a right to use the passage-ways of the house, in common with other persons and the people in general. His rights as tenant are subject to the terms of his lease and to the law which determines the relation of tenant and landlord. Marshal Freeman as tenant has no more rights than Freeman Marshal, or John Doe, or Rachel Roe would have under the same circumstances. Of course he had a legal

right to defend himself if attacked, and to close his own doors, bar and fortify the premises he rented against the illegal violence of others. But neither his lease nor the laws of the land authorized him to close the other doors, or to obstruct the passages, no more than to obstruct the square or the street. No lease, no law gave him that right.

Now there have been three secret examinations of witnesses relative to this assault, before three grand-juries. No evidence has been offered which shows *that any attack was made on the premises of the marshal.* The Supreme Court of Massachusetts was in session at the moment the attack was made on the court-house; the venerable chief justice was on the bench; the jury had retired to consider the capital case then pending, and were expected to return with their verdict. The people had a right in the courtroom, a right in the passage-ways and doors which lead thither. That court had not ordered the room to be cleared or the doors to be shut. Marshal Freeman closed the outer doors of the court-house, and thus debarred men of their right to enter a Massachusetts Court of Justice solemnly deciding a capital case. You are to consider whether an attack on the outer doors of the court-house is an illegal attack on the marshal who had shut those doors without any legal authority. If you decide this point as the government wishes, then you will proceed to the next question.

2. Did I actually obstruct him? If not, then the inquiry stops here. You answer "Not guilty." But if I did, then it is worth while to consider how I obstructed him. (1.) Was it by a physical act, by material force; or, (2.) by a metaphysical act, immaterial or spiritual force — a word, thought, a feeling, a wish,

approbation, assent, consent, "evincing an express liking."

3. Was Marshal Freeman, at the time of the obstruction, in the peace of the United States, or was he himself violating the law thereof? For if he were violating the law and thereby injuring some other man, and I obstructed him in that injury, then I am free from all legal guilt, and did a citizen's duty in obstructing his illegal conduct. Now it appears that he was kidnapping and stealing Anthony Burns for the purpose of making him the slave of one Suttle of Virginia, who wished to sell him and acquire money thereby; and that Mr. Freeman did this at the instigation of Commissioner Loring who was entitled to receive ten dollars if he enslaved Mr. Burns, and five only for setting him free. It appears also that Marshal Freeman was to receive large, official money for this kidnapping, and such honor as this administration, and the Hunker newspapers, and lower-law divines can bestow.

Now you are to consider whether a man so doing was in the peace of the United States. He professes to have acted under the Fugitive Slave Bill which authorizes him to seize, kidnap, steal, imprison, and carry off any person whatsoever, on the oath of any slaveholder who has fortified himself with a piece of paper of a certain form and tenor from any court of slaveholders in the slave States. Is that bill constitutional? The Constitution of the United States is the people's power of attorney by which they authorize certain servants, called legislative, judicial, and executive officers, to do certain matters and things in a certain way, but prohibit them from doing in the name of the people any thing except those things specified, or

those in any but the way pointed out. Does the Fugitive Slave Bill attempt those things and only those, in the way provided for in that power of attorney; or other things, or in a different way?

To determine this compound question you will look (1.) at the ultimate purpose of the Constitution, the end which the people wanted to attain; and (2.) at the provisional means, the method by which they proposed to reach it. Here of course the purpose is more important than the means. The preamble to this power of attorney clearly sets forth this purpose aimed at: here it is, "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." Is the Fugitive Slave Bill a measure tending to that end?

To answer that question you are to consult your own mind and conscience. You are not to take the opinion of the Court. For (1.) it would probably be their purchased *official* opinion which the government pays for, and so is of no value whatever; or (2.) if it be their *personal* opinion, from what Mr. Sprague and Mr. Curtis have said and done before, you know that their personal opinion in the matter would be of no value whatsoever. To me it is very plain that kidnapping a man in Boston and making him a slave, is not the way to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, or secure the blessings of liberty. But you are to judge for yourselves. If you think the Fugitive Slave Bill not a means towards that end, which this national power of attorney proposes, then you will think it is unconstitutional, that Mr. Freeman was not in the

peace of the United States, but acting against it; and then it was the right of every citizen to obstruct his illegal wickedness and might be the duty of some.

But not only does the Fugitive Slave Bill contravene and oppose the purpose of the Constitution, it also transcends the means which that power of attorney declares the people's agents shall make use of, and whereto it absolutely restricts them. The Constitution prescribes that "the judicial power shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may ordain and establish." "The judges . . . shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall . . . receive a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." Now the Commissioner who kidnaps a man and declares him a slave, exercises *judicial power.* Commissioner Loring himself confesses it, in his remonstrance against being removed from the office of judge of probate. You are to consider whether a commissioner appointed by the judge of the court as a ministerial officer to take "bail and affidavits," and paid twice as much for stealing a victim as for setting free a man, is either such a "supreme" or such an "inferior court" as the Constitution vests the "judicial powers" in. If not, then the Fugitive Slave Bill is unconstitutional because it does not use the means which the people's power of attorney points out. Of course the inquiry stops at this point, and you return "Not guilty."

4. It is claimed that the Fugitive Slave Bill is sustained by this clause in the Constitution, "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence

of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." But if you try the Fugitive Slave Bill by this rule, you must settle two questions. (1.) Who is meant by persons "held to service or labor?" and (2.) by whom shall they "be delivered up on claim?" Let us begin with the second.

(2.) By whom shall they "be delivered up?" Either by the Federal Government, or else by the government of the State into which they have escaped. Now the Federal Government has no constitutional power, except what the Constitution gives it. Gentlemen, there is not a line in that power of attorney by which the people authorize the Federal Government to make a man a slave in Massachusetts or anywhere else. I know the Government has done it, as the British Government levied ship-money, and put men to the rack, but it is against the Constitution of the land.

Gentlemen, you will settle these constitutional questions according to your conscience, not mine. But if the Fugitive Slave Bill demands the rendition of men from whom service is not *justly* due — due by the law of God, or if the Government unconstitutionally aims to do what the Constitution gave it no right to do — then the marshal was not "in the peace of the United States." Your inquiry stops at this point.

5. But, if satisfied on all which relates to this question of his being in the peace of the United States, you are next to inquire if Mr. Freeman, at the time of the obstruction was "Marshal of the United States," and "in the due and lawful discharge of his duties as such officer." There is no doubt that he was Marshal; but there may be a doubt that he was in the "lawful dis-

charge of his duties as such officer." See what you must determine in order to make this clear.

(1.) Was Commissioner Loring, who issued the warrant to kidnap Mr. Burns, legally qualified to do that act? Gentlemen, there is no record of his appointment and qualification by the form of an oath. No evidence has been adduced to this point. Mr. Loring says he was duly appointed and qualified. There is no written line, no other word of mouth to prove it.

(2.) Admitting that Mr. Loring had the legal authority to command Mr. Freeman to steal Mr. Burns, it appears that stealing was done feloniously. The marshal's guard seized him on the charge of burglary — a false charge. You are to consider whether Mr. Freeman had legally taken possession of his victim.

(3.) If satisfied thus far, you are to inquire if he held him legally. It seems he was imprisoned in a public building of Massachusetts, which was by him used as a jail for the purpose of keeping a man claimed as a fugitive slave, contrary to the express words of a regular and constitutional statute of Massachusetts.

If you find that Mr. Freeman was not in the lawful discharge of his duties as marshal, then the inquiry stops here, and you return a verdict of "Not guilty."

II. The Question of the Application of the Law to the Fact. To determine this question you are to ask: —

1. Does the law itself, the act of 1790, apply to such acts, that is, to such words, thoughts, wishes, feelings, consent, assent, approbation, express liking, and punish them with fine and imprisonment? If not, the consideration ends: but if it does, you will next ask: —

2. Is it according to the Constitution of the United States — its purpose, its means — thus to punish such acts? If not satisfied thereof, you stop there; but if you accept Judge Curtis's opinion then you will next inquire: —

3. Is it expedient in this particular case to apply this law, under the circumstances, to this man, and punish him with fine and imprisonment? If you say "Yes" you will then proceed to the last part of the whole investigation, and will ask: —

4. Is it just and right? that is, according to the natural law of God, the constitution of the universe? Here you will consider several things.

(1.) What was the marshal legally, constitutionally, and justly doing at the time he was obstructed? He was stealing, kidnapping, and detaining an innocent man, Anthony Burns, with the intention of depriving him of what the Declaration of Independence calls his natural and inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Mr. Burns had done no wrong or injury to any one — but simply came to Massachusetts, to possess and enjoy these natural rights. Marshal Freeman had seized him on the false charge of burglary, had chained him in a dungeon contrary to Massachusetts law,— there were irons on his hands.

It is said he was a slave: now a slave is a person whom some one has stolen from himself, and by force keeps from his natural rights. Mr. Burns sought to rescue himself from the thieves who held him; Marshal Freeman took the thieves' part.

(2.) Was there any effectual mode of securing to Mr. Burns his natural and inalienable right except the mode of forcible rescue? It is very clear there was

none at all. The laws of Massachusetts were of no avail. Your own Supreme Court, which in 1832, at the instigation of Mr. Charles P. Curtis, sent a little boy not fourteen years old into Cuban slavery to gratify a slave-hunting West Indian, had in 1851, voluntarily put its neck under the Southern chain. Your chief justice, who acquired such honorable distinction in 1836 by setting free the little girl Med from the hands of the Curtises, in 1851 spit in the face of Massachusetts, and spurned her laws with his judicial foot. It was plain that Commissioner Loring did not design to allow his victim a fair trial — for he had already prejudged the case; he advised Mr. Phillips to make no defense, put no "obstruction" in the way of the man's going back, "as he probably will," and, before hearing the defense sought to settle the matter by a sale of Mr. Burns.

Gentlemen, the result showed there was no chance of what the United States law reckons justice being done in the case — for Commissioner Loring not only decided the fate of Mr. Burns against law, and against evidence, but communicated his decision to the slave-hunters nearly twenty-four hours before he announced it in open court! No, Gentlemen, when a man claimed as a fugitive is brought before either of these two members of this family of kidnappers — who run now in couples, hunting men and seeking whom they may devour — there is no hope for him: it is only a mock-trial, worse than the star-chamber inquisition of the Stuart kings. Place no "obstructions in the way of the man's going back," said the mildest of the two, "as he probably will." Over that door, historic and actual, as over that other, but fabulous, gate of Hell should be written: —

> "Through me they go to the city of sorrow;
> Through me they go to endless agony;
> Through me they go among the nations lost:
> Leave every hope, all ye that enter here!"

The only hope of freedom for Mr. Burns lay in the limbs of the people! Anarchy afforded him the only chance of justice.

(3.) Did they who it is alleged made the attack on the marshal, or they who it is said instigated them to the attack, do it from any wicked, unjust, or selfish motive? Nobody pretends it — Gentlemen, we had much to lose — ease, honor — for with many persons in Boston it is a disgrace to favor the inalienable rights of man, as at Rome to read the Bible, or at Damascus to be a Christian — ease, honor, money, liberty — if this Court have its way,— nay, life itself; for one of the family which preserves the Union by kidnapping men, counts it a capital crime to rescue a victim from their hands, and Mr. Hallett, when only a Democratic expectant of office, declared "if it only resists law and obstructs its officers . . . it is treason . . . and he who risks it must risk hanging for it." No, gentlemen, I had much to lose by my words. I had nothing to gain. Nothing I mean but the satisfaction of doing my duty to myself, my brother, and my God. And tried by Judge Sprague's precept, "Obey both," that is nothing; or by Judge Curtis's "standard of morality" it is a crime; and according to his brother it is "treason;" and according to, I know not how many ministers of commerce, it is "infidelity"— "treasonable, damnable doctrine."

No, gentlemen, no selfish motive could move me to such conduct. The voice of duty was terribly clear: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

English is the only tongue in which Freedom can speak her political or religious word. Shall that tongue be silenced; tied in Faneuil Hall; torn out by a slave-hunter? The Stamp Act only taxed commercial and legal documents; the Fugitive Slave Bill makes our words misdemeanors. The Revenue Act did but lay a tax on tea, threepence only on a pound: the slave-hunters' act taxes our thoughts as a crime. The Boston Port Bill but closed our harbor, we could get in at Salem; but the judge's charge shuts up the mouth of all New England, not a word against man-hunting but is a "crime,"— the New Testament is full of "misdemeanors." Andros only took away the charter of Massachusetts; Judge Curtis's "law" is a *quo warranto* against humanity itself. "Perfidious General Gage" took away the arms of Boston; Judge Curtis *charges* upon our soul; he would wring all religion out of you,— no "standard of morality" above the Fugitive Slave Bill.

The Slave Power aims at a despotism which is worse for this age than the Stuarts' tyranny for that time. Behold what it has done within ten years. It has made slavery perpetual in Florida; has annexed Texas, a slave State as big as the kingdom of France; has fought the Mexican War, with Northern money, and spread bondage over Utah, New Mexico, and California; it has given Texas ten millions of Northern dollars to help slavery withal; it has passed the Fugitive Slave Bill and kidnapped men in the West, in the Middle States, and even in our own New England; it has given ten millions of dollars for a little strip of worthless land, the Mesilla valley, whereon to make a slave railroad and carry bondage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it has repealed the prohibition of slavery, and

spread the mildew of the South all over Kansas and Nebraska. Ask your capitalists, who have bought Missouri lands and railroads, how their stock looks just now; not only your liberty but even their money is in peril. You know the boast of Mr. Toombs. Gentlemen, you know what the United States courts have done — with poisoned weapons they have struck deadly blows at freedom. You know Sharkey and Grier and Kane. You recollect the conduct of Kidnappers' courts at Milwaukee, Sandusky, Cincinnati, Philadelphia — in the Hall of Independence. But why need I wander so far? Alas! you know too well what has been done in Boston, our own Boston, the grave of Puritan piety. You remember the Union meeting, Ellen Craft, Sims, chains around the court-house, the judges crawling under, soldiers in the street, drunk, smiting at the citizens; you do not forget Anthony Burns, the marshal's guard, the loaded cannon in place of justice, soldiers again in the streets smiting at and wounding the citizens. You recollect all this — the 19th of April, 1851, Boston delivering an innocent man at Savannah to be a slave for ever, and that day scourged in his jail, while the hirelings who enthralled him were feasted at their inn; — Anniversary Week last year — a Boston judge of probate, the appointed guardian of orphans, kidnapping a poor and friendless man! You cannot forget these things, no, never!

Can I kidnap my own parishioners? It is no part of my Christianity to send the mother that bore me into eternal bondage. Do you think I can suffer Commissioner Curtis and Commissioner Loring to steal my friends,— out of my meeting-house? Gentlemen, when God bids me do right and this Court bids me do wrong, I shall not pretend to "obey both." I am

willing enough to suffer all that you will ever lay on me. But I will not do such a wrong, nor allow such wickedness to be done — so help me God! How could I teach truth, justice, piety, if I stole men; if I allowed Saunders, Jeffreys, Scroggs, or Sharkey, Grier, Kane, or in one word, Curtis, to steal them? I love my country, my kindred of humanity; I love my God, Father and Mother of the white man and the black; and am I to suffer the liberty of America to be trod under the hoof of slaveholders, slave-drivers; yes, of the judicial slaves of slaveholders' slave-drivers? I was neither born nor bred for that. I drew my first breath in a little town not far off, a poor little town where the farmers and mechanics first unsheathed that revolutionary sword which, after eight years of hewing, clove asunder the Gordian knot that bound America to the British yoke. One raw morning in spring — it will be eighty years the 19th of this month — Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had "obstructed an officer" with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight "for training." A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide brow, their captain,— one who had "seen service,"— marshaled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade "every man load his piece with powder and ball." "I will order the first man shot that runs away," said he, when some faltered; "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war,— let it begin here." Gentlemen, you know what followed: those farmers and mechanics "fired the shot

heard round the world." A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw: —

Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt, but no chiseled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell

In the Sacred Cause of God and their Country

Gentlemen, the spirit of liberty, the love of justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It is my own name which stands chiseled on that stone; the tall captain who marshaled his fellow farmers and mechanics into stern array and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the War of American Independence,— the last to leave the field,— was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson, that

Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God

I keep them both, "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," to use them both "In the Sacred Cause of God and my Country."

XIV

PARKER IN THE JOHN BROWN CAMPAIGN [1]

By F. B. Sanborn

Speaking in 1850, after the Webster speech of March 7 in that year, when the great orator of New England went over definitely to the pro-slavery side, seeking not merely to postpone the emancipation of the slaves and the restoration of the freemen of the North to their proper share in the government of their own States and of the nation, but giving a tacit consent to the perpetual existence of negro slavery; at that crisis Parker said:

"By and by there will be a political party with a wider basis than the Free-soil party, who will declare that the nation itself must put an end to slavery in the nation; and if the Constitution of the United States will not allow it, there is another Constitution that will. Then the title of 'Defender and Expounder of the Constitution of the United States' will give way to this,—'Defender and Expounder of the Constitution of the Universe'; and we shall reaffirm the ordinance of Nature, and re-enact the will of God. You may not live to see it, nor I live to see it; but it is written on the iron leaf that it must come; come, too, before long. Then the speech of Mr. Webster will be a curiosity, the conduct of the Whigs and Democrats an amazement, and the 'peculiar institution' a proverb amongst all the nations of the earth."

Of that party Parker became one of the wisest of leaders, and Webster soon proved himself one of the feeblest of opposers. John Brown was the champion and forlorn hope of this new party, to which in 1862 the whole armed force of the loyal part of the Union

joined itself, chanting, as it marched to the restoration of the Union by force, that immortal folk-song,

> "John Brown's body is moldering in the grave,
> His soul is marching on."

Brown had then been dead but three years; Parker less than two years; and before three years had passed over Parker's Florentine grave, every slave in the old Union was legally free, by the unquestionable edict of Abraham Lincoln, the disciple, not of Webster, but of Parker.

This being so, it is well to let Parker explain himself in this, his last great service to the people,— the promotion of Brown's forlorn hope, leading the assault for the destruction of slavery by force. Parker had seen argument and persuasion tried for years. Franklin, Jefferson, Henry Clay, the Quakers and Methodists, Webster and Garrison, Phillips and Emerson, and Parker himself had pleaded in vain. Slavery, instead of approaching extinction, seemed to be strengthening itself both South and North, both East and West. In 1855, when Parker, in his impassioned "Defense" was exhibiting the rapid onward movement of pro-slavery sentiment in Massachusetts, Lincoln, not yet brought into acquaintance with Parker by his law-partner, Herndon, was expressing to a Kentuckian his fear that the monstrous usurpation of negro slavery would invade Illinois and gain control of the whole nation. Mr. Gillespie, the friend with whom Lincoln talked, thus reports him:

> "Slavery was the only question on which Abe would become excited. I recollect meeting him once at Shelbyville, when he began by saying,—
>
> 'Something must be done, or slavery will overrun this whole country. There are in Kentucky about 600,000 non-slavehold-

ing whites and only about 33,000 slaveholders. In the late convention there it was expected the delegates would appear in something like that ratio; but when they came together there was not a single representative of the 600,000; every one was in the interest of the slaveholders. The cursed thing is spreading like wildfire over this country; in a few years we in Illinois will be ready to accept it, and perhaps the whole nation will adopt it. I asked a Kentuckian the other day what caused this change in public opinion. He answered; 'Why this,—you may have any amount of land, bank stock, money in your pocket or in bank, and while you travel round nobody is the wiser for it; but if you have a darkey trudging at your heels, everybody sees you are rich enough to own a slave. 'Tis the most glittering, ostentatious and displaying property in the world. If a young man goes courting nowadays the first question is: How many slaves does he own? how many niggers has the young lady got?'

'That is so; the love of slave-property is swallowing up the taste for every other possession; its ownership betokens not alone wealth, but that you are a gentleman of leisure, above labor of any sort, and scorning it. All this is highly seductive to thoughtless youths, who learn to look on work as vulgar and ungentlemanly.'

"By this time Mr. Lincoln was really excited, and said with much earnestness, 'This spirit ought to be met and checked, if it is not too late to check it. Slavery is a great and crying injustice, an enormous national sin, and we must not expect to escape punishment for it.' I asked him how he would go to work to check it? He said, 'I do not see my way clearly; but I have made up my mind to oppose slavery actively.' He always maintained that no man had any right to a slave except what brute force might give him; that 'twas singular the courts will hold that a man never loses his right to property that has been stolen from him; but instantly loses his right to himself if a man steals *him*. The cheapest way to get rid of slavery, he thought, was for the nation to buy the slaves and set them free."

That would have been Parker's way too, as it was Emerson's, and might once have been Brown's; but the old Puritan had learned that the only way available in 1855 was force; and he went out to Kansas prepared to fight the slaveholders and their tools in that

prairie land, as he did, with success and fame. When he came to Boston the next winter (January, 1857), I took him at once to Parker's Exeter Place house, where he was ever afterward welcome. Parker had followed his course in Kansas, knew well his wealthy friend, Gerrit Smith, and was ready to aid Brown in his scheme of 1857 to raise an armed band of mounted men, a hundred in all, well armed, as his smaller bands had been in 1855–56, to patrol the Missouri border, and protect the Kansas farmers from any more invasions. Parker heard Brown's plea for this, gave money towards it, and fully sanctioned that form of resistance. John Brown had heard Parker preach at the Music Hall as early as 1853, and admired his warm piety, popular eloquence and devotion to liberty, although in their theology they were far apart. Early in April, 1857, Brown had withdrawn from public notice in Boston, upon intimations that the same United States marshal who had seized Anthony Burns, and afterwards (in 1860) sent his son, young Watson Freeman, to kidnap me in Concord, was watching to arrest him. His place of refuge was Judge Thomas Russell's abode, and concerning what he said and did there, his constant friend, Mrs. Mary Stearns of Medford, a niece of Parker's early patron, Dr. Convers Francis, has given an interesting account. She wrote me in 1885:

"In April, 1857, Brown was keeping very quiet at Judge Russell's in Boston, partly on account of a warrant issued in Kansas for his arrest, and partly because he was ill with fever and ague, and a chilling easterly storm had prevailed for some days. One Saturday he expressed a wish that I should go to see him, wishing to consult me about a plan he had. I drove at once to Judge R.'s house, found Brown there, and he proceeded to say that he had been amusing himself by preparing

a little address for Theodore Parker to read to his congregation the next morning, which he wished to consult me about. He then produced a paper 'Old Brown's Farewell,' and read it to me. The emphasis of his tone and manner I shall never forget. When he finished reading, he said, 'Well now, what do you think? shall I send it to Mr. Parker?' 'Certainly' I said, 'by all means send it. He will appreciate every word, for it rings the true metal he likes. But I have doubts about his reading it to his congregation; a few of them would understand it; the rest, I fear would not. Send it to Mr. Parker, and he will do what is best with it.' This Brown did, and he also gave me a copy."

This was the first written communication from Brown to Parker, and was found among Parker's papers in Boston in 1860. It is as follows:

"Old Brown's Farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins.

"He has left for Kansas: was trying since he came out of the territory to secure an outfit, or in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular minute men who are mixed up with the people of Kansas. And he leaves the States with a feeling of deepest sadness, that, after exhausting his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness,—and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment, cruel treatment,—and others death; that after lying on the ground for months in the most sickly, unwholesome and uncomfortable places, with sick and wounded, destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves: sustained and cared for in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause (which every citizen of this 'glorious Republic' is under equal moral obligation to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God) in which every man woman and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest; that when no wages are asked or expected, he cannot secure (amid all the wealth, luxury and extravagance of this 'Heaven exalted' people) even the necessary supplies of the common soldier.

"Boston, April, A. D. 1857. John Brown."

In Mrs. Stearns's copy Brown added to this appeal a list of what articles he needed; many of which were supplied to him by the Stearnses and other friends.

Parker raised money for him in his large congregation, and, on the morning when he received this unique appeal, he wrote to Thomas Russell: [2]

"Sunday Morning.

"My dear Judge,— If John Brown falls into the hands of the marshal from Kansas, he is sure either of the gallows or of something yet worse. If I were in his position, I should shoot dead any man who attempted to arrest me for those alleged crimes; then I should be tried by a Massachusetts jury and acquitted.

"Yours truly,

"T. P."

"P. S. I don't advise J. B. to do this, but it is what I should do."

Brown departed for Iowa soon after this, and in September following he wrote this letter to Parker:

Tabor, Fremont County, Iowa, Sept. 11, 1857.

"My Dear Sir,—Please find on the other side first number of a series of tracts lately gotten up here. I need not say I did not prepare it; but I would be glad to know what you think of it, and much obliged for any suggestions you see proper to make. My particular object in writing is to say that I am in immediate want of some 500 or 1,000 dollars, for secret service and no questions asked. I want the friends of Freedom to 'prove me now herewith.' Will you bring this matter before your congregation, or exert your influence in some way to have it or some part of it raised, and placed in the hands of Geo L. Stearns, Esq., Boston, subject to my order? I should highly prize a letter from you, directed on the envelope to Jonas Jones, Esq., Tabor, Fremont Co., Iowa. Have no news to send *by letter.*

"Very respectfully your friend,

"John Brown."

Similar letters were sent to me, to Dr. S. G. Howe, and a few others, and some money was raised and sent to Brown, but to what use he was to devote it, he did not then inform us. Soon after, Brown's English drill-master at Tabor, Hugh Forbes, a Garibaldian colonel in Italy of yore, began writing letters, abusive

of Brown, to Dr. Howe, myself and others, and perhaps to Parker; the import of which none of us understood, having had little or no knowledge of Col. Forbes, hitherto. We therefore wrote to Brown for an explanation; and his answer was a request for some of us to meet him at Gerrit Smith's mansion in Peterborough, N. Y. The letter to Parker is as follows:

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,— I am again out of Kansas, and am at this time concealing my whereabouts, but for very different reasons, however, than those I had for doing so at Boston last spring. I have nearly perfected arrangements for carrying out an important measure, in which the world has a deep interest, as well as Kansas, and only lack from 500 to 800 dollars to enable me to do so. (The same object for which I asked for secret-service money last fall). It is my only errand here, and I have written some of our mutual friends in regard to it, but none of them understand my views so well as you do, and I cannot explain without their first committing themselves more than I know of their doing.

"I have heard that Parker Pillsbury and some others in your quarter hold out ideas similar to those on which I act; but I have no personal acquaintance with them, and know nothing of their influence or means. Cannot you, either by direct or indirect action, do something to further me? Do you not know of some parties whom you could induce to give their abolition theories a thorough practical shape? I hope this will be the last time I shall be driven to harass a friend in such a way. Do you think any of my Garrisonian friends either at Boston, Worcester or in any other place, can be induced to supply a little 'straw' if I will absolutely make 'bricks'? I have written George L. Stearns Esq. of Medford, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, but I am not informed as to how deeply-dyed abolitionists these friends are, and must beg you to consider this communication strictly confidential, unless you know of parties who will feel and act, and hold their peace. I want to bring the thing about within the next sixty days. Please write N. Hawkins, care William J. Watkins Esq, Rochester, New York.

"Very respectfully your friend,

"JOHN BROWN."

Mr. Parker evidently considered me as a person answering to Brown's description; for he communicated this letter to me, and we compared notes, literally,—since I had a letter briefer, but to the same effect, as Wentworth Higginson, then living in Worcester, had. A subsequent letter urged us, with Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns, to meet Brown at Gerrit Smith's villa in Peterborough, not far from Rochester, where Brown had been boarding with Frederick Douglass, the Maryland fugitive, for some days, at the date of the above letter.

The February letters of Brown afforded suspicion that he was moving for an attack on slavery, but how or where was unknown. I wrote to Higginson, (Feb. 11):

"I should not wonder if Brown's plan contemplated an uprising of slaves, though he has not said as much to me. The Union is evidently on its last legs, and Buchanan is laboring to tear it in pieces. Treason will not be treason much longer, but patriotism."

What was meant was that treason to negro slavery was to be changed into allegiance to the Union, and anti-slavery was to be recognized as patriotism.

As none of the friends addressed could conveniently take the long winter journey, I was deputed to represent them at Peterborough, where I had visited for a week in the preceding summer; and I was at the place appointed on the evening of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1858. Brown had been there for some days, and had communicated the substance of his plan to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in confidence. Douglass himself remained in Rochester, where he was editing a weekly emancipation journal, and was the center of a wide correspondence, but then at variance, politically,

with the Garrisonian non-voting and non-resistant abolitionists.

At this time Brown considered Parker and Smith nearer his own scheme of forcible assault on slavery, than any of his other Eastern friends, whom he cautiously sounded before entrusting them with his dangerous secret.

Before taking this journey, I had shown to Parker, whom I then saw every few days, some correspondence Brown had with Higginson, who had suggested to him that it might be the Underground Railroad, in which he was concerned,— that line being long in active operation in Kansas, Brown replied (Feb. 12, 1858):

"Railroad business on a somewhat extended scale is the identical object for which I am trying to get means. I have been connected with that business, as commonly conducted, from my boyhood, and never let an opportunity slip. I have been operating to some purpose the past season; but I now have a measure on foot that I feel sure would awaken in you something more than a common interest if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn, asking them to meet me for consultation at Peterborough. I am very anxious to have *you* come along, certain as I feel that you will never regret having been one of the council."

February 13th I wrote inviting Brown to visit Boston, and offering to pay his traveling expenses. To this Brown replied, February 17:

"It would be almost impossible for me to pass through Albany, Springfield, or any of those parts, on my way to Boston, and not have it known; and my reasons for keeping quiet are such that when I left Kansas I kept it from every friend there; and I suppose it is still understood that I am hiding somewhere in the territory; and such will be the idea until it comes to be generally known that I am in these parts. I want to continue that impression as long as I can, or for the present. I want very much to see Mr. Stearns, and also Mr. Parker, and it may be that I can before long; but I must decline accepting your kind offer at present, and, sorry as I am to do so, ask

you both to meet me by the middle of next week at the furthest. I wrote Mr. Higginson, of Worcester, to meet me also. It may be he would come on with you. My reasons for keeping still are sufficient to keep me from seeing my wife and children, much as I long to do so. I will endeavor to explain when I see you."

Two days before my arrival in Peterborough, alone (for Higginson did not join me at Worcester, as I had hoped), Brown had written to his son this letter:

"PETERBOROUGH, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1858.

"DEAR SON JOHN,— I am here with our good friends Gerrit Smith and wife, who, I am most happy to tell you, are ready to go in for a share in the whole trade. I will say (in the language of another), in regard to this most encouraging fact, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' I seem to be almost marvelously helped; and to His name be praise! I had to-day no particular thing to write, other than to let you share in my encouragement. I have been looking for a letter from you to be forwarded from Rochester; and may get one to-day. When I get one, will write you further. I do not expect to remain here long, but shall be glad to have you write me here. Jason and family well on the 8th.

"Your affectionate father, JOHN BROWN."

"Feb. 22.

"I have still need of all the help I can possibly get, but am greatly encouraged in asking for it. Mr. Smith thinks you might operate to more advantage in New England, about Boston, than by going to Washington,— say in the large country towns. I think he may be right. Do as you think best.

"Yours ever, J. B."

In the evening of the 22nd, while Brown was explaining to me and my college classmate, Edwin Morton of Plymouth, the scope and details of his plan, at Morton's room in the third story of the villa, Gerrit Smith, to whom this had been said before, was sometimes with us and sometimes not,— having other guests in the house to whom he must give some attention. He did not retire at his usual early hour, but sat with us till after midnight, hearing and taking part in the dis-

cussion. Brown read to us his constitution, drawn up by him in Rochester, and afterwards captured at the Kennedy Farm and published,— a singular document, intended for the government of his small force (one hundred armed men) and such territory as they might occupy in the slave States. Its provisions were considered and explained, the proposed movements of his men were indicated, and his methods of fortification and habitation were shown. The middle of May was indicated as the time of attack, but the precise place was not mentioned, and was believed by me to be far west of Harper's Ferry. To begin this hazardous adventure Brown modestly asked for but eight hundred dollars, and would think himself rich with a thousand dollars. His scheme was duplicate,— to remain in the South if possible, and establish a colony of freedmen, with lands under cultivation, in some mountain region where defense would be easy from the nature of the country; and if this were found impossible, then to retreat through the North with his corps of freedmen. He also dwelt much on the way such an invasion and emancipation would be received by the country at large, and he desired from us, his friends, a patient hearing, a candid opinion concerning his plan, and, if that were favorable, then such aid in money and support as we could give him. We listened until after midnight, proposing objections and raising difficulties; but nothing could shake Brown's purpose. Every difficulty had been foreseen and provided against; the grand difficulty of all,— the manifest hopelessness of undertaking anything so vast with such slender means, — was met with the text of Scripture: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He had made his arrangements: he had so many men enlisted, so many

hundred weapons; all he now wanted was the small sum of money. With that he would open his campaign in the spring, and he had no doubt that the enterprise "would *pay*," as he said.

The next day the discussion was renewed, and, as usually happened when he had time enough, Captain Brown began to prevail over the objections of his friends. They saw that they must either stand by him, or leave him to dash himself alone against the fortress he was determined to assault. To withhold aid would only delay, not prevent him; nothing short of betraying him to the enemy would do that. As the sun was setting over the snowy hills of the region where we met, I walked for an hour with Gerrit Smith among those woods and fields (then included in his broad manor) which his father had purchased of the Indians and bequeathed to him. Brown was left at home by the fire, discussing theology with Charles Stewart, an old captain under Wellington, who happened to be visiting at the house. Mr. Smith restated in his eloquent way the daring propositions of Brown, whose import he understood fully; and then said in substance: "You see how it is; our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course, and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must support him. I will raise so many hundred dollars for him. You must lay the case before those friends whom Brown designates in Massachusetts, who perhaps will do as much or more. I see no other way." I had come independently to the same conclusion, and I then engaged to bring the scheme at once to the knowledge of Theodore Parker, T. W. Higginson and Dr. Howe, who had sometimes favored action almost as extreme as that proposed. Brown had himself sug-

gested Howe as worthy of confidence and good for advice in revolutionary matters. I afterwards asked Brown if I should communicate his plan to Wendell Phillips, an intimate of Parker's, and who, though non-voting, like Garrison, was not non-resistant, and had given a hundred dollars in Dr. Cabot's first subscription for Sharp's rifles for the pioneers of Lawrence in 1855. Brown's answer was negative, and his reason was peculiar. He did not even consider the question, but said to me, "I have noticed that men so eloquent as Mr. Phillips are seldom men of action, and it is only men of action that I would have involved with me in the movement." "How, then about Mr. Stearns?" I inquired. "I expect to be in Boston soon, after visiting New York, and I will talk with friend Stearns myself." He did in fact reach Boston earlier than he expected, and from the American House in Hanover Street, which was then Emerson's favorite Boston hotel, Brown wrote as follows to Parker:

"American House, Boston, March 4, 1858.

"My Dear Sir,— I shall be most happy to see you at my room (126) in this house, at any and all hours that may suit your own convenience, or that of friends. Mr. Sanborn asked me to be here by Friday evening (the 5th), and as I was anxious to have all the time I could get, I came on at once. Please call by yourself or with friends as you can. Please inquire for Mr. (not Captain) Brown of New York.

"Your friend, John Brown."

Parker was one of the first who called during this short visit to Boston, which Brown then supposed would be his last until he should have struck his great blow. I had come directly from Peterborough to Parker's house, where I often spent the night, and had communicated Brown's plan to Parker, to Higginson and Howe. All received it favorably and agreed to raise

money for it. Parker favored it as one of several attacks of the sort, which he expected to see made before the final emancipation, either by force or by political agreement. Of the ultimate freedom of the slaves he had no doubt, though he scarcely expected to live to see it. He was then in failing health, and died in a little more than two years after.

Brown did not think it prudent to show himself at Parker's Sunday-evening reception, on the 7th of March, as he had done when in Boston the year before; and therefore he wrote Parker a letter, which I carried to him that afternoon.

Brown to Theodore Parker

"Boston, Mass., March 7, 1858.

"My dear Sir,— Since you know I have an almost countless brood of poor hungry chickens to 'scratch for,' you will not reproach me for scratching even on the Sabbath. At any rate, I trust God will not. I want you to undertake to provide a substitute for an address you saw last season, directed to the officers and soldiers of the United States Army. The ideas contained in that address I of course like, for I furnished the skeleton. I never had the ability to clothe those ideas in language at all to satisfy myself; and I was by no means satisfied with the style of that address, and do not know as I can give any correct idea of what I want. I will, however, try.

"In the first place it must be short, or it will not be generally read. It must be in the simplest or plainest language, without the least affectation of the scholar about it, and yet be worded with great clearness and power. The anonymous writer must (in the language of the Paddy) be 'afther others,' and not 'afther himself at all, at all.' If the spirit that communicated Franklin's Poor Richard (or some other good spirit) would dictate, I think it would be quite as well employed as the 'dear sister spirits' have been for some years past. The address should be appropriate, and particularly adapted to the peculiar circumstances we anticipate, and should look to the actual change of service from that of Satan to the service of God. It should be, in short, a most earnest and powerful appeal to men's sense of right and to their feelings of humanity. Soldiers are men, and no man can certainly calculate the value

and importance of getting a single 'nail into old Captain Kidd's chest.'[8] It should be provided beforehand, and be ready in advance to distribute by all persons, male and female, who may be disposed to favor the right.

"I also want a similar short address, appropriate to the peculiar circumstances, intended for all persons, old and young, male and female, slaveholding and non-slaveholding, to be sent out broadcast over the entire nation. So by every male and female prisoner on being set at liberty, and to be read by them during confinement. I know that men will listen, and reflect too, under such circumstances. Persons will hear your anti-slavery lectures and abolition lectures when they have become virtually slaves themselves. The impressions made on prisoners by kindness and plain dealing, instead of barbarous and cruel treatment, (such as they might give, and instead of being slaughtered like wild reptiles, as they might very naturally expect,) are not only powerful but lasting. Females are susceptible of being carried away entirely by the kindness of an intrepid and magnanimous soldier, even when his bare name was but a terror the day previous. Now, dear sir, I have told you about as well as I know how, what I am anxious at once to secure. Will you write the tracts, or get them written, so that I may commence colporteur?

"Very respectfully your friend,

"JOHN BROWN."

"P. S. If I should never see you again, please drop me a line (enclosed to Stephen Smith, Esq., Lombard Street, Philadelphia), at once, saying what you will encourage me to expect. You are at liberty to make any prudent use of this to stir up any friend.

"Yours for the right,

"J. B."

After the revelations made at Peterborough, the intimate friends of Brown readily saw the merit of his hazardous scheme for making slavery unsafe. It required but a few days in Boston for him to convert Parker, Howe and Stearns to the support of Brown's measures. On March 8 I wrote to Higginson, who had come to Boston to see Brown a few days before:

"Brown left Boston to-day for Philadelphia. A thousand dollars is to be raised, and $500 of it is to come from Stearns,

Howe, Parker, Higginson and Sanborn;" adding, "Dr. Samuel Cabot knows something of the speculation, but not the whole,— not being quite prepared to take stock. No others have been admitted to a share, though George R. Russell has been consulted."

The last-named was an intimate friend of both Parker and Howe, and before the blow was struck in 1859, a little of his large wealth was given to Brown by his wife, Mr. Russell himself being then a paralytic. Brown returned from Philadelphia with a few subscriptions, and on March 21 I wrote to Worcester,—

"Mr. Stearns is our treasurer; he has paid $100 and promises $100 more; Parker has paid $100 and promised more; Sanborn and Higginson are limited to $100 each." (April 20). "Of the $500 promised, $410 has been given to Brown. Higginson has paid his hundred; Sanborn is delinquent for $30 and Howe for $50."

The arrears were soon made good, but it was found that $500 more was needed, and before June it was raised,— Stearns advancing some of it and waiting for reimbursement. Gerrit Smith gave in this year (1858) between four and five hundred dollars. The whole sum contributed before Brown returned to Kansas in July, 1858, was something like $1,500.

Brown was not aware how hard was the task imposed by his masterly directions in the art of writing. Parker, then overweighted with work, never undertook to write the tracts desired, nor were they written by any one else; but he sent Brown from his library on this Sunday the report of General McClellan on the European armies, which was then a new book, and was thought likely to be of service to Brown. At the same time Brown praised Plutarch as a book he had read with great profit for its military and moral lessons, and he particularly mentioned the life of Sertorius, the Roman commander who so long carried on a partisan

warfare in Spain. He wished much to get a few cheap copies of Plutarch for his men to read in camp. On the preceding Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 5, 6, and 7, Brown saw Parker, Howe, Stearns, Higginson and two or three other persons; but to none of us did he disclose the exact place of his proposed attack, and only to me did he mention Harper's Ferry as a possible place of onset and capture. To Douglass in 1847, at Springfield, where he was then living, and to Theodore Thomas, a Maryland free negro, he had disclosed his plans more fully; but those were by 1858 much changed. Douglass, years afterward, and perhaps with some reinforcement of his memory by what happened in 1859, gave this account of Brown's plans:

"They did not, as some suppose, contemplate a general rising among the slaves, and a general slaughter of the slavemasters: an insurrection, he thought, would only defeat the object; but his plan did contemplate the creating of an armed force which should act in the very heart of the South. He was not averse to the shedding of blood, and thought the practice of carrying arms would be a good one for the colored people to adopt, as it would give them a sense of their manhood. No people, he said, could have self-respect, or be respected, who would not fight for their freedom. 'The mountains,' he said, 'are the basis of my plan. God has given the strength of the hills to freedom; they were placed here for the emancipation of the negro race; they are full of natural forts, where one man for defense will be equal to a hundred for attack; they are full also of good hiding-places, where large numbers of brave men could be concealed, and baffle and elude pursuit for a long time. I know these mountains well, and could take a body of men into them and keep them there, despite of all the efforts of Virginia to dislodge them. The true object to be sought is, first of all, to destroy the money-value of slave property; and that can only be done by rendering such property insecure. My plan, then, is to take at first about twenty-five picked men, and begin on a small scale; supply them arms and ammunition, and post them in squads of five on a line of twenty-five miles. The most persuasive and judicious of them

shall then go down to the fields from time to time, as opportunity offers, and induce the slaves to join them, seeking and selecting the most restless and daring.' Only the most conscientious and skilled should be sent on this perilous duty; with care and enterprise he thought he could soon gather a force of a hundred hardy men, who would be content to lead the free and adventurous life to which he proposed to train them. When these were properly drilled, and each man had found the place for which he was best suited, they would begin work in earnest; they would run off the slaves in large numbers, retain the brave and strong ones in the mountains, and send the weak and timid to the North by the 'Underground Railroad;' his operations would be enlarged with increasing numbers, and would not be confined to one locality. When I asked him how he would support these men, he said emphatically he would subsist them upon the enemy. Slavery was a state of war, and the slave had a right to anything necessary to his freedom."

Brown's Kansas expeditions and escapes had modified this old plan in some respects, and his success in the following winter, of emancipating slaves by force and removing them a thousand miles to Windsor in Canada, had given him, when he finally entered Virginia, increased confidence that he was under Divine guidance and protection. He adhered to this belief when captive and convict, and when, as it proved, he had won that "last victory of Samson" which he foresaw in 1858 as a possible finish to his long campaign. From Gerrit Smith's house, the day I departed for Boston, Brown wrote to me one of those touching and prophetic letters which so seldom flowed from his pen, and which I have cherished as the most complete evidence of his confidence in my friendship and unison with him: —

John Brown to F. B. Sanborn

"Peterborough, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1858.

"My Dear Friend,— Mr. Morton [4] has taken the liberty of saying to me that you felt half inclined to make a common cause

with me. I greatly rejoice at this; for I believe when you come to look at the ample field I labor in, and the rich harvest which not only this entire country but the whole world during the present and future generations may reap from its successful cultivation, you will feel that you are out of your element until you find you are in it, an entire unit. What an inconceivable amount of good you might so effect by your counsel, your example, your encouragement, your natural and acquired ability for active service! And then, how very little we can possibly lose! Certainly the cause is enough to *live* for, if not to —— for. I have only had this one opportunity, in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a very small part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. But, my dear friend, if you should make up your mind to do so, I trust it will be wholly from the promptings of your own spirit, after having thoroughly counted the cost. I would flatter no man into such a measure, if I could do it ever so easily.

"I expect nothing but to 'endure hardness;' but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson. I felt for a number of years, in earlier life, a steady, strong desire to die; but since I saw any prospect of becoming a 'reaper' in the great harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to live, but have enjoyed life much; and am now rather anxious to live for a few years more.

"Your sincere friend,

"JOHN BROWN."

This letter was received by me soon after my return to Concord. On my way through Boston I had communicated to Theodore Parker (at his house in Exeter Place, where Brown met Mr. Garrison and other abolitionists) the substance of Brown's plan; and upon receiving the letter I transmitted it to Parker. He retained it, so that it was out of my possession in October, 1859, when I destroyed most of the letters of Brown and others which could compromise our friends. Some time afterward, probably in 1862, when Parker had been dead two years, my letters to him came back to me, and among them this epistle. It has to me an

extreme value, from its association with the memory of my best and noblest friends; but in itself it is a remarkable utterance. That it did not draw me into the field as one of Brown's band was due to the circumstance that the interests of other persons were then too much in my hands and in my thoughts to permit a change of my whole course of life.

It afterward appeared that Brown, even in Boston, was thinking seriously of Harper's Ferry as the point of first attack, for on March 4, writing from the American House to his son John in Ohio, he said:

"As it may require some time to hunt out friends at Bedford, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Md., *or even Harper's Ferry, Va.,* I would like to have you arrange your business so as to set out very soon, unless you hear to the contrary from me right away. Have pretty much concluded not to have you go to Washington. I have but little 'trust in princes' myself; still I have no doubt but something might be done there. I expect to go from here to Philadelphia with our Rochester friend in three or four days."

March 6, he wrote again from Boston:

"My call here has met with a most hearty response, so that I feel assured of at least tolerable success. I ought to be thankful for this; all has been effected by quiet meetings of a few choice friends, it being scarcely known that I have been in the city. I go from here to Philadelphia, to be there by the 10th instant. I want you to meet me there, if possible, on or before the 15th, as I will wait until then to see or learn from you. (Day before yesterday, when I wrote, I did not fully understand what my success would be here.)"

Hugh Forbes in 1858–9

Up to April 8, when Brown was in Canada raising recruits, he was firm in the project of beginning the campaign in May or June; but by that time his treacherous drill-master, Forbes, was revealing some features of the scheme to senators at Washington, and clamor-

ing to be himself put at the head of the armed force. May 2, 1858, Parker was consulted by Dr. Howe, Stearns and myself, as to the course to be pursued under this change of conditions. I wrote the result of this conference to Higginson at Worcester, May 5, as follows:

"It looks as if the project must, for the present, be deferred, for I find by reading Forbes's epistles to the doctor that he knows the details of the plan, and even knows (what very few do) that the doctor, Mr. Stearns, and myself are informed of it. How he got this knowledge is a mystery. He demands that Hawkins (Brown's *alias*) be dismissed as agent, and *himself* or some other be put in his place, threatening otherwise to make the business public. Theodore Parker and G. L. Stearns think the plan must be deferred till another year; the doctor does not think so, and I am in doubt, inclining to the opinion of the two former."

On the 7th of May Gerrit Smith wrote me: "It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, and so I write him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of his scheme. But as things now stand, it seems to me it would be madness to attempt to execute it. Colonel Forbes would make such an attempt a certain and most disastrous failure. I write Brown *this evening*." On the 9th of May, Higginson wrote to Parker a brief note from Brattleboro, protesting against delay. "I regard any postponement," he said, "as simply abandoning the project; for if we give it up now, at the command or threat of H. F., it will be the same next year. The only way is to circumvent the man somehow (if he cannot be restrained in his malice). When the thing is well started, who cares what he says?" He soon after wrote more fully to Parker, giving many arguments against delay. Parker replied: "If you knew all we do about 'Colonel' Forbes, you would think differ-

ently. Can't you see the wretch in New York?" At the same time Dr. Howe wrote to Higginson: "T. P. will tell you about matters. They have held a different view from the one I have taken, which agrees mainly with yours. I think that the would-be traitor is now on the wrong track, and he will probably be bungling about in the dark, and hesitating until the period for his doing harm has passed." A few days after this Dr. Howe also admitted that the enterprise must be postponed. I was in almost daily communication with him and with Parker, and on May 18 I wrote to Higginson: "I place myself fully on the side of Parker, Stearns and Dr. Howe."

Higginson and Brown were averse to any postponement on account of Hugh Forbes and his partial disclosures. On May 7, I had written to Higginson, using Latin and Greek phrases to disguise the meaning, in case the letter was opened by a postmaster:

"*Actum est de lana (hand caprina) in præsenti.* H. F. is Hugh Forbes, an Italico-English hothead, whom N. Hawkins, last year, in an evil hour, admitted to his counsels. He has now quarreled with our *Poimen laōn,* and knowing his plans, he threatens to expose them, if our Boston friends allow the flock to be turned out. He wrote this in so many words to our *Hellenophilos,* and in much the same terms to me; and he is now at Washington, where he can do great harm. I thought you knew of this man, but I wish I were as ignorant of him as you are. He is either a madman or a villain, and in either capacity can, and is inclined to do much mischief. Altogether, he has made things so uncertain that Stearns, Howe and Parker have written to Hawkins to say the matter must stop for the present."

Against this Higginson strenuously protested, as stated above; and I then wrote him, (May 11) sending G. Smith's letter of the 7th, and said:

"I enclose a letter from G. S. whose view of the matter agrees with that of our Boston friends. There is much force

in your arguments, but I cannot quite yield to them, though I wish I could. Forbes has it in his power to remove the *terror* of the thing by a complete exposure of the small resources of the *Graf im Bart,* and thus it would lose its main strength. Whether he is *base* enough to do this I still doubt, but the risk is too great to run. A year hence we may get him over the water, where he will know less of movements here, and have less means to inspire confidence, while he may be induced to believe that all has been thrown up,— and so put off the track of discoveries. But his *peaching* now would spoil the scheme forever, since every similar movement would be suspected and watched closely. I am glad you stand so strongly for the other side, for the matter will thus be fairly argued, — but I think when Hawkins comes to see F.'s letters, and knows how minute his information is, he will attach more importance thereto than he did on the 5th May, when he wrote me,— saying that he would go on if supplies did not fail him.

"But the opinions of Parker, Howe and Stearns, and of G. Smith, who are such large stockholders, will prevent their raising money now: and the rest of us can do little in that way. The personal liability does not weigh a pin's head with any of us, I fancy; having stepped so far in, it is too late to be nice. T. P. may be kept in Boston (from Philadelphia) by the death of friends. But do find out Forbes if you can; inquire of Hyatt, Cheever, Greeley etc. If our *justus et tenax propositi vir* makes up his mind to go on in spite of all, I for one mean to stick by him, *si fractus illabatur orbis.*"

All this did not persuade Higginson that the majority were right in postponing the scheme till 1859; he wrote to Parker, May 16, with some chagrin:

"The more I think of it, the more amazed I am at the view which you and the two S.'s have taken, (Smith and Stearns). Sanborn has a theory that Forbes can injure the speculation by disclosing the smallness of its resources. He seems to forget that, by the original programme, it was to be regarded at first as a mere local flurry, with no resources at all. Besides, if he puts the resources low, fame and fear will exaggerate them. How is Forbes to know that the resources have not been greatly enlarged within the last few weeks? . . . All this is true, supposing F. to be a skilful villain. But Charles A. Dana assures me that this view of him is absurd: that he is probably honest, certainly a blundering blockhead. Granting even the last half of the statement, it would be disgraceful

for us to be out-maneuvered by such a fellow. . . . If I had the wherewithal, I would buy out the other stockholders, and tell our veteran to go on. As it is, I can only urge it to the extent of my investment."

These citations show how fully the matter had been discussed.

Early in May, 1858, when Hugh Forbes had been blundering along with his half-disclosures at Washington of John Brown's plans, (which Parker had been aiding, after he became fully apprised of them in early March of that year), Parker, who for several years had been a frequent correspondent of Senator Hale of New Hampshire, wrote to him the following letter concerning Forbes, whom it thus appears he had seen,— as neither Dr. Howe nor I had done, then or since:

"Boston, 11th May, 1858.

"My Dear Hale,—I want to write you a word touching one whom I know little good of, and think much ill,— i. e. Capt. Hugh Forbes. I have seen some quite abusive letters from him to various friends of yours and mine, which are utterly unjust. I just saw one in which he speaks of telling Senator Seward what he says Mr. S. did not want to know,— and then fastening himself on you. Let me say of him two things:

"I. *In general:* I have no confidence in him, his motives or his plans. I never had any from the time I first set eyes on his sinister face. II. *In special,* (1) He has no claim, legal or moral, on any body of men, here in New England: his representation to the contrary is words, words,— no more. It may be that Captain Brown promised more than he has fulfilled; thereof I *know* nothing. (2) He has had more for his services in Kansas than almost any other man who has volunteered to work there. But he has used his money to publish a book, which nobody will *buy* or even read.

"I don't know what he *knows* about any plans of Capt. Brown, nor what he fancies and relates. I know little about Capt. B. of late; all that I do know is good. The charge which Forbes brings against certain men here seems to me wholly unfounded. I know that they have urgently advised Capt. Brown to go to Kansas, and help the present election. If you will show this letter to Mr. Seward and then burn it, I will be glad."

"May 12.

"Let me say a word about Forbes, Captain or Colonel. It is rumored that the man is crazy. Madness is all that can save his reputation. I think if he has any knowledge of any enterprise of anybody, he would sell it to the United States Government, or the Russian Government, or wherever it would feed his wrath to dispose of it."

In this same letter to Hale of May 12, Parker went on:

"Now a word about Kansas. There are two modes of action for Kansas: I. The Political Course,—to accept the Lecompton Constitution with its bribes: organize under it but with free State men for officers. Then they are in the Union. Next, repudiate that constitution and make a new one. I find that recommended; but I object to it,—1. It is fraudulent. 2. It cannot succeed: there are seven chances against it to three in its favor. (The Government will declare the slavery-men elected, etc. etc.) 3. It is false to the friends of Kansas.

"II. The Moral Course, to accept the new Leavenworth Constitution; organize under it; repudiate the Lecompton and all its works; drill their soldiers, cast their bullets, shoot at targets, with Lecompton on them, painted either as Old Nick or Old Buck,—and be ready. There will be no fighting, or need of it,—only need, to be ready to fight. Then Kansas will not come into the Union in 1858, nor in the winter of 1859. But next autumn a new house of representatives must be chosen; the Lecompton men of the North must go where the Kansas-Nebraska men went in 1854-56; the defeated and outgoing administration will not have the means to bribe as in 1857-8. So Kansas may be in the Union before Christmas, 1859. She must say 'No' to the old lecher who wants to add her to his harem; 'Yes' to the young man whom she loves, and who loves her. She will have fortune enough by and by. I meant to have said that in a speech at New York but rheumatism prevented."

This forecast was not exactly fulfilled; but the suggestion was carried out; and John Brown, by his presence in Kansas in the last two years of his life, materially aided in the final result. The great enemy of free Kansas for several years, Douglas of Illinois, had

been seen and heard by Parker in the presidential campaign of 1856. Writing to Senator Hale from Galesburg, Ill., October 21, 1856, Parker said:

"I heard your opponent this afternoon,— Douglas. He was considerably drunk, and made one of the most sophisticated and deceitful speeches I ever listened to. It was mere brutality in respect of morals, and sophistry for logic, and the style and manner of a low blackguard. His enemies said he seldom or never did so ill. But there is a good deal of rough power in his evil face. I never saw him before."

THE SECRET COMMITTEE

It so happened that Gerrit Smith, who seldom visited Boston, was to do so late in May, 1858, to give an address at the anniversary of the Peace Society. He came and took rooms at the Revere House, where, on the 24th of May the secret committee of Smith, Parker, Howe, Higginson, Stearns and Sanborn, (organized in March, soon after Brown's visit) held a meeting to consider the situation. It had already been decided to postpone the attack, and the arms once belonging to the State Kansas Committee, but then the property of Mr. Stearns, had been placed under a temporary interdict, so that they could only be used for the present in Kansas. It was the ambiguous aspect of this transfer of the arms, to Stearns and to Brown, which seems to have decided Dr. Howe to favor a delay in the attack. The six of us had all served on Kansas committees except Parker, who had largely contributed for Kansas; we had given amongst us from $20,000 to $25,000, and believed we had a right to devote some part of our gifts to the enterprise of Brown,— having already expended in Kansas more than had been given us by others. We had, therefore, no scruples of conscience in that matter, but deemed it right that

the affair should be so arranged as not to have the aspect of bad faith. So far as Henry Wilson and the public knew, the rifles were still the property of our Kansas committee, though really made over to Mr. Stearns to satisfy a committee debt to him for over-advances of his own funds. This ambiguity must be cleared up, as it soon was by action of the committee, jointly with Mr. Stearns.

Following up Parker's hint, but without being able to meet Forbes in New York, Higginson wrote to him a letter which after a time found him out, and to which Forbes replied from Philadelphia, June 6,— some days after Brown had definitely agreed to the postponement, and had left New England for Kansas. The letter was long and rambling, and reads more like the epistle of a lunatic than the proposition of a military leader, such as Forbes professed to be.

Of the six members of the committee only one (Higginson) was absent, on May 24th; and as this was the only occasion when Smith acted personally with his associates, who met in his chamber at the Revere House, he was made chairman of the meeting. It was unanimously resolved that Brown ought to go to Kansas at once.

As soon as possible after this, Brown visited Boston (May 31), and while there held a conversation with Higginson, saying that he was full of regret at the decision of the Revere House council to postpone the attack till the spring of 1859, when the secret committee would raise for Brown two or three thousand dollars; "he meantime to blind Forbes by going to Kansas, and to transfer the property so as to relieve the Kansas committee of responsibility, and they in future not to know his plans. On probing Brown," Higgin-

son goes on, "I found that he . . . considered delay very discouraging to his thirteen men, and to those in Canada. Impossible to begin in the autumn; and he would not lose a day [he finally said] if he had three hundred dollars; it would not cost twenty-five dollars apiece to get his men from Ohio, and that was all he needed. The knowledge that Forbes could give of his plan would be injurious, for he wished his opponents to underrate him; but still . . . the increased terror produced would perhaps counterbalance this, and it would not make much difference. If he had the means he would not lose a day." He complained that some of his Eastern friends were not men of action; that they magnified the obstacles. Still, it was essential that they should not think him reckless, he said; "and as they held the purse, he was powerless without them, having spent nearly everything received this campaign, on account of delay,— a month at Chatham, etc." Higginson notes down a few days later that Dr. Howe told him Brown left Boston, June 3, with five hundred dollars in gold, and liberty to retain all the arms, and that "he went off in good spirits." He visited North Elba, Ohio, and Iowa, on his way to Kansas, and finally reached Lawrence, June 25, 1858.

The secret committee of Brown's friends separated in May, 1858, two weeks after the letter to Hale above quoted was written, and never all met again. Early in the following February (1859), Theodore Parker and Dr. Howe sailed for Cuba together, and there said farewell to each other. Gerrit Smith, who had been an invalid for some years, though active in his special ways, and often journeying with his family, broke down completely at the news of Brown's foray

and capture, and for some months was in the neighboring State hospital for the insane at Utica.

By the 20th of April Brown had received $410 of the $500 we had guaranteed him in Massachusetts, of which Parker had contributed his full share, and he continued so to contribute so long as he remained at home. But in the winter of 1858–59, his health failed completely, and he left Boston and America, never to return. He was kept informed by me and others, of the course of events in Kansas and elsewhere, and was ready to give more had it been needful. Frank Merriam, who gave the last sum (six hundred dollars in gold), which went into Brown's camp chest, and was partly captured with Brown when he fell, mortally wounded, as was supposed, on the bloody armory floor, was the son of a parishioner of Parker, and the grandson of his old friend, Francis Jackson, who wrote him particulars in November, 1859, of the deeds of Brown, and the fate of his grandson, who had escaped and returned to Boston, but was sent back to Canada from my Concord house, under the escort, as far as Acton, of Henry Thoreau, driving Emerson's horse and wagon. Mr. Jackson, whose letters are before me, informed Parker, then at Rome, of the clerical utterances in Boston respecting John Brown, especially those made at the November Thanksgiving Day,— a time for political sermonizing from early days in New England. Thus on November 7, 1859, Mr. Jackson wrote,—

"The Harper's Ferry insurrection has electrified the country; it has been the all-engrossing topic for the last two weeks. John Brown has had a slaveholders' trial, and been sentenced to be hung on the 2nd of December. Mrs. Child says the affair will prove the *Concord Fight* of an impending Revolution, and that *Bunker Hill* will surely follow. J. F. Clarke preached a

brave sermon yesterday about Harper's Ferry,—it will be published." (Nov. 29). "Rev. A. A. Miner preached on the Dangers of Slavery, the great national injustice. Of Captain Brown he said,—'On what ground can the South stand to punish him?' He recited her iniquitous and insulting acts of outrage, and exhorted the friends of liberty to rally. Rev. A. L. Stone of Park Street said of Brown's onset at Harper's Ferry,—'Call it madness and failure if you will; it is the madness that is most instructive, a failure that teaches with pregnant hints. Well-nigh every voice, North or South, that names the staunch old veteran, names him with respect and admiration. Before court and jury, bench and bar, soldiery and chivalry, he towers up, the truest man of them all.' Rev. Arthur B. Fuller [5] at Watertown entirely disapproved of John Brown's attempt at liberating slaves,—and then went on to praise him,— a 'true old hero and a noble Christian man'; complimented him for 'refusing the spiritual counsels of a slaveholding minister.' Rev. Dr. Gannett spoke of Brown as one who 'though misled, had addressed to the court sentiments that would live forever,—ideas that are immortal.'"

To this parishioner, Parker sent this letter which was at once widely printed, and showed that Parker not only admired Brown, but stood with him in his main purpose.

JOHN BROWN'S EXPEDITION

Letter to Francis Jackson

Rome, Nov. 24, 1859.

My Dear Friend,— I see by a recent telegraph, which the steamer of Nov. 2nd brought from Boston, that the court found Capt. Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, Dec. 2nd, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So, long before this reaches you, my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright private life. I am not well enough to be the minister of any congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul while it

listened to my words. Surely the 28th Congregational Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; and yet, while reading the account of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defense of the true and the right.

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice, and the American Democracy: nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party; how will it affect the next presidential election? what will the great State of Pennsylvania or Ohio, or New York say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically, and that speedily, with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up DEMOCRACY if we keep *slavery*, or give up *slavery* if we keep DEMOCRACY.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick; but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye, and, it may be, for the ear of the Fraternity.[6] They are, at

least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the public knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. *A man held against his will as a slave has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. *It may be a natural duty of the slave to develop this natural right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* For if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation. If I fail thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thraldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintance. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. *The freeman has a natural right to help the slaves recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.*

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. *It may be a natural duty for the freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of their liberty, and as means to that end, to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural freedom.*

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a right to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my *duty* to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a *murderer*, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a *kidnapper* who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a *slaveholder* who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. *The performance of this duty is to be controlled by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves.* (The impossible is never the obligatory.) I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Bornou, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighborhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I could help the bondmen in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I *ought* to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the free States

have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year. Thus, the people of Massachusetts feel that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come first the irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert, George W. Carnes, and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and, secondly, the statute laws made by the legislature to accomplish that end. Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much more than that is true of us. If he *had* succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, *the majority of men in New England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means.* The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon; it is already *loaded.*

Of course I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in

the State of ——, or a third in ——, or a fourth in ——. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all human kind to hate wrong and love right. Such "insurrections" will continue as long as slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the human race; and until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State — "*Sic semper Tyrannis!*" "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good anti-slavery picture on the Virginia shield: — a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the sword-holder black and the tyrant white, to show the immediate application of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago it did not seem difficult first to check slavery, and then to end it without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

I. There are four million slaves in the United States

violently withheld from their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, they are our fellow-countrymen — yours and mine, just as much as any four million white men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation — the duty of instruction, advice, and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The color of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them — the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the Anti-Slavery Society, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes Capt. Brown's Expedition — an attempt to help his countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the free States, attempting to do their natural duty to their black countrymen — that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think; although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now the Underground Railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By and by it will be an overground railroad from Mason

and Dixon's line clear to Canada: the only tunnelling will be in the slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that locomotive of liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political Free-soilers in Boston, as the man who had "helped 1800 slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous Quaker three times three. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that Heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for political freedom (they never quite lost their personal liberty), but with the money she sent what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of humanity. Did your friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still. Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston — Hunkers have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out, twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776,— that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr. Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven-and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of

the Prussian king, who afterwards sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good way off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr. Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to personal liberty, than a Pole or a Greek to mere political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Captain Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail — the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death, it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appear as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defense into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance — the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of many: In Santa Cruz the old slave laws were the most horrible I think I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the

Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offense his right leg was to be cut off; for the second offense, his other leg. This mutilation was not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation ax, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and so save the property from entire destruction; for the live torso of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end — rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3,000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3,000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3,000 would see the next sun go down? No doubt it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance. San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place after you had ceased to call yourself a boy. It shows what may be in America,

with no white man to help. In the slave States there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual any day; and, if not in 1860, then in some other year of our Lord. Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love of liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die rather than be a slave." We continually praise our fathers "who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginning of that great national work. Once a year we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of liberty!" How we point out the "infamy of the British oppressors!" "They would make our fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor — *Sic semper Tyrannis!*"

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day," or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the philosophic American, who now "represents the great Democracy" at the court of Turin. So, "liberty is good for white men, not for negroes." Have they souls? "I don't know that — *non mi ricordo.*" "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise." And, one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the threefold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his

heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: if the negroes have not general power of mind, or instinctive love of liberty, equal to the whites, they are much our superiors in power of cunning, and in contempt for death — rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century; they spread fear and consternation. The future will be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, "no attribute of the Almighty" which can take sides with the master, but there will be many white men who will take part with the slave. Men like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr. Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man in your town (Newton) was in actual service. Nowadays their descendants are proud of the fact. One day it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of threepence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure — a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an in-

stantial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this: In 1790 there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year of our Lord nineteen hundred there may be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social, and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this — there are twenty Southern representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,800,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal power of the nation. Look at the recent acts of the slave power! The Fugitive Slave Bill, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Dred Scott decision, the filibustering against Cuba (till found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made

the judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the courts of justice (!) She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay! Those things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty. Hence came the Free-soil party, and hence the Republican party — it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defense of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measure on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro. So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection — that is — by destroying slavery itself.

An anti-slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and

will exercise its constitutional rights, and perform its constitutional duty, and "guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union." That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the city of New York (a sort of sink where the villany of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of the *New York Herald* and the New York *Observer*,[7] the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness); they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder emigrants, and engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institutions," they are familiar with violence, ready and able for murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Nowadays they are fond of slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day — it may come any time — when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn, and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop

with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the bark 'Wanderer' and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years the South has *burned alive* eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this hell-fire of slavery a-going. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The fire of vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the press, the market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with — those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but I, at least, shall welcome the violent, if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North; else why do we honor the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed

New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill: I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain — at the North, I mean, for the *logic of slavery* will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. "Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure," I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the city of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. For "every human heart is human." I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of "the great tree" on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American

Church damn his soul; still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the infinitely perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

The sad tidings from America — my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung — have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, in health; but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

In writing to his friend and traveling companion, Joseph Lyman, December 10, Parker spoke again on this tragic subject, as he did to several of his correspondents.

To Joseph Lyman of Boston

"All the details of the Harper's Ferry affair are soon made known to us, and we see how the slaveholders hold their Bloody Assizes in Virginia. Well,— the worse they behave, the better for us and for ours. This is the beginning of birth-pains; the end is far enough away. How often have I wished that I was in my old place, and at my old work! But I too, should have had to 'straighten a rope,' or else to flee off, no doubt; for it is not likely I could have kept out of harm's way in Boston. I sent a letter to Francis Jackson touching the matter. Wendell (Phillips) said brave things, but also some rash and foolish ones, which I am sorry for. But the whole was noble. Beecher[8] is faithful to his clerical instinct of cunning,— not his personal, of humanity. I read his sermon with disgust, and Furness's with pain. Noble, brave Garrison is true to himself, as always; and says,

"'I am a non-resistant, and would not pull a trigger to free four million men. But Captain Brown in his fighting is faithful to his conscience, as I to mine, and acted as nobly as Cromwell or Washington,— yes nobler, for his act was pure philanthropy. All honor to the fighting saint, now he is also a martyr.'

"That is the short of what the *Liberator* says. I did not quite like Howe's letter; one of the detective police would read in it that Howe was deeply implicated in both of Brown's expeditions. I wonder if I shall see him here before winter is over? I hope Sumner is at work in Congress, and sound and well. Who is there except him to say a brave word in Washington? Only Seward and Adams. But let these things pass now. I feel about Brown as you do; perhaps we both have the same reason for it, and it made me sleepless and sick to think of his fate, and that, more difficult to bear, of the women who suffer most in this matter. How grandly the brave old man bore himself! what a deportment at the attack on the arsenal, at the trial, in the jail, on the scaffold! It is not once in many ages we get sight of such a spectacle. No American has such a chance for fame,— for mere earthly immortality. It was good, too, that he came of such a lineage, right out of the *heart* of New England; a plain man with a common education, hard-working and intelligent, very thoughtful and a little silent; not talking out but working out his great schemes, and descended from a Revolutionary captain and a Pilgrim in the 'Mayflower.' That is to come of the aristocratic blood of New England.

"How admirably our best men have behaved,— Garrison, Emerson, Wendell Phillips,— surpassing himself, the noble man, — and dropping all extravagance at just the time when even a plain statement seems excessive panegyric to an outsider. How well Wheelock spoke at the Music Hall!"

Francis Jackson wrote to Parker, February 24, of his son's testimony before the Senate committee which took the evidence of Howe, Stearns and Andrew, but lacked several witnesses who were much desired, but did not go before them. Jackson said:

"You ask if it will be wise for you to return before the adjournment of Congress, lest you might be summoned to Washington to testify? If you will tell me the naughty things you have done, and the horrid secrets you may have to disclose, I should be more able to advise. My son James, being the legal attorney of my grandson, F. J. Meriam, he telegraphed to James from Baltimore, four days before the outbreak, to send him $600 in gold, immediately. He did send it by express, and sent a message over the wires that he had sent. The slaveholders examine messages at that end of the wires;

they saw that James Jackson of Boston had sent Meriam money, therefore James was summoned to tell who furnished the money. He went to Washington about four weeks since, and I will quote some portions of his letter to me from Washington:

"'On arriving at Washington, I called on Senator Sumner, spent an hour with him at his room, found him in good health, pleased to see me, and very communicative. I advised with him about my appearance before the committee, and he gave me a letter to Senator Doolittle, one of the committee. I called on him; found him a very pleasant and agreeable person, middle-aged and fine-looking; he questioned me and advised. I then called on the sergeant-at-arms, and told him what I was there for: he conducted me to the committee-room.

"'Senator Mason asked me if my name was James Jackson? Yes. What relation do you bear to F. J. Meriam? I am his uncle. He then approached me with a small-sized Bible in his hand, holding its title to my view, and asked me to swear that I would tell the whole truth, etc. I felt deep indignation at being thus confronted and insulted by the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The tyrant then began to question me. "Did you send money to Meriam in Baltimore? How much? In bills or gold? How came you to send it? Where did you get it? Whose money was it? Did you know how Meriam was going to use it? Do you know James Redpath? How long since you saw him, and where? Do you know Lewis Hayden? Did he have any of Meriam's money?"

"'He kept questioning me for upwards of half an hour, but got nothing material from me whatever. "The money was Meriam's own, bequeathed to him in his father's will; he was of age, and I his legal attorney, obeying his directions, etc." Senator Mason's personal appearance is no wise attractive; he is large, burly and coarse-looking, has a well-formed head with thin grey hair. He is a good personification of a tyrant. The clerk of the committee gave me a check for $98.20 which he said was the amount of my claim; this I thought was most ample, as I had been in Washington only two days and a half. Sumner told me that it cost the government nearly two thousand dollars to get Richard Realf[9] here from Texas; and that they are using up an enormous amount of money in their examinations.'"

No doubt Parker would have been summoned to testify if he had been at home, and in condition to endure the fatigue of examination. He was aware

that he had compromised himself with the pro-slavery men in many ways, and he had as much knowledge of Brown's general plans as I had. His allusion to Dr. Howe's letter published in November, 1859, calls for a brief explanation. It was unfortunate, for it was sure to be misunderstood, and to require an explanation: silence, which his associates adopted, would have been much better. Howe's own explanation, in a letter to Parker of January 22, 1860, was this:

"After careful consultation with friends of the cause, I concluded that a public disclaimer by me of knowledge of the Harper's Ferry affair would rather help Brown than otherwise; because if he were shown to be an isolated individual, acting for himself, and not the agent of others, the affair would be less formidable, and the desire of vengeance less strong. I meant, of course, to convey only the impression that I was not party to nor privy to the raid; but did not mean that it should be taken for an entire disclaimer of my former relations with Brown. I meant that, so far as it had any effect, it should increase the chances of Brown's escape; and I still believe that if others could have followed my example, — could have repressed any public manifestation of sympathy, and shown, so far as they could truthfully do it, that they had no part in or knowledge of the old man's plans, — that his head alone planned the enterprise, his energies gathered the men, and his arm struck the blow and all without the knowledge or sympathy of any but a trio or quartette of friends, — if this could have been done, (and it might have been done without violation of truth) Brown might have been now alive. I am very sorry that my card seems to have conveyed an impression stronger than I meant it to do, — that of a total disclaimer. . . . There are reasons for my wishing to testify in some formal way about Brown. I want to express the admiration and respect I feel for the old hero, and I think I ought to do it."

Accordingly Howe went to Washington and testified before Mason's committee, and there the matter should have rested. The truth is that Dr. Howe, a

man of genius, if ever there was one, and of that highest type of genius, which made him the "servant of humanity," as his biographers have called him, had also the defects of genius, and could not reason very logically. Young persons of much inferior genius, like myself, but with greater caution and logical faculty, could see that the philanthropic impulse of Howe, aided, I must think, by the advice of persons who had the fears of the politician in mind, could not, even by miracle, have saved the life of Brown in the manner above indicated. Nothing but a forcible rescue from his Virginia prison would save his heroic life,— and that he refused to have attempted. He saw, and reasoned more clearly than Howe, that his death on the scaffold was the best service he could then render to the cause for which he had all his life contended. Time has justified his faith in that respect; his life if saved, might have extended the life of slavery for twenty years; his death and its inspiring results brought slavery to its foreordained end in less than six years.

Before Parker knew accurately the facts concerning Gerrit Smith, and while he was anticipating that Dr. Howe, and perhaps myself, might join him in Italy, he wrote as follows to Smith, whom he knew well. The copy came to me in Mrs. Parker's clear handwriting, along with the mass of manuscripts she bequeathed to me at her own death in 1875.

"Rome, 16th Feb., 1860.

"My Dear Mr. Smith,— It is with great pain that I have heard of the illness which the recent distressing events have brought on your much-enduring frame, which was so shattered by illness before. When I saw you last * I did not think that

* This was at the Revere House, Boston, May 24, 1858, at a conference about John Brown.

my next letter would be from such a place or for such a purpose. But such is the uncertainty of all mortal things. Some of the rumors relate that you will perhaps come to Europe for health. If this be so, I trust I shall have the good fortune to meet you somewhere. We have many Americans at Rome,— two or three hundred, it is said,— of whom about forty are from Boston, not to mention the permanent inhabitants. So you see one need not lack companionship. Besides, here are many more from Massachusetts and New England.

"I feel great anxiety about the immediate future of America; the remote future I have no doubts about. We must see much darker hours before it is daylight,— darker and also bloody, I think; for nations seldom settle their difficulties without *passion* — and so without what comes of passion. The slaveholders are in great wrath. I am waiting for the Supreme Court of the United States, (in the Lemmon case), to decide, as it must, that a master *may* take his slaves in transit through a free State, and keep them in it a reasonable time, subject not only to his own caprice, but defiant of the laws of that State. Certainly, the slaveholders *must* have *eminent domain* over the free States and bondage *must* exercise *right of way* in New York and New England.— Next year, or the year after, it *must* decide for the African slave trade! 'There is one *general grievance,*' said Oliver Cromwell in the House of Commons, 'and that is the LAW!'

"But I did not mean to worry you with a long letter, so with heartiest sympathy for your sufferings and profound respect for your character and services, believe me,

"Faithfully and truly yours,

"THEODORE PARKER."

Writing to Dr. Flint of Boston at the end of that fatal year, 1859, Parker said:

"Well, the Harper's Ferry affair is over. The effect is not over,— nor ever will be. Brown's little spark was not put out till it had kindled a fire which will burn down much more than even far-sighted men look for. The Northern sky is full of lightning long treasured up; Brown was one bright clear flash into the Southern ground; the thunder rattles all over the Union now. There will be other strokes by and by. These things are only the beginning of sorrows; but they are the birth-sorrows of freedom, not the pains of death. Really I think the Twenty-eighth Society may be thankful their minister

fell into a consumption a year ago, for I believe they would rather lose me by a cough than a halter."

Writing to Dr. Howe (Feb. 14, 1860,) Parker said:

"Our political affairs look very ill, but all the more hopeful for that reason; they must be much worse before they can be at all better. The 'Irrepressible Conflict' comes on; and when the North, in the multiplicity of its interests, looks at the one great fundamental matter, which concerns the existence of freedom, and *shows its teeth*,— then the slaveholders will yield to the superior force that is brought against them. Still I think we shall see bloodshed before we get through. It is a dreadful problem before us. . . . Certainly the most destructive weapon with which to smite the American Democracy is the negro-slave. Take that tool away from the hands of Mason, Wise, and their fire-eating coadjutors, at the South, and their dirt-eating vassals at the North, and they are as powerless as any other old hens, clucking to prevent the sunrise. But so long as the despots in America have got 4,000,000 of these black missiles to shoot at us, Republicanism will be in great danger, and may go to the ground. . . ." (March 23.) "I like not the look of things in the Republican party. Seward's speech came to-day, but I expect not much satisfaction from it, more from Abraham Lincoln at the Cooper Institute. Once governors, senators, representatives, etc., were the leaders of the rank and file, whom they instructed, directed and commanded. The people looked up to Sam. Adams and John Adams for counsel and direction. Now these functionaries are servants to obey the rank and file; they give little counsel, are seldom in advance thereof; but as they have not wholly lost the traditional notion of old time, they refuse to obey the better portion of their constituency. 'It will offend the slaveholders; it will injure the party' etc."

Thus did Parker forecast the period immediately following, or just preceding, the election of Lincoln; and thus did he intimate his latent distrust of Seward, and his confidence in Abraham Lincoln, whom he had learned to know through his six years' correspondence with Herndon. From the same source, and from his own observation, Parker formed the most unfavorable

opinion of Senator Douglas of Illinois, and in the famous contests of 1856 and 1858, had admired Lincoln's modest strength and proved capacity, and despised the policy of Greeley and Henry Wilson, who hoped to make a good Republican out of Douglas. He had written to Herndon in August, 1858:

"I read the speeches, the noble speeches of Mr. Lincoln with enthusiasm. I never recommended the Republicans to adopt Douglas into their family. I said in a speech last winter, 'He is a mad dog'; just now he is barking at the wolf which has torn our sheep; but he is himself more dangerous than the wolf. I think I should not let him into the fold. Greeley is not fit for a leader; he is capricious, crotchety, full of whims and wrong-headed. He is honest, I think, but pitiably weak, for a man in such a position. But he is quite humane, and surrounds himself (in the *Tribune*) with some of the best talent in the country." (Sept. 9, 1858). "You say right; an attempt is making to lower the Republican platform. Depend upon it, this effort would ruin the party; it ruined the Whig party, 1840-48. Then Daniel Webster stood on higher anti-slavery ground than Lincoln now. Greeley's conduct is base; I had never any confidence in him. He has no talent for a leader. If the Republicans sacrifice their principles for success, they will not be lifted up, but blown up. I trust Lincoln will conquer."

He did not in 1858, but he and his friend Trumbull prevented lowering the party standard in Illinois, and thus made victory possible in 1860, though Parker did not live to witness it. Webster himself lowered the standard in 1850; Lincoln held it up in 1858-60. He was the antipodes of Webster, and as deadly an opponent of slavery as Parker, or John Brown himself.

Late in March, 1860, feeling himself slowly dying, Parker wrote as follows,— and though the tone of the letter is pessimistic, the acute perceptions of this political philosopher seemed only sharpened by his increasing feebleness:

"I have studied the philosophy of Roman history more minutely than before, and think I have 'got the hang' of the people and their institutions. They were coarse, material, warlike but energetic and full of will. They invented nothing. What Virgil makes Anchises say is true.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera, etc.
Æneid, VI. 848.[10]

I wish what follows were as true,—

Hae tibi erunt artes,— pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

This they never did. It is instructive to see how all their political troubles followed as the logical necessity of their first principles. It is just so in the United States to-day. When the Federal Government undertook to capture fugitive slaves by its own arm in 1793, it acknowledged the right of man to own property in man, as much as in land and things; and as it did not offer to recover other runaway property, it actually declared this peculiarly worthy of executive protection. From this first principle all subsequent slave legislation has proceeded with inevitable logic. In January I began to write you (J. Lyman) a long elaborate letter on the great problem of American politics,— to establish an Industrial democracy with its two questions, immediate, proximate and ultimate. That is, (1) Shall the party that claims man can be the property of man, continue to wield the Federal power? (2) Shall that doctrine be allowed to develop itself in any individual State? But I shall never be well enough to do it!"

These two questions were taken up practically by the American people, in the year of Parker's death, when his friend Lincoln was chosen President, in spite of Douglas. The second question was settled on the basis of Brown's revolutionary action in Virginia; man's property in man could not be allowed in any State,— the compromises of the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. The Union must be reconstituted, as John Quincy Adams had foreseen,[11] on the basis of emancipation by force,— which was Brown's doctrine, and became Lincoln's. All this was decided in the five years after Parker wrote as above. He then went on to say:

"Seward's speech (of February 1860) is able, statesmanlike, wide-looking; but it shows two things: (1) he is satisfied the Republicans have fallen back since 1858; (2) that he will accommodate himself to that low standard, to gain votes for the Presidency."

This remark shows that Parker was losing faith in Seward, who was defeated in the Chicago Convention by the more radical and sincere Lincoln. For him Parker, John Brown and Herndon had cleared the ground of many obstacles, before the first emancipation proclamation of 1862; which was opposed by the same Bostonians and Cambridge and Andover professors who had supported Webster in his pro-slavery declarations of March, 1850.

John Brown, upon his defeat and martyrdom in 1859, became one of the accepted heroes of the American people and of the civilized world,— a fact which was evident in our Civil War, when millions of our soldiers fought to restore the Union which Brown's action had tended to preserve, although its first effect, both in Kansas and Virginia, had been to destroy that confederation which admitted what Brougham called "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." That evil root of discord once plucked out, there was no reason why a real Union, on the basis of the Jeffersonian Declaration of 1776, so cordially supported by Lincoln, should not exist and be perpetual. But those few men who had heard Brown's secret purpose, and had aided it with their money and their prayers, have still some need, apparently, to justify their action and his, in making the continuance of negro slavery impossible. Parker was one of these men; he never regretted his action, nor disowned his comrades, nor doubted what the final result of such action must be.

It would have been hard to find in the whole nation four persons of mature years who had served their country and civilization longer and better, with less regard to their own prosperity and safety, than Gerrit Smith, John Brown, Dr. Howe and Theodore Parker. All were men of ideas and of practical affairs; each had managed his own scheme of life with fidelity, and fair success; three of them were men of wide influence, always exerted for the good of mankind. Their associates, of less note, showed afterwards by their uniform conduct, that they sought the good of others more than their own ease or riches. All were firmly persuaded, long before the mass of the people saw the danger, that negro slavery was to be the ruin of the Republic which their ancestors had founded in the name of liberty. They therefore determined to do what they could to remove that curse, and they either died in the full confidence that it had received its death blow, or lived to see it completely uprooted, and the mass of the people, now grown to nearly a hundred millions, rejoicing in its overthrow. Other evils are now prominent; none so poisonous, so insidious or so arrogant, as was slavery while it controlled our national policy, foreign and domestic.

The few survivors of the band that stood by John Brown, of whom Parker was one of the most eminent, retain the opinion with which he and they took their unproclaimed course in 1855–60; namely, that negro slavery was a plague to be removed by any means that would first destroy its vitality; and that such a man as Brown had shown himself to be, should be assisted to wound its vital parts, whatever the statutes might say or omit. The safety of the people,

the maintenance of liberty, and obedience to divine command were law enough for them. Caring little for their reputation among men, they now find themselves in agreement with the great majority of good citizens, whose fathers and grandfathers once viewed with disfavor any effort to remove an acknowledged evil by violence. They acted with premeditation and deliberately, and though the result surprised them by its swiftness, it was in essence what Parker had anticipated, and the coming of which he had constantly predicted, if the Republic itself was to continue.

NOTES

NOTES

I

THE LIFE OF ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

This " chapter out of the middle ages " is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. IX, pp. 76–119. It is characteristic of the thoroughness with which Parker prepared his critical papers that before writing this review article on " The Life of St. Bernard " he read everything attainable which had been written on the subject in ancient or modern times; besides the writings of Bernard and Abelard, the works of Dupin, Mabillon, Fénelon, Ernaldo, Cousin, Schroekh, Neander, Heinrot, Ammon, etc.

Page 1, note 1. Scholasticism was the philosophical and theological movement dominant in Europe during the middle ages, and marked especially by its application of classical logic and philosophy to the support and interpretation of theological dogmas and the authority of the Church. The latter, as the universal legatee of the Roman Empire and the Christian Revelation, claimed absolute dominion over the souls of men and the social order. Outside of her pale there was no salvation and no assured knowledge. Her dogmas were the absolute truth. They were therefore not to be investigated or criticized. The office of philosophy was only to explain them, to prove their rationality and demonstrate their truth. Philosophy as it is understood to-day, in the sense of an independent search for truth, was accounted heresy. Little by little, during the period between the 11th and 16th centuries, this union of philosophy and theology, in the service of the latter, constituted itself.

Scotus Erigena may be accounted the founder of Scholasticism. Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Abelard, St. Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus and Duns Scotus were its most illustrious representatives. "Scholasticism," says Hegel, "was modern science in an embryonic state. It was the philosophy of European nations developing itself in the maternal bosom of the Church under the form of theology." It had its period of youthfulness, of virile manhood, and its decadence. In its earlier history it was under the influence of Platonic idealism and the Aristotelian logic. After that it was characterized by a full adaptation of the Aristotelian philosophy. It wasted itself at the end of the 14th century in the strife between the Realists and Nominalists, and sank into mere puerilities of discussion. At the close of the 15th century the gradual emancipation of the human intellect, the growing denial of the authority of dogma and of the Church, and the liberal reaction inaugurated by the era of the Renaissance, put an end to the influence of Scholasticism. No longer an intellectual power, it has taken refuge in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, of which it is to-day the official philosophy expounded and taught in her seminaries.

Page 24, note 2. St. Bernard's devotion to Mariolatry should be adduced in describing his career and services. While he resisted the doctrine of her immaculate conception he was one of the most ardent worshipers of the Virgin as the mediatress of humanity before the throne of Christ and God. From an historical and critical point of view this exaltation of the peasant mother of Jesus of Nazareth is mistaken and unjustifiable. But sentimentally and in the imaginative life of the soul it has its aspects of beauty and tenderness. This poetic idealization of motherhood, its purity, sympathy and affection, humanized both the worship and creed of the medieval church, and pro-

foundly influenced the feelings and manners of Western Christendom. As Chaucer tells us

> "— in reference of the hevenes Queen
> We ought to worship all women that beene."

Mariolatry belongs to the realm of poetry and legend, not of fact and truth, and with the decay of the ideals of ancient chivalry and different and higher conceptions of true womanhood, the worship of the Virgin Mother has largely lost its charm and efficacy. It has hardened into a dogma and degenerated into a superstition. Thus Pope Pius X writes of Mary as a "Co-Redeemer" with Christ. But in Bernard's day it was a development of Catholic doctrine to be welcomed and treasured. No one did more to advance it than St. Bernard. Therefore in Dante's immortal poem Bernard appears in the final scene and commits the poet to the care of the Virgin, fervently praying her to purge the poet's eyes that he may look on the Divine Light. (Paradise XXXI, XXXII.) The best biographies of Bernard in English are the translation of Neander's German work which appeared in London in 1843; J. C. Morison's, London, 1863 (new edition revised 1884), and an eloquent and discriminating sketch by Richard S. Storrs, 1892.

Page 37, note 3. Peter Abelard was born near Nantes, France, in 1079, and listened at Paris to the lectures of William of Champeaux, the most skilful disputant of his day. Breaking with his master, whose indignation had been aroused by the presumptuous criticism of his utterances by his brilliant pupil, Abelard withdrew from the university, and, in his 22d year, opened a school at Melun. A reconciliation with Champeaux brought him back to Paris again, where he thenceforth taught with unparalleled success. A victim to the rancor of the Canon Fulbert, whose gifted niece he had betrayed and afterwards married, holding

that an ecclesiastic without pastoral functions was not bound by the vow of celibacy, he was compelled to retire from Paris. He entered the Abbey of St. Denis, but soon left it in disgust at its profligacy. Heloise took the veil at the Convent of Argenteuil. Abelard occupied himself during his retreat in writing his treatise *De Trinitate*, and in so doing brought down upon himself the thunderbolts of the Church. At Soissons he was compelled, in 1122, to deliver up his own work to the flames. At Nogent-sur-Seine he now founded an oratory, which he dedicated especially to the paraclete, the Holy Spirit. But when later on, Heloise and her sister-nuns were driven by the cupidity of a prelate from their sanctuary at Argenteuil, Abelard relinquished the paraclete to her, and himself became Abbé of St. Gildas du Ruys. At this period he was again denounced as a heretic, St. Bernard being his chief accuser. The story of his trial and condemnation to death by the sword, forms an unedifying chapter in the career of St. Bernard, whose unfairness and bitterness disclosed not only his horror of heresy, but the harsher aspects of his character. The two men may be said to have typified the two opposing tendencies of their day. St. Bernard represented what was best in medieval piety, its reverence and obedience, its self-renunciation, its austere virtues and reforming spirit, its love of God and yearning sympathy for human souls. But he also shared the limitations of his age, and holding heresy as the greatest of sins, his desire for its extirpation led him into exercises of fanatic cruelty.

Abelard was the thinker, the innovator of his day. He was intellectually much superior to his persecutor. His subtle and keen understanding, his dialectic skill, his eloquence and wit far surpassed St. Bernard's. He was devout also, in his own way. But his was a dry intellect, destitute of spiritual warmth or moral en-

thusiasm. He was vain of his abilities, desirous of the praise of men, and singularly wanting in sanity and balance of judgment. Most of his misfortunes must be attributed to his own impulsiveness and indiscretion. Yet we must recognize in his premature revolt against the dogmas and authority of the church of his day the dawning of that spirit of free inquiry and individual independence which was the forerunner of Protestantism and of modern historical and critical science. Abelard was the keenest, bravest and most independent of the Schoolmen. Respectful towards the Church he does not hesitate on occasion to incur its displeasure. He dares to speak of "the credulous presumption which accommodates itself more and more to the doctrine which is offered it before having examined whether it is worthy of belief." "Doctors of the Church should be read, not with the compulsion to believe, but with liberty to judge." He speaks with admiration of the Greek philosophers, and finds in them all the essential doctrines of Christianity,— God, the Trinity, the Incarnation,— and asks whether eternal felicity is to be refused such thinkers simply because they have not known Christ. The Gospel, he says, is nothing else than the reform of natural law, *legis naturalis reformatio.* The three persons in the Trinity he explains as three attributes — *proprietates non essentiae* — of the Divine Being, namely Power, Wisdom, Goodness. Separately these three are naught; together they constitute the absolute perfection — *tota perfectio boni.* The Trinity is the Being who can do what he wishes, and who wishes that which he knows to be the best. Abelard was also the first to attempt to frame a system of morality apart from dogma.

The outcome of the trial was the condemnation of Abelard, but he was spared the execution of the sentence pronounced against him. In Peter the Ven-

erable, Abbot of Clugny, he found an unlooked-for protector. St. Bernard's wrath was appeased and Abelard was permitted to end his days in this monastic retreat in peace. Worn out by controversy and strife he died in 1142. Besides his work on the Trinity his other notable publications were his Letters, his *Introductio ad theologiam* and his *Theologia Christiana*, his Ethics, the "Dialogue between a Philosopher, a Jew and a Christian," and his treatise *Sic et Non*.

Abelard exercised a great influence and his thought leavened the next three hundred years. Of his pupils twenty-five are said to have become cardinals, including Pope Alexander III., and fifty bishops. His disciple, Arnold of Brescia, carried his ideas into the political realm and sought to establish an ideal Christian Commonwealth.

Page 48, note 4. Realism and Nominalism constituted two opposing schools of thought in the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages. The underlying problem of scholastic speculation was concerning the real and independent existence of general or generic concepts called "Universalia" or Universals, and whether, if real, they necessarily involve substantial being. The Realists maintained the affirmative of this proposition. They held that logical genera and species are real things existing independently and apart from our conceptions of them or names for them, and are the real objects of thought when names are used. Following Plato they affirmed that Universals exist before the individual concrete object, and are creative types, exemplars in the Divine Mind. The Aristotelian Realists held that Universal concepts exist in phenomena as their essence.

Opposed to this school were the Nominalists who taught that Universals, or general conceptions, have no antecedents or independent existence. They are mere names,— nomina,— and are derived from a com-

parison of individual things and their qualities. Observation of many individual things yields the abstract conceptions we call general or universal ideas.

These speculative questions receive little attention in our day, but were regarded as most important in the middle ages, and assumed practical value when applied to such doctrines as the Trinity, the Atonement and Original Sin.

Page 56, note 5. Hymettus, a mountain three miles from Athens, famous for its colonies of bees, its wax and honey.

Anticyra, the name of a city of Ancient Greece known for its hellebore, which was held to be a curative herb of singular power. Hence the city was much resorted to, especially by those suffering from mental derangement. This circumstance gave rise to a number of proverbial expressions.

II

CUDWORTH'S INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM

Page 58, note 1. This article appeared in the *Christian Examiner*, Vol. XXVII, p. 289, January, 1840, as a review of the following volume: The True Intellectual System of the Universe, wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated. A Treatise on Immutable Morality; with a Discourse concerning the True Notion of the Lord's Supper; and two Sermons on I John ii, 3, 4, and I Cor. xv, 57. By Ralph Cudworth, D.D. First American Edition; with References to the several Quotations in the Intellectual System; and an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author; by Thomas Birch, M. A., F. R. S., 2 vols., 8vo., 1838. Andover: published by Gould & Newman.

Page 61, note 2. Dr. Henry More was born in 1614, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, where

he was the contemporary and friend of Cudworth and other of the divines and scholars later known as Latitude Men. He was a zealous scholar, possessed an acute mind and lovable disposition, and was profoundly pious. His natural tendency to mysticism was fed by his study of the Platonic writers. His first literary efforts were poems of mystical import. Such was his "Psychozoia, the Life of the Soul." "He had," says his biographer, "a wonderful sense of God," saw all His perfections reflected in the visible world, and decided to make it the object of his life to demonstrate the principles of natural and revealed religion, and to recommend the practice of morality and virtue — the Christian or divine life, to his fellowmen. He was learned in the Greek philosophies, in the Scriptures, the Jewish Kabbala, and the mystics of the ages, and had also studied the science of his day. Inheriting a comfortable estate he settled down as a fellow of Christ's College, never married, and gave himself to study, meditation and literary production. With a more nimble mind than Cudworth, he wrote a larger number of books, and his writings, more readable than those of his contemporary, enjoyed in his day a considerable popularity. Their stories of witches and devils and his mystical notions and scholastic whims, pleased the public of that day; still more his gentle, loving spirit, his pure and devout enthusiasm and profound faith. For the most part his works now gather dust in the libraries, yet the recent publication of certain of his writings shows that he has not been entirely forgotten. He died in 1687.

Theodore Parker was greatly interested in the liberal-minded and mystical writers of the 17th century. In a letter he says: "The mystical writers have been my great delight, and they did me no small service." Parker contributed to the *Christian Examiner*, Vol. XXVI., March, 1839, a review article on "The Life

of the Learned and Pious Dr. Henry More," and a second on "The Writings of Henry More, D. D.," which appeared in the *Examiner* in September, 1839.

Page 63, note 3. "The Latitude Men about Cambridge," so-called, were a group of scholars and divines, graduates of the University of Cambridge, and mostly of Emmanuel College, the Puritans' Alma Mater. Because of their liberal and progressive tendencies they may be termed the Broad Churchmen of the 17th century. They marked the reaction of the higher mind of England against the dogmatism, contentiousness and intolerance of the warring sects of the Puritan Commonwealth on the one hand, and the materialistic doctrines and accommodating worldliness of popular philosophic writers like Hobbes on the other. Whichcote, Cudworth, Henry More, Bishop Patrick, John Smith, Worthington, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Wilkins of Oxford were all men of great intellectual power, profound learning and genuine piety. In that wonderful century, with its surprising contrasts and conflicting aims, side by side with the narrow-minded and controversial zeal of the Puritan worthies and the luxuriousness and profligacy of the Romanizing Stuarts and their court, these champions of a religion of the spirit and a truly catholic church, together with their great contemporaries, Milton, Taylor, Hooker, Hall, Pocock, Walton, Locke and Clarke, strove for sound learning, intellectual freedom, tolerance and kindliness towards opposing opinion, and a Christianity of the spirit and the life. They sought to restore the dilapidated Church of England to unity of counsels, a milder temper and a more comprehensive policy. Their endeavor was to refound the great central principles of religion — God, Duty, and Immortality, on the immutable primitive intuitions of the soul,— on the inward revelations of reason, conscience and the affections, rather than on the dogmatism

of an external traditional authority, or the dubious speculations of the current naturalistic and sensational philosophy.

The Latitude Men had their limitations and weaknesses. They were often timid and conforming, when courage and independence would have better served the interests of truth. Their thought was often obscure and involved, and burdened with too great an accumulation of learned rubbish and pedantry. Their mystic tendencies led them into fanciful and speculative extremes. They were frequently lacking in historical and critical judgment, maintaining opinions sadly at variance with their better information and principles. Thus a Cudworth could uphold the truth of the witchcraft delusion.

But their services to their own and succeeding ages, even if we may not accept in full the extravagant estimate of them by W. E. H. Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism in Europe," were undeniably great. Following Rev. John Tulloch, in his book on "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the 17th Century," which is perhaps the best presentation of this school of thought, we may affirm their merits to have been that: 1. They upheld against the prevailing demand for dogmatic uniformity and authoritative standards of belief the rights of free discussion and "the liberty of prophesying," maintaining that religious faith and dogmatic opinion belong to different spheres. 2. They taught with persuasive eloquence and infectious example that religion is a life, and not a creed or form of worship; that in its essence it is Godliness; that a pure, good and beautiful life can only exist in the Divine, and that the Divine thus becomes real in humanity. 3. They strove for a comprehensive, inclusive church, with just latitude to reasonable varieties of thought and worship, a church based on the disposition of the heart towards God and

man, abounding in good works, and remembering ever that the greatest of Christian virtues is charity.

To attain these ends the Latitude Men sought first of all to re-interpret Christianity to their contemporaries, and to found it on a pure and spiritual philosophy in harmony with the instincts of the soul and the eternal spiritual needs of mankind. They opposed with every faculty and knowledge they possessed the empirical philosophy of their day, with its mechanical interpretations of nature, its denial of any intuitive faculties in man, or the possibility of a higher spiritual revelation of the Divine will and purpose. That they should do this in the terms and according to the principles of the Greek idealistic philosophy was inevitable, and this Platonic revival thus became the latest of the many attempts to blend philosophy with Christianity.

The most celebrated of this school of Cambridge Latitudinarians was undoubtedly Dr. Ralph Cudworth. He was their most systematic, most learned and forceful writer. His greatest work, "The True Intellectual System of the Universe," was written as a reply to the brilliant treatises of Thomas Hobbes, *De Cive*, and "Leviathan," works which had commended themselves to the cultured classes in their day through their plausible solution of the great problems of the intellectual life, their strong support of the existing order in State and Church, their acute and comprehensive reasoning, and the fascinations of their style. Cudworth was lacking as a writer in many of the qualities which made his adversary popular. He was often unclear in thought and discursive in method. His chapters are overloaded with antiquarianism and discussions which lead nowhere. He sometimes falls into mystical extravagances, and shows a clumsy deference to authorities of little decisive import. And yet, as Principal Tulloch remarks, his book, "taken as a whole, is a marvelous magazine of thought and learning, and re-

mains one of the most undoubted monuments of the philosophical and theological genius of the 17th century."

Theodore Parker found in Cudworth a kindred spirit. He delighted in his great stores of learning, his metaphysical and speculative abilities, his mystical tendencies, and above all in his deep and fervent piety. In Parker's writings in defense of the intuitive faculties of man's nature and the principles of a theistic faith he not infrequently harked back to the arguments and proofs of the great English divine, and even meditated the editing of a new edition of this greatest of his books.

Dr. James Martineau in his profound work, "Types of Ethical Theory," devotes a chapter to Cudworth (Vol. II., pp. 395–424), which is the most luminous and comprehensive estimate of his career and philosophical opinions, especially in their ethical values, ever written.

An interesting fact, which Parker does not refer to, is the friendship of Cudworth's widow, and especially of his daughter, Lady Masham, with the philosopher John Locke. At Lady Masham's house, the last-named thinker spent the closing years of his life, and there he died in 1704. She was herself a woman of high culture, and seems to have inherited the metaphysical ability of her father, as, among other testimonies, a published treatise "Concerning the Love of God" bears witness.

Page 63, note 4. Thomas Hobbes was born near Malmesbury, England, in 1588. He studied at Oxford, and in 1608 traveled on the Continent. On his return he came into personal relations with Lord Bacon. On later visits to the Continent he saw Galileo, and was in close contact with thinkers of the School of Descartes in Paris. His Philosophy, covering the three subjects of Body, Man and Society, was in the mean-

time elaborated. He was in France during the whole period of the Civil War in England. His treatise *De Cive* was published in 1645, and his most important work, the "Leviathan," in which his theories are most fully developed, in 1651. While popular at court and among the aristocracy, the clergy and plain people were greatly offended by his published opinions. In 1666 license to print was refused him by Parliament, and his later works were published in Amsterdam. Hobbes died in England in 1679, at the age of 91.

He may be regarded as the principal exponent of the negative and materialistic philosophy of the 17th century. His successors were Rousseau, Holbach, Helvetius, Comte, and others. The principal characteristics of his philosophy were — mentally, the institution of metaphysical entities, especially Nature for God; ethically, the doctrine of self-interest as the foundation of social and moral life; politically, the complete subordination of spiritual to temporal power, and the demonstration that government, whatever its form, rests on force.

All these opinions were accompanied, incidentally, by important contributions to metaphysical thought and scientific method, and have led to a juster valuation of the sphere and service of empiricism in philosophy.

Page 64, note 5. Episcopius (the Latinized form of the Dutch name Bisschop), born in Amsterdam, in 1583, was an eminent and learned theologian, a man of admirable spirit, the successor of Arminius, whose principles he elaborated and advocated with dialectic skill and eloquent address. Graduating in 1606 from the University of Leiden, where he had listened to Gomarus and Arminius, he speedily became prominent in the theological controversies of that day, which dealt largely with the topic of predestination and free-will. Soon after, he succeeded Gomarus at Leiden. In 1610 he defended the so-called Remonstrants, who, in the

interests of spiritual freedom, had addressed a remonstrance against certain implications of the Calvinistic System to the States General of Holland and West Friesland. In 1618 Episcopius was chief spokesman at the Synod of Dort for the Arminians, whose theological head he was henceforth recognized to be. For these services to religious enlightenment and a spiritual Christianity he was bitterly denounced and persecuted, and finally banished from the country. The years of his exile, spent in Antwerp, Paris, and elsewhere, were fruitful in literary production, and his writings found a large circulation, not only in his own country but in France, Germany and England. To them was due in no small degree the "Arminian Clergy" of Great Britain.

One of the results of the refusal of the ultra-Calvinistic party to entertain reformatory proposals with respect to the accepted creed was the formation of a number of independent Remonstrant congregations, which still exist in Holland, and have ever been noted for the learning, piety and eloquence of their ministers, and the virtues and good citizenship of their laity. They have grown more radical with the lapse of the centuries and are sometimes called the Unitarians of Holland.

Theological acrimony having softened, Episcopius, returning to his own country in 1626, became the minister of the Remonstrant Congregation in Rotterdam and rector of the new college established by that denomination. Controversial and literary activities continued to occupy much of the remainder of his life, which came to an end in 1643.

Page 98, note 6. Under date of Boston, 6th of May, 1858, Theodore Parker writes to his Canadian correspondent, Rev. E. T. Senkler: "You ask about Cudworth. We Americans printed 1,500 copies in 1836 or 1837, and sold them all in five or six years!

The American edition is difficult to find and not worth buying now. The mistakes were not rare. Mr. Harrison has made an edition which leaves nothing to be desired. This is in three volumes, 8vo., published in London, 1845. I think it cost 45 shillings, but I got my copy in Boston for $4.50. I think it may be had at Burnham's in Boston for that price now. Mr. C. published his original in one volume. It abounds with extracts from Greek and Latin authors but he did not tell where the passages might be found in his author. Dr. Mosheim, that most laborious man of the most laborious nation, read through all the authors C. had quoted, and made reference to every passage in Cudworth's book. He translated the original into Latin, added notes, dissertations, prolegomena, indices, etc., and published it in two volumes 4to. Le Clerc introduced Cudworth to the Continent in his courtly and generous way, and then Mosheim taught him the manner and language of the learned, and he acquired a distinction in Germany, Holland and France he did not have in England itself. The next edition had Mosheim's references. When I was a youth at college I wanted to get out an American edition of C. with all of his apparatus; a bookseller had it under favorable consideration, when lo! the other publishers announced theirs in press! My scheme fell to the ground. But Harrison has done like a man what, I fear, I might have done like a boy."

It may be added that in 1706 Thomas Wise published an abridgement of Cudworth's Intellectual System, which though still extending to two quarto volumes, made this book more accessible to large circles of readers.

III

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS TOUCHING CERTAIN MATTERS OF THEIR THEOLOGY

This letter is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. XII, pp. 177–189.

IV

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Page 117, note 1. This letter was addressed to Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, D.D., Rev. Calvin Lincoln, Isaiah Banks, Esq., Hon. Albert Fearing, Rev. Henry A. Miles, D. D., Rev. Geo. W. Briggs and Rev. William R. Alger, late "Executive Committee" of the American Unitarian Association, Boston, October 3, 1853. It appeared in pamphlet form in two editions, and also in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. XII, pps. 235–251. Diligent search of the records of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association fails to show that it was presented to or acted upon by them.

V

THE LAW OF GOD AND THE STATUTES OF MEN

This sermon was preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, June 18, 1854. It appeared in pamphlet form in 1854 and is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. V, pp. 225–244.

VI

THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN IMMORAL PRINCIPLE AND FALSE IDEA OF LIFE

This sermon was preached at the Music Hall in Boston, on Sunday, November 26, 1854. It appeared in pamphlet form in 1854 and is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VI, pp. 192–214.

VII

THE TWO CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS, A.D. I. AND MDCCCLV.: A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR MDCCCLVI.

This Christmas story is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VIII, pp. 199–219.

Page 218, note 1. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was executed in Boston, and Thomas Sims was sent back to slavery on the 12th of April, 1851, City Marshal Tukey was prominent on that occasion in helping to execute the law, and 1500 " gentlemen of property and standing," so-called, volunteered their assistance to escort the fugitive out of the State.

Page 218, note 2. Dr. Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College, held a " South-side view of slavery," and was its stanch supporter. He approved the Fugitive Slave Bill and its execution in Boston. In two pamphlets published in 1854–55, he maintained that slavery was a divine institution, according to natural and revealed religion, that it was a wholesome institution which ought to be extended, that it should be introduced into the Northern States and territories, and said that he himself would cheerfully own slaves if it were convenient or necessary.

VIII

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN

This letter appeared in the *Christian Register.*

IX

LETTER ON A COURSE OF READING

This letter was published in the *Christian Register.* It has never before been included in any edition of Parker's works.

X

A NEW LESSON FOR THE DAY

This sermon was preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday, May 25, 1856. It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. IV, pp. 279–311.

Page 270, note 1. The person who thus designated Charles Sumner and his friends, Dr. Howe, Horace Mann, Parker, H. Wilson (afterwards Vice-President), John A. Andrew (afterwards Governor), F. W. Bird and others, was Robert Charles Winthrop, of Boston, a descendant of the first governor of Massachusetts, and a Harvard graduate of 1828. He had been a Boston congressman, and for a short time a senator from Massachusetts; his political future was extinguished by the election of Sumner to the Senate in 1851, and his subsequent leadership in the State. This fact would excuse some wrath and bitterness in a person naturally polite and humane, but who, like Webster, could not conceive of an American Union without slavery. He long outlived Parker and Sumner, and in his later years took a far more favorable view of Sumner's character. The two senatorial persons classed

with him by Parker were Edward Everett and Rufus Choate.

XI

THE ASPECT OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA

This speech was delivered in the hall of the State House, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Convention, on Friday, January 29, 1858. It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VI, pp. 287–323.

Page 271, note 1. The occasion of the speech of January, 1858, a month before the plans of John Brown were explained by me to Parker, was the unusual assembling of the Garrisonian abolitionists at the State House, where Gen. Banks had just been inaugurated governor, and where the legislature, then in session, was strongly Republican. Banks had left the speakership of the national House of Representatives, where he had won much distinction, and had definitely abandoned both the Democratic and the "American" parties, to become a Republican. In the new Congress, Buchanan being President, Senator Douglas was at variance with him on the "popular sovereignty" issue, and was also seeking a re-election as senator from Illinois, where the candidate against him (whom Parker heartily supported) was to be Abraham Lincoln. The Whig party, to which Lincoln had belonged, was virtually dead, and its leaders in Massachusetts, Everett, Choate, Winthrop, etc., had mostly gone over to the pro-slavery Democrats, headed in Massachusetts by Generals Cushing and Butler. It was at this time that Charles Congdon, in the N. Y. *Tribune*, defined an "old Whig" as "a gentleman who takes his bitters regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally." Although Judge Curtis, whom Parker here compliments for his dissenting opinion

in the Dred Scott case, had been a Whig, and was followed in his dissent by many other old Whigs, yet many of that defunct party supported the pro-slavery decision of Taney, as the bulk of the Democrats did. General Cushing was a member of the Legislature from Newburyport, and had there made pro-slavery speeches, and had been soundly rebuked by John A. Andrew in a famous speech. Sumner had been re-elected senator, practically without opposition, a year before, in January, 1857. In 1856 Parker had heard Douglas at Galesburg.

Page 278, note 2. Parker here well describes the early steps towards the freedom of the Russian serfs; the final emancipation occurred under Alexander II. after Parker's death. My friend, Mrs. William Barnes of Albany (daughter of Thurlow Weed), being in Petersburg after our Civil War, went out shopping one morning. In one large establishment, the merchant, learning that she was an American, paid her much attention, and taking her into his own office, showed her there two "aye-remaining lamps" burning before the icons of his two American saints, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. He had been himself a serf, and emancipated.

Page 279, note 3. The opening of the slave-trade under State protection had been advocated by a Charleston newspaper as early as 1856. The interest of the slave-breeding States, like Virginia and Maryland, was against it, and the Southern Confederacy never authorized it. The administrations of Pierce and Buchanan had done little that was effective against the ocean slave-trade.

Page 281, note 4. In 1843–4 Parker had called on Thomas Carlyle in Chelsea, and found him in the evening brewing whiskey punch and sipping it with his brother, Dr. Carlyle. The conversation turning on negro-slavery, Carlyle began to scold about

"Quashee," in the vein afterwards so familiar. Parker earnestly objecting, and denouncing slavery, Carlyle said, "Well, mon, our good friend Emerson thinks joost as I do about that." This Parker negatived, and on his return to America had the pleasure, as he told me, of sending to Carlyle Emerson's eloquent anti-slavery address at Concord, August 1, 1844.

Page 281, note 5. The London *Times*, without openly favoring slavery, printed in 1859 a violent leader denouncing John Brown for his attack on slavery in Virginia. Forty years later, when the *Times* was daily awaiting news from South Africa that Jameson and Cecil Rhodes, and the American John Hays Hammond, had overthrown President Kruger, it began the publication, in its weekly issue of a serial novel, "For Freedom's Sake," of which Brown was the admired hero.

Page 282, note 6. Although this energetic orator deserves what is here said of him, and is better known in America by the passage here quoted than by any other saying, his eccentricity showed itself after our war, in the criticism he passed upon our management of the slave-problem. In acknowledging his election as an honorary member of the American Social Science Association, in a letter to me as Secretary, he indulged in the gratuitous remarks mentioned,— unwilling, apparently, that anything political should occur anywhere in which he should not have a voice.

Page 285, note 7. This was a pro-slavery champion from the South who attempted in Nicaragua what had been so successfully done in Texas by Houston and others during Jackson's Presidency, who favored the scheme for making Texas a slave State of our Union. Walker enlisted some of the Southerners who had tried to force slavery on Kansas (among them a certain wounded and captured Col. Titus, for whom

Titusville in Florida was named); and I think that roving Englishman, Laurence Oliphant, was with him; but his expedition was a fiasco. No doubt he had the secret support of Buchanan's administration, always in the interest of negro slavery, even more than Gen. Pierce's had been.

Page 286, note 8. Richard Yeadon here mentioned is the same who visited Parker with his friend Dawson, and held a long conversation in Exeter Place with Garrison, Parker, etc., which is elsewhere mentioned.

Page 290, note 9. This Mr. Underwood, opposing the concerted treason of Virginia at the outbreak of the Civil War, when Lee went over to the disunionists, and even the loyalty of Gen. Thomas was suspected by the sorely tried Lincoln, and persisting in his attachment to the Union, was after a few years made provisional governor of what remained of Virginia under the stars and stripes, and was acting governor in Richmond when I was there in June, 1865. He was not a very able or conspicuous person, but he stood by his colors when Lee and so many more abandoned them. H. R. Helper was the author of a valuable book attacking slavery in the interest of free-labor. To have recommended his book, before the war, was to commit the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the slave-masters.

Page 296, note 10. The slave trade at this time was already secretly established and many negroes fresh from Africa were to be found in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. See also Note 3.

Page 299, note 11. The incident here mentioned occurred as described, but probably neither Mr. Everett nor Mr. Winthrop took the same view of it that Parker did. It is curious that for some weeks in 1861 this same Senator Mason, of Virginia, was taken again down the harbor, to be imprisoned at

Fort Warren until the case of his capture at sea by Admiral Wilkes could be settled between England and the United States. On that occasion Mr. Sumner favored giving up Mason to the English government, rather than punish him in Boston for his manifest treason. He was on his way to London, where in 1864–5, he made tentative proposals to Lord Palmerston for emancipating the Southern slaves, in return for the recognition by England of the Southern Confederacy. Lord Palmerston sorrowfully replied, it was too late.

Page 300, note 12. The famous saying ascribed to Toombs of Georgia rests for authority on a letter of Senator Hale to Parker, dated December 23, 1856, and running as follows:

"Senator Toombs of Georgia said to me in private conversation (not of a confidential character) that the discussions at the North on the subject of slavery, instead of having weakened the institution had a directly contrary effect on the public mind, both North and South; that the examination which had been induced by this anti-slavery agitation had the effect to strengthen in the minds of Southerners the rightfulness and propriety of the institution; and the same, he had no doubt, was true of the North. It was in connection with the growth of public opinion at the North, favorable to slavery, that he remarked that I should see the slaveholder and his slaves on Bunker Hill. This is the substance of the conversation."

Mr. Toombs was a good observer; the change noticed by him in the opinions of commercial and political men at the North was a real one, and had so deeply impressed Lincoln in 1855 that he expressed the fear that slavery might be introduced in Illinois. Of this change the dereliction of Webster was one of the evidences, and also an indication that the commercial class, whom he always represented, and by

whom he was often subsidized, were no longer hostile to negro slavery. This was the fact; and it took the shock of disunion to bring that class into the anti-slavery ranks: they seem now (1910) to be sliding back into their old subservience to the South.

See also p. 348.

Page 303, note 13. The correspondence between Parker and Herndon has been published at Cedar Rapids in Iowa while these pages are going through the press. In Mr. Herndon's letters the true character of Senator Douglas is set forth, and in Parker's reply his permanent opinion of Douglas is given. The volume in which these letters appear was edited by Rev. J. F. Newton, a Texan, educated in Kentucky, but now preaching to an independent congregation in Iowa. Its title is, "Lincoln and Herndon," and it is published at the Torch Press. It throws much light on the relation between Abraham Lincoln and the anti-slavery men on one side, and the tolerators of slavery on the other. Mr. Herndon was a thorough abolitionist, though a Kentuckian; Mr. Lincoln, though a Kentuckian born, was a determined opponent of slavery, and ready to abolish it whenever the power should be given him under the Constitution,— as he did in 1863.

Page 306, note 14. Eli Thayer was a well-known Yankee from Worcester county, Mass., who for a time, with Yankee shrewdness, tried to abolish slavery by colonization, and had much to do with the early settlement of Kansas by free State men from New England. I knew him well, and co-operated with him, as he did with John Brown, for a year or two. But he was a hasty, violent and capricious person, and when sent to Congress from the Worcester district, so disappointed his Republican electors that they refused to re-elect him. Some years after he went over to the Democratic party and became one of the

most malignant traducers of John Brown and his friends. Finally, he published a volume in which he seemed to claim that he and not Lincoln was the real destroyer of negro slavery; but few persons have agreed with him in this unexpected claim.

Page 311, note 15. It is probable that the blank after "Governor" was intended to be filled with the word "Gardner," who as a candidate and as governor, exposed himself to serious charges affecting his veracity. He intrigued to succeed Senator Sumner while suffering from his wound given by Brooks, but found little support among the people of Massachusetts.

XII

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY ON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

This sermon was preached at the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, July 4, 1858. It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VIII, pp. 132–157.

Page 321, note 1. At this time N. P. Banks, who had served in Congress and had been nominated for President by the American party, but had joined the Republicans, was serving as governor in succession to Henry J. Gardner. He justified the expectation of Parker as congressman and governor, but was not a successful military officer. In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley for President against General Grant, which Parker if living probably would not have done; although he admired Greeley as editor he had no confidence in him as a politician.

Page 329, note 2. The rhyme quoted was one of Judge Thomas Russell's parodies on the childish verses in the New England Primer. Russell is afterwards mentioned in connection with his friendship with John Brown, and his visits from Brown in Bos-

ton, and to Brown in prison. His wife was a daughter of Father Taylor, the eloquent sailor-preacher at the North End of Boston; she accompanied her husband to Charlestown, West Virginia, and has related her interview with Brown in his prison. Russell was afterwards ambassador to Venezuela, and railroad commissioner of Massachusetts, a man of much wit and eloquence, who was faithful to his early anti-slavery principles, when many Harvard graduates fell away, and followed Webster and Winthrop.

Page 330, note 3. The frequent repetitions by Parker in these successive speeches were natural in a public speaker, addressing different audiences, and needing to give emphasis to his words by repeating them. They are preserved here in several places as parts of the earnest oratory of the times.

Page 334, note 4. The revolt of the slaves in the French colony of San Domingo, in the early years of the French Revolution of 1788, was attended with lamentable abuses which became familiarly known in the United States from the fact that many of the French planters took refuge in the Southern States, and particularly in Louisiana, which was still a French colony, until Napoleon as First Consul sold it to the United States, in 1803, abandoning thus his first purpose of making it a rival to our young republic and of sending over a French army to hold it, and extend its boundaries. There was also a considerable trade between San Domingo and New England, and several Boston merchants had mercantile connections there. The slaves were many of them native Africans brought over in the active slave-trade, which no nation had then put down; and they had by no means the mildness of the American slaves, who, even in revolt, would never have committed what it was customary to call "the horrors of San Domingo." But this quality in our slaves was not then known to exist, and both the

friends and the foes of slavery sincerely believed that negro insurrection in Virginia and Carolina would follow the example of West Indian massacres and burnings. Experience has shown that this was an unfounded fear; with every opportunity to commit these abuses in the Civil War, the slaves, while befriending the captured soldiers of the Union armies, for the most part stood loyally by their masters and mistresses, and suffered more injuries from them than they inflicted.

Page 337, note 5. Parker here is too sweeping. One poet even at that time had made himself known and admired,— Poe, who, though born in Boston, was distinctively Southern, and is now widely read in Europe as well as in America.

Page 337, note 6. These two professors bred in Virginia, were Henry D. Rogers and William Barton Rogers, of whom the latter married, lived, and died in Boston, and was the founder of the famous Institute of Technology. They were sons of one of Jefferson's imported professors in his University of Virginia, and both were intimate friends of Parker in Boston, where I often met them in Exeter Place.

Page 347, note 7. Parker here predicts, as he often did, slave-emancipation in the 19th century and fixes its probable date as 1876, "the hundredth birthday of the land." He was one of the few Americans who, as early as 1858, had imagination enough to conceive of the United States without negro-slavery. John Quincy Adams had a like conception as early as 1820, as we know from his diary, and John Brown had formed the same conviction as early as 1835, and adhered to it so long as he lived,— his faith growing stronger while he lay in prison awaiting death. Emancipation actually came in 1863, and was fully established before 1870.

XIII

PARKER'S INDICTMENT AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASES

Page 354, note 1. In these extracts from Parker's volume, called "Defense," the story of the fugitive slave captures and rescues, already much mentioned, is told more consecutively than elsewhere, and in them he dwells on the persons concerned, and names many names. The three here given are of persons almost forgotten, who were active politicians in 1851–54. Bigelow was then mayor of Boston, having under his orders Francis Tukey, who aspired to be the Vidocq or Fouché of Boston, and was in fact an effective police captain, when he chose to be. In this case he had no inclination to support the slave-catchers, as he had formerly done, neither had Mayor Bigelow. Gardner was soon afterwards chosen governor of Massachusetts, in that singular overturn in State politics which brought the "Know-Nothings" into power. They called themselves Native Americans, and opposed the political power of immigrants in the great cities; but the mass of them wished mainly to terminate the leadership of the men at the head of two chief parties, Whig and Democratic. Gardner was a young man of wealth, but of no particular principle or character, who was secretly nominated by a sort of impromptu free masonry, and held the position for three years. By the same organization Mr. Banks of Waltham was sent to Congress and Henry Wilson to the Senate, and both of them became active Republicans when that new party was formed in 1855–56.

Page 356, note 2. Count Gurowski long outlived his friend Parker, and was connected with the *New York Tribune*, and with other journals occasionally. He was a Polish exile, learned, aristocratic and wilful,

who insisted on proclaiming extreme opinions, in English rather peculiar; and many good stories are told of him during his American life. He died in Washington after the Civil War.

XIV

THE JOHN BROWN CAMPAIGN

Page 391, note 1. The first biographer of Parker, John Weiss, knew little concerning the relation of Parker to John Brown, and therefore gave a disconnected and imperfect account of the remarkable facts growing out of that relation. Consequently those like Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the *Outlook*, who depend on Weiss for their information concerning this important transaction of Parker's last three years, misconceive and are apt to misrepresent it. As I was the person who first introduced Brown to Parker, and was cognizant, from my position on the Kansas committees, of all the following events and transactions, it has seemed a duty to tell the story as it really was. None of Parker's efforts against slavery was begun and carried on more deliberately and earnestly than this; and none of those who furnished Brown with the sinews of war, whether in Kansas or elsewhere, had greater faith in his integrity and efficiency than Parker continued to have. He did not expect immediate and definite results, but he knew, as the rest of us knew, that an enterprise so audacious, in the hands of a man so courageous and discreet as Brown, could not fail to shake the hold of negro-slavery on the nation. His foray and his conduct between his capture and his execution converted more men and women to the cause of emancipation than had been proselyted by Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Mrs. Stowe, and the other agitators for it, in the 30 years preceding. Much of the correspondence bearing on these three

years was destroyed by myself and others, in order to protect persons who might otherwise have suffered or been annoyed by the proceedings of the pro-slavery party; but enough remains, and is cited here to show the main facts. The secrecy which such a plot required must necessarily be kept up after its culmination; and must not be held to imply fears for personal safety in the secret committee. It would be difficult to find six men who had shown by their conduct before and since less concern for their ease and safety than those on this committee, and all of them lived to see the iniquity against which they conspired exterminated beyond recall.

Page 396, note 2. See a previous note on Judge Russell. I remember distinctly this incident and was myself present at the Music Hall on this particular Sunday. "Old Brown's Farewell" was extensively circulated in the newspapers, but did not succeed in furnishing Brown with much money. He was at this time engaging in the manufacture of a thousand pikes for his negro soldiers, to be executed at Collinsville in Connecticut, and needed money to pay on this contract. He had also agreed to pay Hugh Forbes $600 for drilling his white men in western Iowa,— the same Englishman who is mentioned farther along in the text. I believe Parker was acquainted with Brown's plan for the use of pikes in defensive warfare.

Page 405, note 3. This refers to an old Yankee superstition that Kidd, the pirate, had buried large treasures somewhere along the New England coast; and that whoever could find the chest and get a nail in it would prevent Satan from flying away with the treasure. This is merely an European superstition imported by the Puritans, and handed down to Brown by his forefathers. William Kidd was a legendary character for a century or two, and concerning him the ballad was written commencing

"My name was William Kidd, as I sailed."

Page 408, note 4. Edwin Morton, mentioned here and elsewhere, was a descendant of George Morton, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who settled in Plymouth a few years after Peter Brown, ancestor of John Brown, landed there in the "Mayflower." He was a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1855, and soon after became private tutor of Gerrit Smith's son, living in Smith's villa at Peterborough, and acting occasionally as private secretary to Mr. Smith. In this way he became acquainted with John Brown and his secret plan; and he went to Europe in November, 1859, to avoid testifying against his friends in the investigation which was sure to follow. He returned to Plymouth in 1860 and for several years co-operated with me in collecting material for a life of Brown, which was not published until 1878. In 1875 he sailed from California for Japan and India, and from there went on to Italy, where he became so seriously ill that he took refuge at a water-cure at the Swiss Baden, where he remained some eight years. He then removed to Morges in the Canton of Vaud, where he spent the rest of his life, dying in 1900, after a long period of invalidism, and never returned to America. I met him at Morges twice, in 1890 and 1893, on both occasions consulting with him about the affairs of Parker, Smith, and Brown.

Page 420, note 5. Arthur Fuller was one of three or four brothers of Margaret Fuller, and edited her writings after her death. He died himself as a chaplain in the Civil War.

Page 421, note 6. The Parker Fraternity was founded by the young men of Parker's parish in Boston, for the purpose of aiding his work and carrying it on after his death. For this purpose it built and owned a considerable edifice in Boston, but soon ceased to be active. One of its founders was Mr. Haynes,

at whose expense this edition of Theodore Parker is published.

Page 434, note 7. The newspapers of 1859 in the great cities were apt to take the side of the slaveholders. Particularly was this true of the *New York Herald* and the Presbyterian religious newspapers, like the New York *Observer*, and weekly papers farther south and west. Parker's description of the two New York journals, though humorous, is perfectly just.

Page 437, note 8. Henry Ward Beecher, though an admirable preacher, and a friend of Parker, sometimes offended him and other anti-slavery men by dodging the main question now and then. It was Brown's opinion that he did this conspicuously in his sermon on Brown in prison; and in this censure Parker at Rome, reading an abstract of the sermon, seems to have agreed.

Page 439, note 9. Richard Realf was a young Englishman who for a while was patronized by Lady Noel Byron, the widow of the poet; but involving himself in some love-affair in England, he came to America, went to Kansas, and there became an admirer and soldier of John Brown. In 1858 Brown sent him on some errand to England; but when he returned he had changed his fickle mind and deserted Brown's cause. Living in Texas at the time of the senatorial inquiry, he was summoned as a witness, brought to Washington, and testified,— rather more to Brown's credit than to his discredit. He then remained in the North, became a soldier in the Union army, and afterward an editor in Pittsburgh. His life was disfigured by vices, which he regretted but could not reform. He was a minor poet, who has left some stirring verses.

Page 445, note 10. The passage in Virgil here quoted is well known,— a compliment to the Roman people, and may thus be translated:

"Let Greece with grace the lifelike bronzes mold,
Or carve in marble gods and heroes old;
Plead causes better, or in upper sky
Map out the stars that shine for every eye;
Roman! 'tis thine, where others toil, to reign;
With peace enforced the warlike to restrain;
Spare the submissive! make Pride bow the knee!
These are imperial arts,— and worthy thee."

The original in the visit paid by Æneas to his father in Elysium, where Virgil borrows from Plato, is familiar Latin, and runs thus:—

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt caussas melius, coelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent;
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane! memento:
Hae tibi erunt artes,— pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Page 445, note 11. John Quincy Adams in February, 1820, had a conversation with John C. Calhoun, both being members of President Monroe's Cabinet; in which Calhoun intimated that the South might secede on the slavery question and form an alliance with England. Commenting on this in his diary, Adams predicted that the Union might be dissolved on this issue, and be reconstructed on the principle of emancipation, as was actually done in the period, 1860–1870. Seldom has an American statesman of presidential rank been so prophetic.

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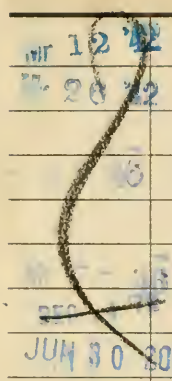
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